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THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

It is now full thirty years, and more, since the processes of Reconstruction were finished, and the southern states restored to their place in the Union. Those thirty years have counted for more than any other thirty in our history, so great have been the speed and range of our development, so comprehensive and irresistible has been the sweep of change amongst us. We have come out of the atmosphere of the sixties. The time seems remote, historic, not of our day. We have dropped its thinking, lost its passion, forgot its anxieties, and should be ready to speak of it, not as partisans, but as historians.

Most troublesome questions are thus handed over, sooner or later, to the historian. It is his vexation that they do not cease to be troublesome because they have been finished with by statesmen, and laid aside as practically settled. To him are left all the intellectual and moral difficulties, and the subtle, hazardous, responsible business of determining what was well done, what ill done; where motive ran clear and just, where clouded by passion, poisoned by personal ambition, or darkened by malevolence. More of the elements of every policy are visible to him than can have been visible to the actors on the scene itself; but he cannot always be certain which they saw, which they did not see. He is deciding old questions in a new light. He is dangerously cool in dealing with questions of passion; too much informed about questions which had, in fact, to be settled

upon a momentary and first impression; scrupulous in view of things which happened afterward, as well as of things which happened before the acts upon which he is sitting in judgment. It is a wonder that historians who take their business seriously can sleep at night.

Reconstruction is still revolutionary matter. Those who delve in it find it like a banked fire, still hot and fiery within, for all it has lain under the ashes a whole generation; and a thing to take fire from. It is hard to construct an argument here which shall not be heated, a source of passion no less than of light. And then the test of the stuff must be so various. The American historian must be both constitutional lawyer and statesman in the judgments he utters; and the American constitutional lawyer must always apply, not a single, but a double standard. He must insist on the plain, explicit command and letter of the law, and yet he must not be impracticable. Institutions must live and take their growth, and the laws which clothe them must be no strait-jacket, but rather living tissue, themselves containing the power of normal growth and healthful expansion. The powers of government must make shift to live and adapt themselves to circumstances: it would be the very negation of wise conservatism to throttle them with definitions too precise and rigid.

Such difficulties, however, are happily more formidable in the mass than in detail; and even the period of Reconstruction can now be judged fairly enough,

with but a little tolerance, breadth, and moderation added to the just modicum of knowledge. Some things about it are very plain, — among the rest, that it is a period too little studied as yet, and of capital importance in our constitutional history. Indeed, it is not too much to say that there crosses it, in full sight of every one who will look, a great rift, which breaks, and must always break, the continuity and harmony of our constitutional development. The national government which came out of Reconstruction was not the national government which went into it. The civil war had given leave to one set of revolutionary forces; Reconstruction gave leave to another still more formidable. The effects of the first were temporary, the inevitable accompaniments of civil war and armed violence; the effects of the second were permanent, and struck to the very centre of our forms of government. Any narrative of the facts, however brief, carries that conclusion upon its surface.

The war had been fought to preserve the Union, to dislodge and drive out by force the doctrine of the right of secession. The southern states *could* not legally leave the Union, — such had been the doctrine of the victorious states whose armies won under Grant and Sherman, — and the federal government had been able to prevent their leaving, in fact. In strict theory, though their people had been in revolt, under organizations which called themselves states, and which had thrown off all allegiance to the older Union and formed a new confederation of their own, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, and Tennessee, the historic states once solemnly embodied in the Union, had never gone out of it, could never go out of it and remain states. In fact, nevertheless, their representatives had withdrawn from the federal House and Senate; their several

governments, without change of form or personnel, had declared themselves no longer joined with the rest of the states in purpose or allegiance, had arranged a new and separate partnership, and had for four years maintained an organized resistance to the armies of the Union which they had renounced. Now that their resistance had been overcome and their confederacy destroyed, how were they to be treated? As if they had been all the while in the Union, whether they would or no, and were now at last simply brought to their senses again, to take up their old-time rights and duties intact, resume their familiar functions within the Union as if nothing had happened? The theory of the case was tolerably clear; and the Supreme Court of the United States presently supplied lawyers, if not statesmen, with a clear enough formulation of it. The Constitution, it said (for example, in the celebrated case of *Texas vs. White*, decided in 1868), had created an indestructible Union of indestructible states. The eleven states which had attempted to secede had not been destroyed by their secession. Everything that they had done to bring about secession or maintain resistance to the Union was absolutely null and void, and without legal effect; but their laws passed for other purposes, even those passed while they were in fact maintaining their resolution of secession and defying the authority of the national government, were valid, and must be given effect to in respect of all the ordinary concerns of business, property, and personal obligation, just as if they had been passed in ordinary times and under ordinary circumstances. The states had lost no legitimate authority; their acts were invalid only in respect of what they had never had the right to do.

But it was infinitely hard to translate such principles into a practicable rule of statesmanship. It was as difficult and hazardous a matter to reinstate the states as it would have been had their

legal right to secede been first admitted, and then destroyed by the revolutionary force of arms. It became, whatever the theory, in fact a process of reconstruction. Had Mr. Lincoln lived, perhaps the whole of the delicate business might have been carried through with dignity, good temper, and simplicity of method; with all necessary concessions to passion, with no pedantic insistence upon consistent and uniform rules, with sensible irregularities and compromises, and yet with a straightforward, frank, and open way of management which would have assisted to find for every influence its natural and legitimate and quieting effect. It was of the nature of Mr. Lincoln's mind to reduce complex situations to their simples, to guide men without irritating them, to go forward and be practical without being radical, — to serve as a genial force which supplied heat enough to keep action warm, and yet minimized the friction and eased the whole progress of affairs.

It was characteristic of him that he had kept his own theory clear and unconfused throughout the whole struggle to bring the southern people back to their allegiance to the Union. He had never recognized any man who spoke or acted for the southern people in the matter of secession as the representative of any government whatever. It was, in his view, not the southern states which had taken up arms against the Union, but merely the people dwelling within them. State lines defined the territory within which rebellion had spread and men had organized under arms to destroy the Union; but their organization had been effected without color of law; that could not be a state, in any legal meaning of the term, which denied what was the indispensable prerequisite of its every exercise of political functions, its membership in the Union. He was not fighting states, therefore, or a confederacy of states, but only a body of people who refused to act as states,

and could not, if they would, form another Union. What he wished and strove for, without passion save for the accomplishment of his purpose, without enmity against persons, and yet with burning hostility against what the southerners meant to do, was to bring the people of the southern states once more to submission and allegiance; to assist them, when subdued, to rehabilitate the states whose territory and resources, whose very organization, they had used to effect a revolution; to do whatever the circumstances and his own powers, whether as President or merely as an influential man and earnest friend of peace, might render possible to put them back, defeated, but not conquered or degraded, into the old-time hierarchy of the Union.

There were difficulties and passions in the way which possibly even Mr. Lincoln could not have forced within any plan of good will and simple restoration; but he had made a hopeful beginning before he died. He had issued a proclamation of amnesty so early as 1863, offering pardon and restoration to civil rights to all who would abandon resistance to the authority of the Union, and take the oath of unreserved loyalty and submission which he prescribed; and as the war drew to an end, and he saw the power of the Union steadily prevail, now here, now there, throughout an ever increasing area, he earnestly begged that those who had taken the oath and returned to their allegiance would unite in positive and concerted action, organize their states upon the old footing, and make ready for a full restoration of the old conditions. Let those who had taken the oath, and were ready to bind themselves in all good faith to accept the acts and proclamations of the federal government in the matter of slavery, — let all, in short, who were willing to accept the actual results of the war, organize themselves and set up governments made conformable to the new order of things, and he would recognize them as the people

of the states within which they acted, ask Congress to admit their representatives, and aid them to gain in all respects full acknowledgment and enjoyment of statehood, even though the persons who thus acted were but a tenth part of the original voters of their states. He would not insist upon even so many as a tenth, if only he could get *some* body of loyal citizens to deal and coöperate with in this all-important matter upon which he had set his heart; that the roster of the states might be complete again, and some healing process follow the bitter anguish of the war.

Andrew Johnson promptly made up his mind, when summoned to the presidency, to carry out Mr. Lincoln's plan, practically without modification; and he knew clearly what Mr. Lincoln's plan had been, for he himself had restored Tennessee upon that plan, as the President's agent and representative. As military governor of the state, he had successfully organized a new government out of abundant material, for Tennessee was full of men who had had no sympathy with secession; and the government which he had organized had gone into full and vigorous operation during that very spring which saw him become first Vice President, and then President. In Louisiana and Arkansas similar governments had been set up even before Mr. Lincoln's death. Congress had not recognized them, indeed; and it did not, until a year had gone by, recognize even Tennessee, though her case was the simplest of all. Within her borders the southern revolt had been, not solid and of a piece, but a thing of frayed edges and a very doubtful texture of opinion. But, though Congress doubted, the plan had at least proved practicable, and Mr. Johnson thought it also safe and direct.

Mr. Johnson himself, unhappily, was not safe. He had been put on the same ticket with Mr. Lincoln upon grounds of expediency such as have too often created Vice Presidents of the United

States. Like a great many other Tennesseans, he had been stanch and unwavering in his adherence to the Union, even after his state had cast the Union off; but he was in all other respects a Democrat of the old order rather than a Republican of the new, and when he became President the rank and file of the Republicans in Congress looked upon him askance, as was natural. He himself saw to it, besides, that nobody should relish or trust him whom bad temper could alienate. He was self-willed, imperious, implacable; as headstrong and tempestuous as Jackson, without Jackson's power of attracting men, and making and holding parties. At first, knowing him a radical by nature, some of the radical leaders in Congress had been inclined to trust him; had even hailed his accession to the presidency with open satisfaction, having chafed under Lincoln's power to restrain them. "Johnson, we have faith in you!" Senator Wade had exclaimed. "By the gods, there will be no trouble now in running the government!" But Johnson was careful that there should be trouble. He was determined to lead as Lincoln had led, but without Lincoln's insight, skill, or sweetness of temper,—by power and self-assertion rather than by persuasion and the slow arts of management and patient accommodation; and the houses came to an open breach with him almost at once.

Moreover, there was one very serious and radical objection to Mr. Lincoln's plan for restoring the states, which would in all likelihood have forced even him to modify it in many essential particulars, if not to abandon it altogether. He had foreseen difficulties, himself, and had told Congress that his plan was meant to serve only as a suggestion, around which opinion might have an opportunity to form, and out of which some practicable method might be drawn. He had not meant to insist upon it, but only to try it. The main difficulty was that it did not meet the wishes of the congressional

leaders with regard to the protection of the negroes in their new rights as free-men. The men whom Mr. Lincoln had called upon to reorganize the state governments of the South were, indeed, those who were readiest to accept the results of the war, in respect of the abolition of slavery as well as in all other matters. No doubt they were in the beginning men who had never felt any strong belief in the right of secession, — men who had even withstood the purpose of secession as long as they could, and had wished all along to see the old Union restored. They were a minority now, and it might be pretty safely assumed that they had been a minority from the outset in all this fatal business. But they were white men, bred to all the opinions which necessarily went along with the existence and practice of slavery. They would certainly not wish to give the negroes political rights. They might be counted on, on the contrary, to keep them still as much as possible under restraint and tutelage. They would probably accept nothing but the form of freedom for the one-time slaves, and their rule would be doubly unpalatable to the men in the North who had gone all these weary years through, either in person or in heart, with the northern armies upon their mission of emancipation.

The actual course of events speedily afforded means for justifying these apprehensions. Throughout 1865 Mr. Johnson pushed the presidential process of reconstruction successfully and rapidly forward. Provisional governors of his own appointment in the South saw to it that conventions were elected by the voters who had taken the oath prescribed in the amnesty proclamation, which Mr. Johnson had reissued, with little change either of form or of substance; those conventions proceeded at once to revise the state constitutions under the supervision of the provisional governors, who in their turn acted now

and again under direct telegraphic instructions from the President in Washington; the several ordinances of secession were repealed, the war debts of the states were repudiated, and the legislatures set up under the new constitutions hastened to accept and ratify the Thirteenth Amendment, abolishing slavery, as the President demanded. By December of the very year of his inauguration, every southern state except Florida and Texas had gone through the required process, and was once more, so far as the President was concerned, in its normal relations with the federal government. The federal courts resumed their sessions in the restored states, and the Supreme Court called up the southern cases from its docket. On December 18, 1865, the Secretary of State formally proclaimed the Thirteenth Amendment ratified by the vote of twenty-seven states, and thereby legally embodied in the Constitution, though eight of the twenty-seven were states which the President had thus of his own motion reconstructed. Without their votes the amendment would have lacked the constitutional three-fourths majority.

The President had required nothing of the new states with regard to the suffrage; that was a matter, as he truly said, in respect of which the several states had "rightfully exercised" their free and independent choice "from the origin of the government to the present day;" and of course they had no thought of admitting the negroes to the suffrage. Moreover, the new governments, once organized, fell more and more entirely into the hands of the very persons who had actively participated in secession. The President's proclamation of amnesty had, indeed, excepted certain classes of persons from the privilege of taking the oath which would make them voters again, under his arrangements for reconstruction: those who had taken a prominent official part in secession, or who had left the service of the United States for

the service of the Confederate government. But a majority of the southerners were still at liberty to avail themselves of the privilege of accepting the new order of things; and it was to their interest to do so, in order that the new arrangements might be shaped as nearly as possible to their own liking. What was to their liking, however, proved as distasteful to Congress as had been expected. The use they made of their restored power brought absolute shipwreck upon the President's plans, and radically altered the whole process of reconstruction.

An extraordinary and very perilous state of affairs had been created in the South by the sudden and absolute emancipation of the negroes, and it was not strange that the southern legislatures should deem it necessary to take extraordinary steps to guard against the manifest and pressing dangers which it entailed. Here was a vast "laboring, landless, homeless class," once slaves, now free; unpracticed in liberty, unschooled in self-control; never sobered by the discipline of self-support, never established in any habit of prudence; excited by a freedom they did not understand, exalted by false hopes; bewildered and without leaders, and yet insolent and aggressive; sick of work, covetous of pleasure, — a host of dusky children untimely put out of school. In some of the states they outnumbered the whites, — notably in Mississippi and South Carolina. They were a danger to themselves as well as to those whom they had once served, and now feared and suspected; and the very legislatures which had accepted the Thirteenth Amendment hastened to pass laws which should put them under new restraints. Stringent regulations were adopted with regard to contracts for labor, and with regard to the prevention of vagrancy. Penalties were denounced against those who refused to work at the current rates of wages. Fines were imposed upon a great num-

ber and variety of petty offenses, such as the new freemen were most likely to commit; and it was provided that, in the (extremely probable) event of the non-payment of these fines, the culprits should be hired out to labor by judicial process. In some instances an elaborate system of compulsory apprenticeship was established for negroes under age, providing that they should be bound out to labor. In certain states the negroes were required to sign written contracts of labor, and were forbidden to do job work without first obtaining licenses from the police authorities of their places of residence. Those who failed to obtain licenses were liable to the charge of vagrancy, and upon that charge could be arrested, fined, and put to compulsory labor. There was not everywhere the same rigor; but there was everywhere the same determination to hold the negroes very watchfully, and, if need were, very sternly, within bounds in the exercise of their unaccustomed freedom; and in many cases the restraints imposed went the length of a veritable "involuntary servitude."

Congress had not waited to see these things done before attempting to help the negroes to make use of their freedom, — and self-defensive use of it, at that. By an act of March 3, 1865, it established, as a branch of the War Department, a Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands, which was authorized and empowered to assist the one-time slaves in finding means of subsistence, and in making good their new privileges and immunities as citizens. The officials of this bureau, with the War Department behind them, had gone the whole length of their extensive authority; putting away from the outset all ideas of accommodation, and preferring the interests of their wards to the interests of peaceable, wholesome, and healing progress. No doubt that was inevitable. What they did was but the final and direct application of the rigorous,

unsentimental logic of events. The negroes, at any rate, had the full advantage of the federal power. A very active and officious branch of the War Department saw to it that the new disabilities which the southern legislatures sought to put upon them should as far as possible be rendered inoperative.

That, however, did not suffice to sweeten the temper of Congress. The fact remained that Mr. Johnson had rehabilitated the governments of the southern states without asking the leave of the houses; that the legislatures which he had authorized them to call together had sought, in the very same sessions in which they gave their assent to the emancipating amendment, virtually to undo the work of emancipation, substituting a slavery of legal restraints and disabilities for a slavery of private ownership; and that these same legislatures had sent men to Washington, to seek admission to the Senate, who were known, many of them, still openly to avow their unshaken belief in the right of secession. The southern voters, too, who had qualified by taking the oath prescribed by the President's proclamation, had in most instances sent men similarly unconvinced to ask admission to the House of Representatives. Here was indeed a surrender of all the advantages of the contest of arms, as it seemed to the radicals, — very generous, no doubt, but done by a Tennessean and a Democrat, who was evidently a little more than generous; done, too, to exalt the Executive above Congress; in any light, perilous and not to be tolerated. Even those who were not radicals wished that the restoration of the states, which all admitted to be necessary, had been effected in some other way, and safeguarded against this manifest error, as all deemed it, of putting the negroes back into the hands of those who had been their masters, and would not now willingly consent to be their fellow citizens.

Congress, accordingly, determined to take matters into its own hands. With

the southern representatives excluded, there was a Republican majority in both houses strong enough to do what it pleased, even to the overriding, if necessary, of the President's vetoes. Upon assembling for their regular session in December, 1865, therefore, the House and Senate at once set up, by concurrent resolution, a joint committee of nine Representatives and six Senators, which was instructed to inquire into all the conditions obtaining in the southern states, and, after sufficient inquiry, advise the houses upon the question whether, under the governments which Mr. Johnson had given them, those states were entitled to representation. To this committee, in other words, was intrusted the whole guidance of Congress in the all-important and delicate business of the full rehabilitation of the southern states as members of the Union. By February, 1866, it had virtually been settled that the admission of their representatives to Congress should await the action of the reconstruction committee; and that purpose was very consistently adhered to. An exception was made in the case of Tennessee, but in her case only. The houses presently agreed to be satisfied with her "reconstruction," and admitted her representatives to their seats in both House and Senate by an act of the 24th of July, 1865. But the other states were put off until the joint committee had forced them through a process of "Thorough," which began their reconstruction at the very beginning, again, and executed at every stage the methods preferred by the houses. The leader throughout the drastic business was Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, the chairman of the committee, the leader of the House. He was foremost among the radicals, and drew a following about him, much as Stephen Douglas had attached thoroughgoing Democrats to himself, in the old days when the legislative battles were being fought over the extension of slavery into the territories, —

by audacity, plain speaking, and the straightforward energy of unhesitating opinion. He gave directness and speed to all he proposed. He understood better than Douglas did the coarse work of hewing out practicable paths of action in the midst of opinions and interests at odds. He had no timidity, no scruples about keeping to constitutional lines of policy, no regard or thought for the sensibilities of the minority, — being rough-hewn and without embarrassing sensibilities himself, — an ideal radical for the service of the moment.

Careful men, trained in the older ways of statesmanship and accustomed to reading the Constitution into all that they did, tried to form some consistent theory of constitutional right with regard to the way in which Congress ought to deal with this new and unprecedented situation. The southern states were still "states" within the meaning of the Constitution as the Supreme Court had interpreted it. They were communities of free citizens; each had kept its territorial boundaries unchanged, unmistakable; in each there was an organized government, "sanctioned and limited by a written constitution, and established by the consent of the governed." Their officers of government, like their people, had for a time, indeed, repudiated the authority of the federal government; but they were now ready to acknowledge that authority again, and could resume their normal relations with the other states at a moment's notice, with all proper submission. Both Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Johnson had acted in part upon these assumptions. They had objected only that the governments actually in existence at the close of the war had been chosen by persons who were in fact insurgents, and that their officers had served to organize rebellion. Let those citizens of the South who had made submission, and who had been pardoned under the President's proclamation, reconstitute their governments, repudiating

their old leaders, and the only taint upon their statehood would be removed: the Executive would recognize them as again normally constituted members of the Union.

Not many members of Congress, however, accepted this view. The Republican party, it was true, had entered upon the war emphatically disavowing either wish or purpose to interfere with the constitutional rights of the states; declaring its sole object to be the preservation of the Union, — the denial of a single particular right which it could not but view as revolutionary. But war had brought many things in its train. The heat and struggle of those four tremendous years had burned and scarred the body of affairs with many an ineffaceable fact, which could not now be overlooked. Legally or illegally, as states or as bodies of individuals merely, the southern people had been at war with the Union; the slaves had been freed by force of arms; their freedom had now been incorporated in the supreme law of the land, and must be made good to them; there was manifest danger that too liberal a theory of restoration would bring about an impossible tangle of principles, an intolerable contradiction between fact and fact. Mr. Sumner held that, by resisting the authority of the Union, of which they were members, the southern states had simply committed suicide, destroying their own institutions along with their allegiance to the federal government. They ceased to be states, he said, when they ceased to fulfill the duties imposed upon them by the fundamental law of the land. Others declined any such doctrine. They adhered, with an instinct almost of affection, to the idea of a veritable federal Union; rejected Mr. Sumner's presupposition that the states were only subordinate parts of a consolidated national government; and insisted that, whatever rights they had for a time forfeited, the southern states were at least not destroyed, but only estopped from ex-

exercising their ordinary functions within the Union, pending a readjustment.

Theories made Mr. Stevens very impatient. It made little difference with him whether the southern states had forfeited their rights by suicide, or temporary disorganization, or individual rebellion. As a matter of fact, every department of the federal government, the courts included, had declared the citizens of those states public enemies; the Constitution itself had been for four years practically laid aside, so far as they were concerned, as a document of peace; they had been overwhelmed by force, and were now held in subjection under military rule, like conquered provinces. It was just as well, he thought, to act upon the facts, and let theories alone. It was enough that all Congressmen were agreed — at any rate, all who were allowed a voice in the matter — that it was properly the part of Congress, and not of the Executive, to bring order out of the chaos: to see that federal supremacy and federal law were made good in the South; the legal changes brought about by the war forced upon its acceptance; and the negroes secured in the enjoyment of the equality and even the privileges of citizens, in accordance with the federal guarantee that there should be a republican form of government in every state, — a government founded upon the consent of a majority of its adult subjects. The essential point was that Congress, the lawmaking power, should be in control. The President had been too easy to satisfy, too prompt, and too lenient. Mr. Stevens consented once and again that the language of fine-drawn theories of constitutional right should be used in the reports of the joint Committee on Reconstruction, in which he managed to be master; but the motto of the committee in all practical matters was his motto of "Thorough," and its policy made Congress supreme.

The year 1866 passed, with all things

at sixes and sevens. So far as the President was concerned, most of the southern states were already reconstructed, and had resumed their places in the Union. Their assent had made the Thirteenth Amendment a part of the Constitution. And yet Congress forbade the withdrawal of the troops, refused admittance to the southern representatives, and set aside southern laws through the action of the Freedmen's Bureau and the military authorities. By 1867 it had made up its mind what to do to bring the business to a conclusion. 1866 had at least cleared its mind and defined its purposes. Congress had still further tested and made proof of the temper of the South. In June it had adopted a Fourteenth Amendment, which secured to the blacks the status of citizens, both of the United States and of the several states of their residence, authorized a reduction in the representation in Congress of states which refused them the suffrage, excluded the more prominent servants of the Confederacy from federal office until Congress should pardon them, and invalidated all debts or obligations "incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States;" and this amendment had been submitted to the vote of the states which Congress had refused to recognize as well as to the vote of those represented in the houses. Tennessee had promptly adopted it, and had been as promptly admitted to representation. But the other southern states, as promptly as they could, had begun, one by one, to reject it. Their action confirmed the houses in their attitude toward Reconstruction.

Congressional views and purposes were cleared the while with regard to the President, also. He had not been firm; he had been stubborn and bitter. He would yield nothing; vetoed the measures upon which Congress was most steadfastly minded to insist; alienated his very friends by attacking Congress in public with gross insult and abuse:

and lost credit with everybody. It came to a direct issue, the President against Congress: they went to the country with their quarrel in the congressional elections, which fell opportunely in the autumn of 1866, and the President lost utterly. Until then some had hesitated to override his vetoes, but after that no one hesitated. 1867 saw Congress go triumphantly forward with its policy of reconstruction *ab initio*.

In July, 1866, it had overridden a veto to continue and enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau, in a bill which directed that public lands should be sold to the negroes upon easy terms, that the property of the Confederate government should be appropriated for their education, and that their new-made rights should be protected by military authority. In March, 1867, two acts, passed over the President's vetoes, instituted the new process of reconstruction, followed and completed by another act in July of the same year. The southern states, with the exception, of course, of Tennessee, were grouped in five military districts, each of which was put under the command of a general of the United States. These commanders were made practically absolute rulers, until the task of reconstruction should be ended. It was declared by the Reconstruction Acts that no other legal state governments existed in the ten states concerned. It was made the business of the district commanders to erect such governments as Congress prescribed. They were to enroll in each state, upon oath, all male citizens of one year's residence, not disqualified by reason of felony or excluded under the terms of the proposed Fourteenth Amendment, "of whatever race, color, or previous condition" they might be; the persons thus registered were to choose constitutional conventions, confining their choice of delegates to registered voters like themselves; these conventions were to be directed to frame

state constitutions, which should extend the suffrage to all who had been permitted by the military authorities to enroll for the purpose of taking part in the election of delegates; and the constitutions were to be submitted to the same body of voters for ratification. When Congress had approved the constitutions thus framed and accepted, and when the legislatures constituted under them had adopted the Fourteenth Amendment, the states thus reorganized were to be readmitted to representation in Congress, and in all respects fully reinstated as members of the Union; but not before. Meanwhile, the civil governments already existing within them, though illegal, were to be permitted to stand; but as "provisional only, and in all respects subject to the paramount authority of the United States at any time to abolish, control, or supersede the same."

Such was the process which was rigorously and consistently carried through during the memorable years 1867-70; and upon the states which proved most difficult and recalcitrant Congress did not hesitate from time to time to impose new conditions of recognition and reinstatement before an end was made. By the close of July, 1868, the reconstruction and reinstatement of Arkansas, the two Carolinas, Florida, Alabama, and Louisiana had been completed. Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas were obliged to wait until the opening of 1870, because their voters would not adopt the constitutions offered them by their reconstructing conventions; and Georgia was held off a few months longer, because she persisted in attempting to exclude negroes from the right to hold office. These four states, as a consequence, were obliged to accept, as a condition precedent to their reinstatement, not only the Fourteenth Amendment, but a Fifteenth also, which Congress had passed in February, 1869, and which forbade either the United States

or any state to withhold from any citizen the right to vote "on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." The military commanders, meanwhile, used or withheld their hand of power according to their several temperaments. They could deal with the provisional civil governments as they pleased, — could remove officials, annul laws, regulate administration, at will. Some were dictatorial and petty; some were temperate and guarded in their use of authority, with a creditable instinct of statesmanship; almost all were straightforward and executive, as might have been expected of soldiers.

Whatever their mistakes or weaknesses of temper or of judgment, what followed the reconstruction they effected was in almost every instance much worse than what had had to be endured under military rule. The first practical result of reconstruction under the acts of 1867 was the disfranchisement, for several weary years, of the better whites, and the consequent giving over of the southern governments into the hands of the negroes. And yet not into their hands, after all. They were but children still; and unscrupulous men, "carpetbaggers," — men not come to be citizens, but come upon an expedition of profit, come to make the name of Republican forever hateful in the South, — came out of the North to use the negroes as tools for their own selfish ends; and succeeded, to the utmost fulfillment of their dreams. Negro majorities for a little while filled the southern legislatures; but they won no power or profit for themselves, beyond a pittance here and there for a bribe. Their leaders, strangers and adventurers, got the lucrative offices, the handling of the state moneys raised by loan, and of the taxes spent no one knew how. Here and there an able and upright man cleansed administration, checked corruption, served them as a real friend and an honest leader; but not for long. The negroes were exalted; the states were

misgoverned and looted in their name; and a few men, not of their number, not really of their interest, went away with the gains. They were left to carry the discredit and reap the consequences of ruin, when at last the whites who were real citizens got control again.

But that dark chapter of history is no part of our present story. We are here concerned, rather, with the far-reaching constitutional and political influences and results of Reconstruction. That it was a revolutionary process is written upon its face throughout; but how deep did the revolution go? What permanent marks has it left upon the great structure of government, federal, republican; a partnership of equal states, and yet a solidly coherent national power, which the fathers erected?

First of all, it is clear to every one who looks straight upon the facts, every veil of theory withdrawn, and the naked body of affairs uncovered to meet the direct question of the eye, that civil war discovered the foundations of our government to be in fact unwritten; set deep in a sentiment which constitutions can neither originate nor limit. The law of the Constitution reigned until war came. Then the stage was cleared, and the forces of a mighty sentiment, hitherto unorganized, deployed upon it. A thing had happened for which the Constitution had made no provision. In the Constitution were written the rules by which the associated states should live in concert and union, with no word added touching days of discord or disruption; nothing about the use of force to keep or to break the authority ordained in its quiet sentences, written, it would seem, for lawyers, not for soldiers. When the war came, therefore, and questions were broached to which it gave no answer, the ultimate foundation of the structure was laid bare: physical force, sustained by the stern loves and rooted predilections of masses of men, the strong ingrained prejudices

which are the fibre of every system of government. What gave the war its passion, its hot energy as of a tragedy from end to end, was that in it sentiment met sentiment, conviction conviction. It was the sentiment, not of all, but of the efficient majority, the conviction of the major part, that won. A minority, eager and absolute in another conviction, devoted to the utmost pitch of self-sacrifice to an opposite and incompatible ideal, was crushed and overwhelmed. It was that which gave an epic breadth and majesty to the awful clash between bodies of men in all things else of one strain and breeding; it was that which brought the bitterness of death upon the side which lost, and the dangerous intoxication of an absolute triumph upon the side which won. But it unmistakably uncovered the foundations of force upon which the Union rested.

It did more. The sentiment of union and nationality, never before aroused to full consciousness or knowledge of its own thought and aspirations, was henceforth a new thing, aggressive and aware of a sort of conquest. It had seen its legions and felt its might in the field. It saw the very Constitution, for whose maintenance and defense it had acquired the discipline of arms, itself subordinated for a time to the practical emergencies of war, in order that the triumph might be the more unimpeded and complete; and it naturally deemed nationality henceforth a thing above law. As much as possible, — so far as could be without serious embarrassment, — the forms of the fundamental law had indeed been respected and observed; but wherever the law clogged or did not suffice, it had been laid aside and ignored. It was so much the easier, therefore, to heed its restrictions lightly, when the war was over, and it became necessary to force the southern states to accept the new model. The real revolution was not so much in the form as in the spirit of af-

fairs. The spirit and temper and method of a federal Union had given place, now that all the spaces of the air had been swept and changed by the merciless winds of war, to a spirit which was consciously national and of a new age.

It was this spirit which brushed theories and technicalities aside, and impressed its touch of revolution on the law itself. And not only upon the law, but also upon the processes of lawmaking, and upon the relative positions of the President and Congress in the general constitutional scheme of the government, seeming to change its very administrative structure. While the war lasted the President had been master; the war ended, and Mr. Lincoln gone, Congress pushed its way to the front, and began to transmute fact into law, law into fact. In some matters it treated all the states alike. The Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth amendments bound all the states at once, North and West as well as South. But that was, after all, a mere equality of form. The amendments were aimed, of course, at the states which had had slaves and had attempted secession, and did not materially affect any others. The votes which incorporated them in the Constitution were voluntary on the part of the states whose institutions they did not affect, involuntary on the part of the states whose institutions they revolutionized. These states were then under military rule. Congress had declared their whole political organization to be illegal; had excluded their representatives from their seats in the houses; and yet demanded that they assent, as states, to the amendment of the Constitution as a condition precedent to their reinstatement in the Union! No anomaly or contradiction of lawyers' terms was suffered to stand in the way of the supremacy of the lawmaking branch of the general government. The Constitution knew no such process as this of Reconstruction, and could furnish no rules for it. Two years and a half be-

fore the Fifteenth Amendment was adopted by Congress, three years and a half before it was put in force by its adoption by the states, Congress had by mere act forced the southern states, by the hands of military governors, to put the negroes upon the roll of their voters. It had dictated to them a radical revision of their constitutions, whose items should be framed to meet the views of the houses rather than the views of their own electors. It had pulled about and rearranged what local institutions it saw fit, and then had obliged the communities affected to accept its alterations as the price of their reinstatement as self-governing bodies politic within the Union.

It may be that much, if not all, of this would have been inevitable under any leadership, the temper of the times and the posture of affairs being what they were; and it is certain that it was inevitable under the actual circumstances of leadership then existing at Washington. But to assess that matter is to reckon with causes. For the moment we are concerned only with consequences, and are neither justifying nor condemning, but only comprehending. The courts of the United States have held that the southern states never were out of the Union; and yet they have justified the action of Congress throughout the process of Reconstruction, on the ground that it was no more than a proper performance by Congress of a legal duty, under the clause of the Constitution which guarantees to every state a republican form of government. It was making the southern governments republican by securing full standing and legislative representation as citizens for the negroes. But Congress went beyond that. It not only dictated to the states it was reconstructing what their suffrage should be; it also required that they should never afterward narrow that suffrage. It required of Virginia, Texas, and Mississippi that they should

accord to the negroes not only the right to vote, but also the right to hold political office; and that they should grant to all their citizens equal school privileges, and never afterward abridge them. So far as the right to vote was concerned, the Fifteenth Amendment subsequently imposed the same disability with regard to withholding the suffrage upon all the states alike; but the southern states were also forbidden by mere federal statute to restrict it on any other ground; and in the cases of Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas Congress assumed the right, which the Constitution nowhere accorded it, to regulate admission to political office and the privileges of public education.

South Carolina and Mississippi, Louisiana and North Carolina, have since changed the basis of their suffrage, notwithstanding; Virginia and Mississippi and Texas might now, no doubt, reorganize their educational system as they pleased, without endangering their status in the Union, or even meeting rebuke at the hands of the federal courts. The temper of the times has changed; the federal structure has settled to a normal balance of parts and functions again; and the states are in fact unfettered except by the terms of the Constitution itself. It is marvelous what healing and oblivion peace has wrought, how the traces of Reconstruction have worn away. But a certain deep effect abides. It is within, not upon the surface. It is of the spirit, not of the body. A revolution was carried through when war was done which may be better comprehended if likened to England's subtle making over, that memorable year 1688. Though she punctiliously kept to the forms of her law, England then dismissed a king almost as, in later years, she would have dismissed a minister; though she preserved the procedure of her constitution intact, she in fact gave a final touch of change to its spirit. She struck irresponsible power away, and made her government once for all a constitutional

government. The change had been insensibly a-making for many a long age; but now it was accomplished consciously and at a stroke. Her constitution, finished, was not what it had been until this last stroke was given, — when silent forces had at last found sudden voice, and the culminating change was deliberately made.

Nearly the same can be said of the effect of the war and of the reconstruction of the southern states upon our own government. It was a revolution of consciousness, — of mind and purpose. A government which had been in its spirit federal became, almost of a sudden, national in temper and point of view. The national spirit had long been a-making. Many a silent force, which grew quite unobserved, from generation to generation, in pervasiveness and might, in quiet times of wholesome peace and mere increase of nature, had been breeding these thoughts which now sprang so vividly into consciousness. The very growth of the nation, the very lapse of time and uninterrupted habit of united action, the mere mixture and movement and distribution of populations, the mere accretions of policy, the mere consolidation of interests, had been building and strengthening new tissue of nationality the years through, and drawing links stronger than links of steel round about the invisible body of common thought and purpose which is the substance of nations. When the great crisis of secession came, men knew at once how their spirits were ruled, men of the South as well as men of the North, — in what institutions and conceptions of government their blood was fixed to run; and a great and instant readjustment took place, which was for the South, the minority, practically the readjustment of conquest and fundamental reconstruction, but which was for the North, the region which had been transformed, nothing more than an awakening.

It cannot be said that the forms of the

Constitution were observed in this quick change as the forms of the English constitution had been observed when the Stuarts were finally shown the door. There were no forms for such a business. For several years, therefore, Congress was permitted to do by statute what, under the long-practiced conceptions of our federal law, could properly be done only by constitutional amendment. The necessity for that gone by, it was suffered to embody what it had already enacted and put into force as law into the Constitution, not by the free will of the country at large, but by the compulsions of mere force exercised upon a minority whose assent was necessary to the formal completion of its policy. The result restored, practically entire, the forms of the Constitution; but not before new methods and irregular, the methods of majorities, but not the methods of law, had been openly learned and practiced, and learned in a way not likely to be forgot. Changes of law in the end gave authentic body to many of the most significant changes of thought which had come, with its new consciousness, to the nation. A citizenship of the United States was created; additional private civil rights were taken within the jurisdiction of the general government; additional prohibitions were put upon the states; the suffrage was in a measure made subject to national regulation. But the real change was the change of air, — a change of conception with regard to the power of Congress, the guiding and compulsive efficacy of national legislation, the relation of the life of the land to the supremacy of the national law-making body. All policy thenceforth wore a different aspect.

We realize it now, in the presence of novel enterprises, at the threshold of an unlooked-for future. It is evident that empire is an affair of strong government, and not of the nice and somewhat artificial poise or of the delicate compromises of structure and authority charac-

teristic of a mere federal partnership. Undoubtedly, the impulse of expansion is the natural and wholesome impulse which comes with a consciousness of matured strength ; but it is also a direct result of that national spirit which the war between the states cried so wide awake, and to which the processes of Reconstruction gave the subtle assurance of practically unimpeded sway and a free choice of means. The revolution

lies there, as natural as it was remarkable and full of prophecy. It is this which makes the whole period of Reconstruction so peculiarly worthy of our study. Every step of the policy, every feature of the time, which wrought this subtle transformation, should receive our careful scrutiny. We are now far enough removed from the time to make that scrutiny both close and dispassionate. A new age gives it a new significance.

Woodrow Wilson.

THE TIME-SPIRIT OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

HAD we the faculty of the Greeks for embodying our perceptions of life in beautiful or terrifying myths, we should probably possess some legend of a Sphinx who lay across the path of entrance into life, and forced each generation to answer her conundrum of the correct formula for the search of the highest human good. In the legend, each generation would cast aside with contempt its predecessor's efforts at the solution of the enigma, and enter gayly upon the task of demonstrating the triumphant wisdom of its guess at the world-old problems.

It was after some such fashion as this that the last century — nineteenth of its era — came into being. Flushed, happy, confident, it came an army with banners ; every standard having blazoned upon it in letters of gold the magic device, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." Here was a potent formula indeed !

How we hustled the poor painted, formal, withered old eighteenth century out at the nether gate ! — smashing its idols, toppling over its altars, tearing down its tarnished hangings of royalty from the walls, and bundling its poor antiquated furniture of authority out of the window. All doors were flung wide ; the barriers of caste, class, sex, religion, race, were

burst open, and light poured in. The gloomy Ghettos were emptied of their silent, stubborn, cringing population, — forged by the hammer of Christian hate through two thousand years into a race as keen, compact, and flexible as steel. The slave stood up free of bonds ; half exultant, half frightened, at the liberty that brought with it responsibilities heavier and more inexorable than the old shackles. Woman caught her breath and lifted up her arms. The old superstitious Asiatic curse fixed upon her by the Church was scornfully laughed away. She was as free as the Roman woman again, — free to be proud of her sex, free to wed where she chose, free to claim as her own the child for whom she had travailed to give it life.

A vast bonfire was made of the stake, the wheel, the gyve ; of crowns, of orders, of robes of state. All wrongs were to be righted, all oppressions redressed, all inequalities leveled, all cruelties forbidden. Men shuddered when they thought of the cruelties of the past, shuddered when they talked of the execution of Calas. Such a crime would never be possible in this new golden age. Only of oppression and cruelty was vice bred. Given perfect liberty and perfect justice, the warring world would become

Arcadia once more. Lions, if not hunted, if judiciously trained by the constant instilling of virtuous maxims, would acquire a perfect disgust for mutton; and lambs would consequently lie down beside them, would grow as courageous and self-reliant as wolves.

What a beautiful time it was, those first thrilling days of the new era! How the spirit dilates in contemplating it, even now! The heart beat with the noble new emotions, the cheek flushed, the eye glistened with sensibility's ready tear. It was so pleasant to be good, to be kind, to be just; to feel that even the bonds of nationality were cast aside, and that all mankind were brothers, striving only for preëminence in virtue. The heart could hardly hold without delicious pain this broad flood of universal human-kindness.

It was then that Anarcharsis Clootz presented to the National Assembly his famous "deputation of mankind."

"On the 19th evening of June, 1790, the sun's slant rays lighted a spectacle such as our foolish little planet has not often to show. Anarcharsis Clootz entering the august *Salle de Manège* with the human species at his heels. Swedes, Spaniards, Polacks, Turks, Chaldeans, Greeks, dwellers in Mesopotamia, come to claim place in the grand Federation, having an undoubted interest in it. . . . In the meantime we invite them to the honors of the sitting, *honneur de la séance*. A long-flowing Turk, for rejoinder, bows with Eastern solemnity, and utters articulate sounds; but, owing to his imperfect knowledge of the French dialect, his words are like spilt water; the thought he had in him remains conjectural to this day. . . . To such things does the august National Assembly ever and anon cheerfully listen, suspending its regenerative labors."

It was at this time that big words beginning with capital letters made their appearance, and were taken very seriously. One talked of the Good, the

True, the Beautiful, and the Ideal, and felt one's bosom splendidly inflated by these capitalized mouthfuls. There were other nice phrases much affected at the time,—the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World, la République de Genre Humain. The new generation was intoxicated with its new theory of life, with its own admirable sentiments.

Discrepancies existed, no doubt. The fine theories were not always put into complete practice. While the glittering phrases of the Declaration of Independence were declaring all men free and equal, some million of slaves were helping to develop the new country with their enforced labor. The original owners of the soil were being mercilessly hunted like vermin, and the women of America had scarcely more legal claim to their property, their children, or their own persons than had the negro slaves. Nor did the framers of the Declaration show any undue haste in setting about abolishing these anomalies. The National Assembly of France decreed liberty, equality, and fraternity to all men, and hurried to cut off the heads and confiscate the property of all those equal brothers who took the liberty of differing with them.

But it was a poor nature that would boggle at a few inconsistencies, would quench this fresh enthusiasm with carping criticism. After all, mere facts were unimportant. Given the proper emotion, the lofty sentiment of liberty and goodness, the rest would come right of itself.

It was a period of upheaval, of political and social chaos. A new heaven and a new earth—so they believed—were to be created by this virile young generation, which had rid itself of the useless lumber of the past. Emotion displayed itself in a thousand forms: in iconoclastic rages against wrong,—rages which could be exhausted only by the destruction of customs, laws, and religions that had bound the western

world for two thousand years; in sanguinary furies against oppression which were to be satiated only by seas of blood. It showed itself in floods of sympathy for the weak that swept away weak and strong together in equal ruin. It was demonstrated in convulsions of philanthropy so violent that a man might not refuse the offered brotherhood and kindness save at the price of his life.

The cold dictates of the head were ignored. The heart was the only guide.

Who can wonder that, driven by this wind of feeling and with the rudder thrown overboard, the ship pursued an erratic and contradictory course?

From this point of view, one is no longer astounded at the lack of consistency of the *Déclaration des Droits de l'Homme* that declared: "All men are born and continue free and equal in rights;" "Society is an association of men to preserve the rights of man;" "Freedom of speech is one of the most precious of rights." Nor yet that France, crying aloud these noble phrases, slaughtered the most silent and humble who were supposed to maintain even secret thoughts opposed to the opinions of the majority. It is no longer surprising to read the generous sentiments of our own Declaration, and to remember the persecutions, confiscations, and burnings that drove thirty thousand of those not in sympathy with the Revolution over the borders of the New England states into Canada, and hunted a multitude from the South into Spanish Louisiana. One is no longer amazed to hear de Tocqueville declare that in no place had he found so little independence of thought as in this country during the early years of the republic. The revolutionary sentimentalism by the word "liberty" meant only liberty to think as he himself did. All the history of man is a record that there is nothing crueler than a tender heart ungoverned by a cooler head. It is in this same spirit that the inquisitor, yearning in noble anguish over souls, burns the re-

calcitrant. It is plain to him that such as are so gross and vicious as to refuse to fall in with his admirable intentions for their eternal welfare can be worthy of nothing gentler than fire.

But, whatever the discrepancies might be, the state of feeling was, of course, vastly more wholesome, more promising, than the dry formalism, the frivolous cynicism, which it had annihilated, and out of which it had been bred.

The delicate, fastidious, selfish formalists of the eighteenth century were naturally aghast at the generation to which they had given birth. It was as if an elderly dainty cat had been delivered of a blundering, slobbering mastiff puppy, a beast which was to tear its disgusted and terrified parent in pieces. No doubt they asked themselves in horror, "When did we generate this wild animal, that sheds ridiculous tears even while drinking our blood?" — not seeing that the creature was the natural child, the natural reaction from the selfish shortsightedness of "Que ne mangent-ils de la brioche?" from the frigid sneer of "Après nous le déluge."

The torrent of emotionalism to which the early part of the nineteenth century gave itself up is amazing to our colder time. It manifested itself not only in its public policy, in its schemes of universal regeneration; it was also visible in its whole attitude toward life.

Madame Necker could so ill bear the thought of her friend Moulton's departure, after a short visit, that he was obliged to leave secretly and without a farewell. She fainted when she learned the truth, and says: "I gave myself up to all the bitterness of grief. The most gloomy ideas presented themselves to my desolate heart, and torrents of tears could not diminish the weight that seemed to suffocate me." And all this despair over the departure of an amiable old gentleman from Paris to Geneva!

This young emotionalism had no reserves. The most secret sentiments of

the heart were openly displayed, discussed. Tears were always flowing. Nothing was too sacred for verbal expression. The people of that day wrote out their prayers, formal compositions of exquisite sentiments, and handed them about among their friends, as Italian gentlemen did sonnets in the *quattrocento*. On every anniversary or special occasion they penned lengthy epistles, full of high-sounding phrases and invocations to friends living under the same roof, who received these letters next morning with the breakfast tray, and shed delicious tears over them into their chocolate.

A "delicate female" was a creature so finely constituted that the slightest shock caused hysterics or a swoon, and it was useless to hope for her recovery until the person guilty of the blow to her sensitiveness had shed the salt moisture of repentance upon her cold and lifeless hand, and had wildly adjured her to "*live*," after which her friends of the same sex, themselves tremulous and much shaken by the mere sight of such sensibility, "recovered her with an exhibition of lavender water," or with some of those cordials which they all carried in their capacious pockets for just such exigencies. Nor did the delicate female monopolize all the delicacy and emotionalism. The "man of feeling" was her fitting mate, and the manly tear was as fluent and frequent as the drop in Beauty's eye. Swooning was not so much in his line; there was, perhaps, less competition for the privilege of supporting his languishing frame, but a mortal paleness was no stranger to his sensitive countenance, his features contracted in agony over the smallest annoyance, and he had an ominous fashion of rushing madly from the presence of the fair one in a way that left all his female relatives panting with apprehension, though long experience might have taught them that nothing serious ever came of it.

Thus the nineteenth century entered upon its experiment with the eternal verities, beginning gloriously; palpitating with generous emotion; ready with its "blazing ubiquities" to light the way to the millennium. The truth had been discovered, and needed but to be thoroughly applied to insure perfect happiness. A few adherents of the old order clung to their traditions, but by 1840 the tide of liberalism had risen to flood. The minority were overawed and dumb. To suggest doubts of the impeccable ideals of democracy was to awaken only contempt, as if one were to dispute the theory of gravity. It was *chose jugée*. It did not admit of question. The theory, having swept away all opposition, had free play for the creation of Arcadias. Alas! in a very similar fashion, in the eighteenth period of our era, had authority cleared the ground. It had burned, hanged, shut up in Bastilles, all cavers; and just as the scheme had a chance to work, it crumbled suddenly to pieces in the blood and smoke of revolutions. Democracy, from the very nature of its principles, had no fear of a like tragedy; but it had decreed liberty, and liberty began to be taken to doubt its conclusions. Voices arose here and there bewailing the lentils and the fleshpots of the ruined house of bondage. Democracy had brought much good,—that was not denied. But what had it done with the old dear things it had swept away?—the sweet loyalties that bound server to served; the tender lights of faith; the mutual warm ties of that enormous social and political edifice reared by feudalism, which hid black dungeons and noisome cloacæ, perhaps, but which was rich with beauty and glorious with romance. The ugly rectangular wholesome edifice which democracy had substituted as a dwelling for the soul of man, with its crude, fierce lights, left many homesick for the past, with its inconveniences, its ruined beauties, and its hoary charm.

These complaints were swelled, too, by the hard, unsentimental voice of Science, who began to demonstrate the fallacies of the heart's ardent reasoning. Democracy had decreed with thunderous finality that the feeble should be by law placed in eternal equality with the strong, and this was announced as the evident intention of beneficent Nature. Science relentlessly showed that Nature was not beneficent, and even undertook to prove that she was a heartless snob; that to "Nature's darling, the Strong," she ruthlessly sacrificed multitudes of the feeble. Science tore away the veil through which sentiment had seen the peaceful fields, and showed the faint-flushed orchard blossoms, the delicate springing grass, the insects floating on the perfumed breeze, the birds singing the praise of Nature's God, — all, all engaged in a fierce battle for existence; trampling on the weak, snatching at food and place, brutally crushing the feeble.

Democracy had made itself the champion of the humble, and had cursed the greedy and powerful. Science proved that not the meek and the unaggressive were the fittest and noblest, as was shown by their failing to survive in that terrible struggle for life, of which the human *mêlée* was but an articulate expression.

The conviction that humanity had once known perfect equality, that freedom had been filched by the unscrupulous, was shown to be quite unfounded. Rousseau's *Contrat Social* was made ridiculous by Darwin's *Descent of Man*. All research tended to prove that from the earliest Pliocene it was not the weak nor the humble, but he who

"Stole the steadiest canoe,
Eat the quarry others slew,
Died, and took the finest grave,"

who had founded families, developed races, brought order out of chaos, had made civilizations possible, had ordained peace and security, and had been the force of upward evolution. It was thus that the freedom which the heart had

given to the head was used to prove how fallible that generous heart was.

Then out of all of this new knowledge, this groping regret, there arose with excursions and alarms one of democracy's most trenchant foes, — Carlyle; the first who dared frankly to impeach the new ruler, to question his decrees. Through all his vociferousness; through all his droning tautology, his buzzing, banging, and butting among phrases, like an angry cockchafer; through the general egregiousness of his intolerable style, there rang out clear once again the pæan of the strong. Here was no talk of the rights of man. His right, as of old, was to do his duty and walk in the fear of the Lord.

"A king or leader in all bodies of men there must be," he says. "Be their work what it may, there is one man here who by character, faculty, and position is fittest of all to do it."

For the aggregate wisdom of the multitude, to which democracy pinned its faith, he had only scorn: —

"To find a Parliament more and more the expression of the people could, unless the people chanced to be wise, give no satisfaction. . . . But to find some sort of King made in the image of God who could a little achieve for the people, if not their spoken wishes, yet their dumb wants, and what they would at last find to be their instinctive will, — which is a far different matter usually in this babbling world of ours," — that was the thing to be desired. "He who is to be my ruler, whose will is higher than my will, was chosen for me by heaven. Neither, except in obedience to the heaven-chosen, is freedom so much as conceivable."

Here was the old doctrine of divine right come to life again, and masquerading in democratic garments.

The democratic theory did not fall into ruins even at the blast of Carlyle's stertorous trumpet, but the serious-minded of his day were deeply stirred by the

seer's scornful words, more especially since that comfortable middle-class prosperity and content, to which the democrat pointed as the best testimony to the virtue of his doctrines, was being attacked at the same time from another quarter. Not only did Carlyle contemptuously declare that this bourgeois prosperity was a thing unimportant, almost contemptible, but the proletarian — a new factor in the argument — began to mutter and growl that he had not had his proper share in it, and that he found it as oppressive and unjust as he had found the arrogant prosperity of the nobles.

That old man vociferous has long since passed to where, beyond these voices, there is peace; but the obscure muttering of the man in the street, which was once but a vague undertone, has grown to an open menace. We of the middle classes who threw off the yoke of the aristocracy clamored just such impeachments, a century back. We are amazed to hear them now turned against ourselves. To us this seems an admirable world that we have made; orderly, peaceable, prosperous. We see no fault in it. It has not worked out, perhaps, on as generous lines as we had planned, but, on the whole, each man gets, we think, his deserts.

We begin to ask ourselves, wonderingly, if that aristocrat of the eighteenth century may not have seen his world in the same way. He paid no taxes, but he considered that he did his just share of work for the body politic; he fought, he legislated, he administered. Perhaps it seemed a good world to him, — well arranged. Perhaps he was as honestly indignant at our protests as we are at those of our accusers to-day. We thought ourselves intolerably oppressed by his expenditure of the money we earned, by his monopoly of place and power; but we argue in our turn that, as we are the brains of the new civilization, we should have all the consequent privileges. What, we ask ourselves, do

these mad creatures (who are very well treated) mean by their talk of slavery, of wage slavery? How can there be right or reason in their contention that the laborer rather than the capitalist should have the profit of labor? Does not the capitalist, as did the noble, govern, administer, defend?

Attacked, abused, execrated, we begin to sympathize with those dead nobles, who were perhaps as honest, as well meaning, as we feel ourselves to be; who were as annoyed, as disgusted, as little convinced, by our arguments as we are by those which accuse us in our turn of being greedy, idle feeders upon the sweat of others. Perhaps to them the established order of things seemed as just and eternal as it does to us. We begin to understand, we begin to sympathize with, the dead aristocrats.

For one hundred years, now, democracy has been dominant, has had a free hand for the full application of its hypotheses of life. It is well to brush aside conventionalities and cant, and reckon up the results of this century-long reign of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

The millennium still remains a mirage upon the horizon of hope. Many abuses have been swept away, but power still uses its strength to brush the feeble from its path and grasp the things to be desired. Out of the triumphant bourgeoisie has grown a class as proud and strong as the aristocracy it supplanted. It has wealth, luxury, and power, such as the nobles never dreamed of. The *lettres de cachet* are no longer in use, and tax farmers are mere tradition; but financiers, by a stroke of the pen, can levy a tax upon the whole land whose results make the horde of Fouquet absurd, and the payers of the impost are as helpless as any inmate of the cells of the Ile Sainte Marguerite. Capital organizes itself into incredibly potent aggregations, and labor in its turn has built up a despotism far reaching and unescapable as the *Lex Romanorum*, such as the work-

man under the old régime would never have tolerated. The two are arrayed against each other "in struggles of ever increasing intensity.

After a hundred years of acceptance of the principle of the brotherhood of man, all nations are exaggerating their barriers and differences. The Celt revives and renews his hatred of the Saxon. In Ireland and in Wales the aboriginal tongues and literatures are being disinterred and taught, as a means of loosening the corporate nationalism of the British Isles. The Bretons protest against the appellation of Frenchmen. Hungary has repudiated the German language, and the Hungarians, Czechs, and Bohemians, held together by the bond of Austrian government, are restive and mutually repellent. The Empire of Spain has fallen into jealous and unsympathetic fragments. The continent of Europe is dominated by two autocratic sovereigns, who overawe their neighbors by the consistent and continuous policy possible only to a despotism. France and the republics of South America are the prey of a military clique and a horde of adventurers who only alternate dictators. The armaments of the world are so prodigious that each nation fears to use its dangerous weapon. The barriers of increasing tariffs wall peoples apart. The great nations are dividing the weak ones as lions do their prey. Universal fraternity has become the dimmest of dreams.

And America! America, the supreme demonstration and embodiment of the democratic ideal, — what of her? America has embarked upon imperial wars, refuses sanctuary to the poor as inadmissible paupers, and laughs at the claim to brotherhood or citizenship of any man with a yellow skin.

That Church which, by the very nature of her being, is most opposed to liberty of thought or conscience is more powerful than ever, and sees a great body of Protestants ardently repudiating

its protests against arbitrary religious government, and earnestly endeavoring to assimilate its beliefs and rule to her ancient example. The Ghetto is open, but the Jew is still hated and oppressed. A Calas is no longer sacrificed to bigoted churchmen, but an intolerant Catholic nation makes possible an *affaire Dreyfus*. After a century of democracy, Zola is called upon to take up once again the protests of Voltaire.

Thus time has one by one burst and scattered the iridescent bubbles of democracy's sentimental hopes.

What wonder is it, then, that so significant a change has taken place in our attitude toward ourselves? We, who believed ourselves the regenerators of the world, are now humbler of mood. *Man*, who spelled himself with reverent large letters, who pictured a universe created solely for his needs, who imagined a Deity flattered by his homage and wounded by his disrespect, who had but to observe a respectable code of morals to be received into eternal happiness with all the august honors due a condescending monarch, has fallen to the humility of such admissions as these: —

"What a monstrous spectre is this man, the disease of the agglutinated dust, lifting alternate feet or lying drugged with slumber; killing, feeding, growing, bringing forth small copies of himself; grown up with hair like grass, fitted with eyes that glitter in his face; a thing to set children screaming! . . . Poor soul, here for so little, cast among so many hardships, filled with desires so incommensurate and so inconsistent; savagely surrounded, savagely descended, irremediably condemned to prey upon his fellow lives; . . . infinitely childish, often admirably valiant, often touchingly kind; sitting down to debate of right or wrong and the attributes of the deity; rising up to battle for an egg or die for an idea. . . . To touch the heart of his mystery we find in him one thought, strange to the point of lunacy,

—the thought of duty, the thought of something owing to himself, to his neighbor, to his God; an ideal of decency to which he would rise if possible; a limit of shame below which, if it be possible, he will not stoop. . . . Not in man alone, but we trace it in dogs and cats whom we know fairly well, and doubtless some similar point of honor sways the elephant, the oyster, and the louse, of whom we know so little."

Alas, poor Yorick! how a century of self-contemplation has humbled him!

It is thus the successors of Rousseau, of Châteaubriand, of the believers in the perfectibility of man, speak, — saying calmly, "The Empire of this world belongs to force." And again: "Hitherto, in our judgments of men, we have taken for our masters the oracles and poets, and like them we have received for certain truths the noble dreams of our imaginations and the imperious suggestions of our hearts. We have bound ourselves by the partiality of religious divinations, and we have shaped our doctrines by our instincts and our vexations. . . . Science at last approaches with exact and penetrating implements; . . . and in this employment of science, in this conception of things, there is a new art, a new morality, a new polity, a new religion, and it is in the present time our task to discover them."

Along with this changed attitude has come an alteration in our heroic ideals. For the sentimental rubbish, the dripping egotism, of a Werther, of a Manfred, in whom the young of their day found the most adequate expression of their self-consciousness, we have substituted the Stevenson and the Kipling hero, hard-headed, silent, practical, scornful of abstractions, contemptuous of emotions; who has but two dominant notions, patriotism and duty; who keeps his pores open and his mouth shut.

The old democratic shibboleths remain on our lips, and still pass current as if they were truisms, but we have ceased to live by their precepts. We have lost our youthful cocksureness and intolerance in imposing them upon others. We realize that, despite all we have so proudly decreed, the strong still rule, and often plunder the weak; that the weak still rage, and impotently imagine a vain thing of legislation as a means of redressing the eternal inequality of life. We see the flaws in our tyranny of commercialism and militarism. We regard ourselves — our erstwhile important and impeccable selves — with half-humorous leniency.

Much of good we gave. How could any ideal so tender, so high of purpose, fail of righting a thousand wrongs? How could all those floods of sweet, foolish tears leave the soil of life quite hard and dry, or fail to cause a thousand lovely flowers of goodness and gentleness to bloom?

That we have not solved the riddle of the Sphinx is hardly cause for wonder or shame. Neither will our successors find the answer, but it will be interesting to see the nature of their guess. It is plain that our formula will not serve for them, but the new programme is not yet announced. The newcomers are thoughtful and silent, daunted perhaps by the failure of our own drums and shoutings.

Will the wage earners shear the bourgeoisie, as we shorn the nobles a century ago? Or will Liberty sell herself to authority, for protection from the dry hopelessness of socialism or the turmoil of anarchy? Or will the new generation evolve some thought undreamed of, some new and happier guess at the great central truth which forever allures and forever eludes our grasp?

Elizabeth Bisland.

THE EMPRESS DOWAGER.

A STRUGGLING mass of humanity was crowding out of the northeast gate of the Forbidden City. Order, etiquette, ceremony, — none of these amenities of life, customary to the existence of the Son of Heaven, was apparent on this occasion. Here a stalwart Manchu was shouting for a chair, but none was to be had at any price. Eunuchs, loaded with spoils, contested the right of way with the poor creatures of the harem. "*Sauve qui peut!*" was the motto of all. The Son of Heaven, Hsien Fêng, had ordered his chair, and, without troubling about his council, had ridden off unceremoniously, leaving his courtiers, women, and eunuchs to follow as best they could. Unused to contact with the world, these poor creatures trailed in the wake of their lord and master, many of them falling by the wayside, without notice save that of a cruel taunt from some coarse eunuch.

We may turn our eyes from the rest of the Manchu women, on their toilsome journey that hot summer day of 1860, and observe one among them. Although somewhat taller than the others, she would not have attracted attention on that account. Manchu women have not adopted the Chinese fashion of compressing the feet, and this one, although burdened with a boy of five, stepped out as if she did not know what fatigue meant. There was determination in her very step. She was twenty-four or twenty-five years old, had blue-black hair and regular Tartar features, with large, bold eyes. In every movement there was a special but almost mechanical alertness as regarded her boy. It would have been impossible to state if she loved the child or not; but there would have been no difficulty in discovering that whatever passions she possessed — it was evident that she was passionate — centred in the child.

She was one of the eighty-one third-

class wives to which the Son of Heaven is entitled, — one of eighty-one nameless toys of her lord and master. There is probably nothing but malicious invention in the story that she had been a slave girl. It is not from that class that the harem of the Emperor is filled. This might have been the case in the days of Kang-hí or Kien-lung, who were in touch with their people; but it was next to impossible with a palace-bred weakling, like the man who was now running away from a shadow. Her motherhood — always honorable in China, especially when the child is a boy — had excited the envy, hatred, and malice of her less favored sisters. Hers had been a hard life. She had been tormented with the law of Confucius, declaring that the child she had borne was not hers, but that of the Empress, if the latter should not present the monarch with an heir. She knew that she was no more than a handmaid. "There are three kinds of filial impiety, the gravest of which is to be without male descendants," declares Mencius, after Confucius the greatest sage. (Who should, in such a case, make the sacrificial offerings before the tablets of the ancestors?) Therefore, if a man has no children at the age of forty, he is expected to take another wife. The first, however, retains her original position; and if children are born of the second, they belong by law to the first, or legal wife.

These third-class wives are usually nameless; they may be distinguished by numbers, but after they have borne a son they are known as the mother of that boy. Wholly uneducated and illiterate, the women of the harem vegetate through their melancholy lives, and die without leaving a trace. During the two centuries since the Manchu established the dynasty, not one of all the successive

occupants of the women's apartments in the Purple Forbidden was known even by name. But this woman, stolidly plodding along the dusty and rocky ruts, would form a rude exception.

Yeh-ho, or Hot Springs, was reached in safety, and couriers informed the Son of Heaven of the arrival of the barbarians in Peking, and later of their withdrawal. This was beyond his comprehension, for it was inexplicable by precedent.

The British and French plenipotentiaries, on their part, knew nothing of Chinese conditions, and were wholly at a loss with regard to Oriental ratiocination, which few of us can follow even at this day. The act which appeared as wanton barbarism, the burning of the summer palace, was the only penalty that made an impression. The comparatively lenient conditions of peace produced a feeling of relief, but at the same time a firm belief that it was only the consciousness of impotence or inferiority which restrained the allies from demanding or taking more.

It was not only mental but also physical decadence which had overtaken the Ta Tsing dynasty. Hsien Fêng, while trying to maintain the traditional superiority of the Middle Kingdom and his own supremacy over all the monarchs in his capacity of Tien tsz', or Son of Heaven, did not act the part of a man. To do him justice, however, it is admitted that he was facing conditions which were wholly beyond his comprehension. Prior to the war with England China was the Middle Kingdom, and might even call itself the Middle Flowery Kingdom, without much exaggeration. The potentates of the adjacent countries looked upon the Son of Heaven as upon their oldest brother, whom they had been taught to revere. The great monarch at Peking received their homage with benevolent condescension, as became his superior rank. When they sent him congratulations and presents on New Year's Day, he

accepted both, but gave more expensive presents in return. If they had trouble with their subjects, and appealed to him, he was ready to go to their assistance without remuneration or even reimbursement. Our sinologues translated this relationship by the word "tributary," because the idea has no existence in the Occident, and we have no word to express it. It is Oriental in conception, and arises from the Confucian formation of the state, in which the family, and not the individual, constitutes the unit.

The only nations having intercourse with China had received whatever civilization they possessed from the Middle Kingdom. In the early days of the Ta Tsing dynasty, Europeans had, indeed, come to China, but, whether engaged in trade or in the propagation of the gospel, they had humbly obeyed the imperial decrees. Historical precedent, therefore, served to confirm Hsien Fêng's belief in his own supremacy. He was quite willing that the barbarians should trade with his people. In theory, at least, the autocrat at Peking ruled by benevolence, and he was prepared to extend his good will to the unfortunate inhabitants of countries less favored than the Middle Kingdom, to whom its tea and other products were a necessary of life. He was not averse to receiving their ambassadors and to showing them kindness, provided they observed the traditional rules of etiquette and paid him the homage that was his due. It was this question of homage and etiquette which caused the war with Great Britain and France, and which drove Hsien Fêng from his capital, a fugitive, to his palace at Yeh-ho.

Hsien Fêng was urged by his brother, Prince Kung, to return to the capital. He refused. Scarcely had the court settled at the Hot Springs palace, when one of the older attendants remembered that the spell of the Fêng-shui, the spirit of air and water, whose undisturbed repose is essential to prosperity or "luck," was

broken, because the grandfather of the Emperor, Kia King, had died at Yeh-ho. From the moment when Hsien Fêng was reminded of this event a dark shadow enshrouded him and his court. He felt that he was a doomed man, and neither astrologer nor geomancer, steeped as such were in the murky waters of superstition, could bring relief. The Emperor died in the spring of the following year.

Who shall unravel the intrigues fostered by his anticipated demise? Legal issue there was none, save a girl, and girls have no legal existence. The boy whom we have seen carried or led by his vigorous mother was the undisputed heir, and it was known that the deceased monarch had appointed a council of regency. It was also said that some leading Manchu had combined to obtain possession of the boy, and thereby proclaim themselves regents *de facto*. Whatever schemes and plots concentrated about the child heir were defeated by the flight of the Empress together with the mother and child.

This event marks the beginning of a government by palace intrigue, in which eunuchs took a leading part. Such government is not without precedent, although it is almost purely Oriental. These intrigues have had their day in Constantinople and Moscow, where Occidental thought struggles with Oriental conditions. It was only through the eunuchs that the mother of the heir could approach the legal wife of the dying Emperor, and come to an understanding with her; and it was only by enlisting the services of the leading eunuchs that preparations for flight could be made. Concealment was comparatively easy, since the ceremonies attending the funeral engrossed the attention of the superstitious Manchu. The two women with the boy arrived safely at Peking, and enlisted the sympathy of Prince Kung.

The mother had decided, upon making her arrangement with the real Empress Dowager, that the heir should be

proclaimed by the two characters standing for "Fortunate Union." Her ambition, at the time of her flight, went no further. But as soon as her interview with Prince Kung had shown her the way of revenge upon her enemies, she determined that she, and she alone, should be supreme in the Purple Forbidden City. A remnant of Seng Kolling-sing's braves were dispatched to Yeh-ho, and before the conspirators could devise means of safety they were seized and beheaded. The same fate overtook the eunuchs who had incurred the hatred of the Manchu women. As to the fate of the occupants of the harem, life is held cheaply in China, and women are mere chattels at the best. The child was at once proclaimed Emperor under the title of Tung Chih, or United Rule; thus commemorating the agreement between the Empress Dowager and her former handmaid.

The arrangement was not only lawless, but it violated the highest statutes of the country; and it seems strange that the Chinese, so punctilious as to precedent, and horrified at the very idea of a woman being consulted in men's affairs, should have submitted without a murmur. It must be remembered, however, that at this time the Yang-tsz' provinces, the first to be informed of the usurpation, were in the throes of the Tai P'ing rebellion, and that their viceroys had all they could do to maintain their own authority. Besides, the occupation of the capital by a hostile army, and its subsequent release, had set every precedent at naught. The time was, consequently, singularly propitious; and when the rebellion was subdued, and the country had settled down, the viceroys faced an accomplished fact, to which they submitted with the stoicism of the race. An imperial decree had imparted official significance to the hitherto nameless woman. She was given the title of Tsze Hsi An, or Mother of the Sovereign. Inasmuch as this act provoked no opposition, as it

undoubtedly would have done but for the vigorous measures upon her enemies at Yeh-ho, the title was soon afterward supplemented by that of Empress of the West, to distinguish her from the Empress Dowager, who received the title of Empress of the East.

The first ten years of her reign may be termed tentative. She was alert by nature, and had demonstrated her innate powers of intrigue. These faculties were ever on the watch. When a high Manchu approached her with broad insinuations that the Empress of the East was plotting against her, she suddenly confronted him with that less masculine woman, and discovered that he had come to her rival with a similar tale. Calling her chief eunuch, she ordered a box of gold leaf to be brought, and scornfully compelled the mischief-maker to swallow enough to stop his tongue forever.

With the palace eunuchs attached to her, — for she was extravagant in her rewards for faithful services, — she could bid defiance to any plot. The autonomy of the provinces rendered each one obedient to the viceroy appointed over it. The people do not take any part whatever in the government. So long as the taxation remains within reasonable limits, it is immaterial who holds the vermillion pencil at Peking; and the literati, who, as candidates for office, stand between the government and the people, look to the former for preferment, and are not disposed to interfere so long as the violation of Confucian law does not threaten their privileges or existence.

The administration rested chiefly in the hands of Prince Kung, known to the foreigners as Prince Regent. When, however, Tung Chih approached his majority, Tsze Hsi An began to look for support among the prominent officials of Chinese birth, and with rare intuition selected two men of very different character, Li Hung Chang and Chang Chih Tung. The former had rendered valuable services during the Tai P'ing re-

bellion, where he had proved an unscrupulous, crafty, and daring leader, but fond of wealth. Chang Chih Tung, on the contrary, had patriotic impulses, was opposed to the "foreign devils," but was honest and far-sighted. These two officials were called to Peking, where Li Hung Chang, who had kept in his own service some of the troops drilled by "Chinese Gordon," was appointed to the important position of viceroy of Chih-li.

When her son was sixteen years old Tsze Hsi An selected a wife for him, and he was duly proclaimed Emperor and installed upon the Dragon Throne. The foreign ministers, accredited to Peking, now claimed the right of presenting their credentials to the sovereign in person, and, after many months of weary negotiations, were finally admitted into the hall where the ambassadors of younger nations had paid their homage and presented the offerings of their respective monarchs. Thus the ministers discovered, but too late, that by tolerating this reception they had acknowledged China's superiority!

It is beyond doubt that Tsze Hsi An was the real ruler during the life of her son. Filial piety, the one inexorable law of China, which, in its ramification into ancestral worship, constitutes the religion, since it is the tie which binds the nation into homogeneity, holds every son in bondage during the life of his parents. Tung Chih, however, was both vicious and stubborn, and threatened his mother's autocracy. She must have taken a dislike to him, as her actions immediately after his death indicate.

He died in the spring of 1875, from an attack of smallpox, leaving his wife pregnant. Sudden as was his death, Tsze Hsi An, now Mother of the Sovereign no longer, took instant and apparently preconcerted measures to retain her authority. The breath had scarcely left the body before messengers were on their way to summon such Manchu no-

bles as were well disposed toward her. She invited none possessed of independence or respect of the statutes. At the same time Li Hung Chang was ordered to hold his troops in readiness. When the council convened, she simply notified its members that she had selected Tsaitien, the three-and-a-half-year-old son of Prince Chung, as the heir to the throne. The Manchu looked aghast. What if Tung Chih's unborn child should prove to be a son? Tsze Hsi An asserted, impatiently but positively, that she would have no grandson. To the almost insurmountable objection that Tsaitien was of the same generation as Tung Chih, and was therefore excluded from worshipping at his tablets, she replied that her "husband," the late Hsien Fêng, dead these fourteen years, had adopted the boy by "posthumous act." This brazen suggestion stifled all opposition. The child was sent for in the dead of night, and brought to the ghostly council chamber, where all present, including his own father, prostrated themselves before him. He was proclaimed Emperor under the title of Kuang Hsu, or Illustrious Successor.

The supposed adoption by Hsien Fêng restored to Tsze Hsi An her title, or as much right as she had to it while the Empress of the East was still living. But this violation of China's most sacred law, that of ancestral worship, provoked so much opposition that Li Hung Chang's troops were called upon to seize numerous victims for the executioner. Blood flowed freely at Peking; but it served only to prove that the country at large could be ruled from the capital by the aid of a handful of loyal viceroys, and in defiance of every law. The high-handed action of one who was in every respect a usurper caused scarcely a comment in the provinces.

The foreign ministers were, of course, accredited to the *de facto* powers, and, even if they had been acquainted with the facts, would have had no cause to in-

terfere. Li Hung Chang was promoted to the Grand Secretariat, a position hitherto reserved exclusively to a Manchu, and Tsze Hsi An was as much the sole regent or ruler as after the death of the Empress of the East in 1881. She did not attempt to interfere with the machinery of the government, except in the appointment of the viceroys and leading officials, and in appropriating a good share of the revenue to herself. It seems that, as she grew older, the desire to accumulate wealth increased, — a desire easily gratified with the opportunity afforded to her.

Ruthless in her methods, she ordered Alutch, Tung Chih's widow, to commit suicide. After this, even the Manchu fathers, little as they value their daughters, were not anxious to furnish a bride to Kuang Hsu when he approached his majority. His adoptive mother selected one of her own nieces, and after the wedding Kuang Hsu was duly installed. Tsze Hsi An withdrew to the Eho Park palace, which had been prepared for her, but by no means released her hold upon the government. The Peking Gazette, the official organ of the administration, bears ample evidence that every decree emanating from Kuang Hsu had been previously submitted to, and approved by, the imperious woman.

She might have continued to enjoy her authority, if the uniform success of all her schemes had not caused her ambition to go beyond the bounds controlled by palace intrigue. She was sixty years old in 1894, and this birthday, the occasion of great honor in the life of the Chinese, was to be appropriately celebrated. The viceroys were notified by imperial edict, and received more privately a strong hint as to the presents that would be acceptable to "her who must be obeyed." It was expected that this celebration would be made remarkable by Japan's humiliation. It is certain that Li Hung Chang was devoted to her, and acted entirely upon her or-

ders. It is equally certain that Yuan Shi Kai, the Chinese minister-resident in Korea, was appointed by, and was a creature of, the viceroy of Chih-li; nor can it be denied that, beginning with the assassination of Kim-ök-Kyun, the pro-Japanese Korean refugee, on the 24th of March, 1894, everything was done by the Chinese government to insult Japan. That proud nation had, indeed, ample cause for resentment, even though its alleged cause of China's suzerainty over Korea was ridiculous, and served only to justify the war before the civilized world. Li Hung Chang could have made peace at any time before the battle of A-san. That he did not do so, well informed as he was as to Japan's strength, goes far to prove that he was impelled by a power superior to his own; that is, by Tsze Hsi An.

When the Chinese fleet was destroyed and Port Arthur taken, the woman remembered the time of her flight, and grew frightened. Her trepidation increased a thousandfold when the capture of Wei-hai-wei left the road to Peking open to the victorious foe. Her scornful behest, "to drive the *wo-jin* [pygmies] back to their lair," had been answered by the stirring sounds of Kimigayo, the Japanese national anthem. She remembered, but too late, that the enemy, in this case, was no barbarian ignorant of Chinese law and precedent, but a deeply insulted people to whom both were an open book. She knew that she had forfeited her life many times by her crimes against the statutes, and that the flimsy pretext of her adoptive motherhood, whatever influence it might exert upon the weakling on the throne, would not save her from the anger of Japanese statesmen. She commanded and implored Li Hung Chang to prevent the Japanese from entering Peking, and authorized him to make peace at any price. Her fright assumed such dimensions that she actually withdrew from the government, and, intending to use the Emperor as a

scapegoat, thrust the vermilion pencil into the untrained fingers of astonished Kuang Hsu.

Those fingers, weak as they were, grasped the pencil with greater firmness than Tsze Hsi An had expected. Peace was concluded upon comparatively easy terms, for Marquis Ito was unwilling to be the cause of China's disintegration. But when Kuang Hsu scrutinized the sacrifices imposed upon China, and found how the vast empire had been shamefully defeated by its small but wiry foe, he inquired into the causes producing such abnormal results. The consequences of this inquiry were soon visible in the innovations ordered in no uncertain tone, and published in the imperial yellow Court Journal.

Tsze Hsi An had evidently relinquished her authority prematurely. It was quite clear that Kuang Hsu intended to be Emperor in deed as well as in name. He showed the relative authority of Tsze Hsi An and himself, upon the return of Li Hung Chang from the coronation ceremonies at Moscow. The statesman, upon arrival at Peking, hastened to Eho Park to pay his respects to its owner. When Kuang Hsu heard of it, he reproved him publicly as failing in homage due to the Emperor, deprived him of his yellow jacket, and kept him prostrate upon the stone floor for such a long time that the old man was made seriously ill.

The reforms inaugurated under the new régime demanded a vast supply of money, and threatened the revenues of Tsze Hsi An as well as the perquisites of courtiers and officials. Worse than this, the influence of Sir Robert Hart was increasing rapidly, and unpleasant inquiries as to the disbursement of large amounts of specie might take place at any time. To crown the danger threatening Chinese officialdom, Tsze Hsi An was rapidly losing whatever influence she still possessed, and even she might be called to account for past misdeeds.

The *coup d'état* of the 21st of August,

1898, excites less wonder than the fact that it was so long in maturing. Tsze Hsi An needed all her previous experience in palace intrigue to spin the web with due secrecy, since a single traitor among that host of eunuchs would have been fatal to her. That there was such danger was proved at the last moment, when Kuang Hsu was warned. It was too late! As he was trying to escape to the British Legation, he was seized by one of the head eunuchs, and unceremoniously carried back and placed under arrest. Tsze Hsi An reentered the Purple Forbidden City, and openly resumed her authority.

It would be profitless and beyond the scope of this article to consider what the ministers of the great powers might or should have done. Moderate but firm interference at that time could, beyond doubt, have solved the problem of China's rejuvenation. The nations most interested in this desirable object were represented by men to whom China was a closed book. Neither Mr. Conger nor Sir Claude Macdonald could be expected to master the art of diplomacy, or to acquire a correct knowledge of China by intuition. Tsze Hsi An, silently recognized, satisfied the frightened officials by her wholesale abrogation of the decrees issued by the ex-Emperor, and thereby gained their approbation. She was seated more firmly on the throne than ever.

But one difficulty confronted her. She had never dealt directly with the barbarians; and of the two men who had saved her this trouble, Prince Kung was dead, and Li Hung Chang, who had experience in carrying out her orders, absolutely declined the responsibility. In this connection, her long training in palace intrigue proved of no avail; and among her creatures of the Tsung-li-yamên there was not one competent to take the lead.

What increased the difficulty was that two powers, at least, could read between

the lines, and knew that she had no shadow of right for her high-handed proceedings. Russia and Japan knew China well, and either could at any time render her position untenable. That neither of them did so was, as she well knew, not on her account, but from motives of policy. Russia's information was held over her head like the sword of Damocles, until its presence drove her almost mad. Japan, on the contrary, in its desire to preserve China's integrity as a guarantee for its own independence, was disposed to be more friendly. At last she decided to trust Japan; but when about to negotiate an offensive-defensive treaty, M. de Giers interfered by declaring that "such a treaty would be considered as an unfriendly act by his government."

Thus, at the beginning of the year 1900, Tsze Hsi An was harassed upon every side. All her experience in the evasion of danger pointed toward the shedding of blood as the only certain means of success. It seems as if she had adopted as motto the gory platform of Robespierre: "*Il n'y a que les morts qui ne reviennent pas.*" That was the only solution which she was able to discover, and she seized upon it with avidity. Her experience was not broad enough to forecast the result, while her superstition, ignorance, and hope led her to accept the supposed invulnerability of the Boxers as an established fact. When that illusion vanished, and the allies appeared at T'ung Chow, fourteen miles from Peking, she fled, taking with her sixty-nine carts filled with the most valuable wealth, and poor Kuang Hsu, who was to serve as a hostage for her own safety and immunity.

Strong as she is physically, and mentally as regards determination, it is scarcely to be expected that this woman, now sixty-six years old, will long survive the incredible hardships of a journey of more than six hundred miles. Yet the same danger besets Kuang Hsu, whose health

has been at no time good. The question is whether her death will in any way alter the circumstances or affect China's future. But from her life the lesson may be learned that no law, however sacred it may be, is considered inviolable in the Middle Kingdom, and that, aided by loyal viceroys, the regeneration of China may be initiated and directed from Peking, without any serious opposition, so long as local interests and traditions are not ruthlessly sacrificed. While with nations of the Occident reforms usually begin among the people, the recent history of Japan is ample proof that the reverse is the case in the Orient. That history also demonstrates the feasibility of gradually infusing new life and aims of life by influencing the literati who stand between the throne and the peo-

ple, and exert no little pressure upon both. Their number, small if compared with the dense population, renders such regeneracy possible. A gradual change in the programme of the triennial examinations, and a liberal revision of the salary list, together with the abolition of the fee system, should limit the attempts at reform during at least one decade. By watching the effect thus produced, further measures tending in the same direction might be inaugurated. But if, looking toward the wealth concealed within China's soil, violent means are adopted either to reach those treasures or to introduce reforms having in view the same end, the whole of China may be roused to a war compared to which the late Boxer movement was mere child's play.

R. Van Bergen.

PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES.¹

PART THIRD.

XII.

"See where Mononia's heroes lie, proud Owen
More's descendants, —

"T is they that won the glorious name and had
the grand attendants!"

It was a charming thing for us when Dr. La Touche gave us introductions to the Colquhouns of Ardnagreena; and when they, in turn, took us to tea with Lord and Lady Killbally at Balkilly Castle. I don't know what there is about us: we try to live a sequestered life, but there are certain kind forces in the universe that are always bringing us in contact with the good, the great, and the powerful. Francesca enjoys it, but secretly fears to have her democracy undermined. Salemina wonders modestly at her good fortune. I accept it as the

graceful tribute of an old civilization to a younger one; the older men grow the better they like girls of sixteen, and why should n't the same thing be true of countries?

As long ago as 1589, one of the English "undertakers" who obtained some of the confiscated Desmond lands in Munster wrote of the "better sorte" of Irish: "Although they did never see you before, they will make you the best cheare their country yeldeth for two or three days, and take not anything therefor. . . . They have a common saying which I am persuaded they speake unfeinedly, which is, 'Defend me and spend me.' Yet many doe utterly mislike this or any good thing that the poor Irishman dothe."

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This certificate of character from an "undertaker" of the sixteenth century certainly speaks volumes for Irish amiability and hospitality, since it was given at a time when grievances were as real as plenty; when unutterable resentment must have been rankling in many minds; and when those traditions were growing which have colored the whole texture of Irish thought, until, with the poor and unlettered, to be "agin the government" is an inherited instinct, to be obliterated only by time.

We supplement Mrs. Mullarkey's helter-skelter meals with frequent luncheons and dinners with our new friends, who send us home on our jaunting car laden with flowers, fruit, even with jellies and jams. Lady Killbally forces us to take three cups of tea and a half dozen marmalade sandwiches whenever we go to the Castle; for I apologized for our appetites, one day, by telling her that we had lunched somewhat frugally, the meal being sweetened, however, by Molly's explanation that there was a fresh sole in the house, but she thought she would not intrude on it before dinner!

We asked, on our arrival at Knockarney House, if we might breakfast at a regular hour, — say eight thirty. Mrs. Mullarkey agreed, with that suavity which is, after her untidiness, her distinguishing characteristic; but notwithstanding this arrangement we break our fast sometimes at nine forty, sometimes at nine twenty, sometimes at nine, but never earlier. In order to achieve this much, we are obliged to rise early and make a combined attack on the executive and culinary departments. One morning I opened the door leading from the hall into the back part of the establishment, but closed it hastily, having interrupted the toilets of three young children, whose existence I had never suspected, and of Mr. Mullarkey, whom I had thought dead for many years. Each child had donned one article of clothing, and was apparently searching for the

mate to it, whatever it chanced to be. Mrs. Mullarkey was fully clothed, and was about to administer correction to one of the children, who, unfortunately for him, was not. I retired to my apartment to report progress, but did not describe the scene minutely, nor mention the fact that I had seen Salemina's ivory-backed hairbrush put to excellent if somewhat unusual and unaccustomed service.

Each party in the house eats in solitary splendor, like the MacDermott, Prince of Coolavin. That royal personage of County Sligo, I believe, did not allow his wife or his children (who must have had the MacDermott blood in their veins, even if somewhat diluted) to sit at table with him. This method introduces the last element of confusion into the household arrangements, and on two occasions we have had our custard pudding or stewed fruit served in our bedrooms a full hour after we have finished dinner. We have reasons for wishing to be first to enter the dining room, and we walk in with eyes fixed on the ceiling, by far the cleanest part of the place. Having wended our way through an underbrush of corks, with an empty bottle here and there, and stumbled over the holes in the carpet, we arrive at our table in the window. It is as beautiful as heaven outside, and the tablecloth is at least cleaner than it will be later, for Mrs. Waterford of Mullinavat has an unsteady hand.

When Oonah brings in the toast rack now she balances it carefully, remembering the morning when she dropped it on the floor, but picked up the slices and offered them to Salemina. Never shall I forget that dear martyr's expression, which was as if she had made up her mind to renounce Ireland and leave her to her fate. I know she often must wonder if Dr. La Touche's servants, like Mrs. Mullarkey's, feel of the potatoes to see whether they are warm or cold!

At ten thirty there is great confusion and laughter and excitement, for the

sportsmen are setting out for the day, and the car has been waiting at the door for an hour. Oonah is caroling up and down the long passage, laden with dishes, her cheerfulness not in the least impaired by having served seven or eight separate breakfasts. Molly has spilled a jug of milk, and is wiping it up with a child's undershirt. The Glasgy man is telling them that yesterday they forgot the corkscrew, the salt, the cup, and the jam from the luncheon basket, — facts so mirth-provoking that Molly wipes tears of pleasure from her eyes with the milky undershirt, and Oonah sets the hot-water jug and the coffeepot on the stairs to have her laugh out comfortably. When once the car departs, comparative quiet reigns in and about the house until the passing bicyclers appear for luncheon or tea, when Oonah picks up the napkins that we have rolled into wads and flung under the dining table, and spreads them on tea trays, as appetizing details for the weary traveler. There would naturally be more time for housework if so large a portion of the day were not spent in pleasant interchange of thought and speech. I can well understand Mrs. Colquhoun's objections to the housing of the Dublin poor in tenements, — even in those of a better kind than the present horrible examples; for wherever they are huddled together in any numbers they will devote most of their time to conversation. To them, talking is more attractive than eating; it even adds a new joy to drinking; and if I may judge from the groups I have seen gossiping over a turf fire till midnight, it is preferable to sleeping. But do not suppose they will bubble over with joke and repartee, with racy anecdote, to every casual newcomer. The tourist who looks upon the Irishman as the merry-andrew of the English-speaking world, and who expects every jarvey he meets to be as whimsical as Mickey Free, will be disappointed. I have strong suspicions that ragged, jovial Mickey Free himself, de-

licious as he is, was created by Lever to satisfy the Anglo-Saxon idea of the low-comedy Irishman. You will live in the Emerald Isle for many a month, and not meet the clown or the villain so familiar to you in modern Irish plays. Dramatists have made a stage Irishman to suit themselves, and the public and the gallery are disappointed if anything more reasonable is substituted for him. You will find, too, that you do not easily gain Paddy's confidence. Misled by his careless, reckless impetuosity of demeanor, you might expect to be the confidant of his joys and sorrows, his hopes and expectations, his faiths and beliefs, his aspirations, fears, longings, at the first interview. Not at all; you will sooner be admitted to a glimpse of the traveling Scotsman's or the Englishman's inner life, family history, personal ambition. Glacial enough at first and far less voluble, he melts soon enough, if he likes you. Meantime, your impulsive Irish friend gives himself as freely at the first interview as at the twentieth; and you know him as well at the end of a week as you are likely to at the end of a year. He is a product of the past, be he gentleman or peasant. A few hundred years of necessary reserve concerning articles of political and religious belief have bred caution and prudence in stronger natures, cunning and hypocrisy in weaker ones.

XIII.

"The light-hearted daughters of Erin,
Like the wild mountain deer they can bound;
Their feet never touch the green island,
But music is struck from the ground.
And oft in the glens and green meadows,
The ould jig they dance with such grace,
That even the daisies they tread on,
Look up with delight in their face."

One of our favorite diversions is an occasional glimpse of a "crossroads dance" on a pleasant Sunday afternoon, when all the young people of the district are gathered together. Their re-

ligious duties are over with their confessions and their masses, and the priests encourage these decorous Sabbath gayeties. A place is generally chosen where two or four roads meet, and the dancers come from the scattered farmhouses in every direction. In Ballyfuchsia, they dance on a flat piece of road under some fir trees and larches, with stretches of mountain covered with yellow gorse or purple heather and the quiet lakes lying in the distance. A message comes down to us at Ardnagreena — where we commonly spend our Sunday afternoons — that they expect a good dance, and the blind boy is coming to fiddle; and “so if you will be coming up, it’s welcome you’ll be.” We join them about five o’clock, — passing, on our way, groups of “boys” of all ages from sixteen upwards, walking in twos and threes, and parties of three or four girls by themselves; for it would not be etiquette for the boys and girls to walk together, such strictness is observed in these matters about here.

When we reach the rendezvous we find quite a crowd of young men and maidens assembled; the girls all at one side of the road, neatly dressed in dark skirts and light blouses, with the national woolen shawl over their heads. Two wide stone walls, or dikes, with turf on top, make capital seats, and the boys are at the opposite side, as custom demands. When a young man wants a partner, he steps across the road and asks a colleen, who lays aside her shawl, generally giving it to a younger sister to keep until the dance is over, when the girls go back to their own side of the road and put on their shawls again. Upon our arrival we find the “sets” are already in progress; a “set” being a dance like a very intricate and very long quadrille. We are greeted with many friendly words, and the young boatmen and farmers’ sons ask the ladies, “Will you be pleased to dance, miss?” Some of them are shy, and say they are not familiar with the steps; but

their would-be partners remark encouragingly: “Sure, and what matter? I’ll see you through.” Soon all are dancing, and the state of the road is being discussed with as much interest as the floor of a ballroom. Eager directions are given to the more ignorant newcomers, such as “Twirl your girl, captain!” or “Turn your back to your face!” — rather a difficult direction to carry out, but one which conveys its meaning. Salemina confided to her partner that she feared she was getting a bit old to dance. He looked at her gray hair carefully for a moment, and then said chivalrously: “I’d not say that that was old age, ma’am. I’d say it was eddication.”

When the sets, which are very long and very decorous, are finished, sometimes a jig is danced for our benefit. The spectators make a ring, and the chosen dancers go into the middle, where their steps are watched by a most critical and discriminating audience with the most minute and intense interest. Our Molly is one of the best jig dancers among the girls here (would that she were half as clever at cooking!); but if you want to see an artist of the first rank, you must watch Kitty O’Rourke, from the neighboring village of Dooclone. The half door of the barn is carried into the ring by one or two of her admirers, whom she numbers by the score, and on this she dances her famous jig polthogue, sometimes alone and sometimes with Art Rooney, the only worthy partner for her in the kingdom of Kerry. Art’s mother, “Bid” Rooney, is a keen matchmaker, and we heard her the other day advising her son, who was going to Dooclone to have a “weeny court” with his colleen, to put a clane shirt on him in the middle of the week, and distract Kitty intirely by showin’ her he had three of thim, annyway!

Kitty is a beauty, and does n’t need to be made “purty wid cows,” — a feat that the old Irishman proposed to do when

he was consummating a match for his plain daughter. But the gifts of the gods seldom come singly, and Kitty is well fortune'd as well as beautiful: fifty pounds, her own bedstead and its fittings, a cow, a pig, and a web of linen are supposed to be the dazzling total, so that it is small wonder her deluderin' ways are maddening half the boys in Ballyfuchsia and Dooclone. She has the prettiest pair of feet in the County Kerry, and when they are encased in a smart pair of shoes, bought for her by Art's rival, the big constable from Ballyfuchsia barracks, how they do twinkle and caper over that half barn door, to be sure! Even Murty, the blind fiddler, seems intoxicated by the plaudits of the bystanders, and he certainly never plays so well for anybody as for Kitty of the Meadow. Blindness is still common in Ireland, owing to the smoke in these wretched cabins, where sometimes a hole in the roof is the only chimney; and although the scores of blind fiddlers no longer traverse the land, finding a welcome at all firesides, they are still to be found in every community. Blind Murty is a favorite guest at the Rooneys' cabin, which is never so full that there is not room for one more. There is a small wooden bed in the main room, a settle that opens out at night, with hens in the straw underneath, where a board keeps them safely within until they have finished laying. There are six children beside Art, and my ambition is to photograph, or, still better, to sketch the family circle together; the hens cackling under the settle, the pig ("him as pays the rint") snoring in the doorway, as a proprietor should, while the children are picturesquely grouped about. I never succeed, because Mrs. Rooney sees us as we turn into the lane, and calls to the family to make itself ready, as quality's comin' in sight. The older children can scramble under the bed, slip shoes over their bare feet, and be out in front of the cabin without the loss of a single

minute. "Mickey jew'l," the baby, who is only four, but "who can handle a stick as bould as a man," is generally clad in a ragged skirt, slit every few inches from waist to hem, so that it resembles a cotton fringe. The little coateen that tops this costume is sometimes, by way of diversion, transferred to the dog, who runs off with it; but if we appear at this unlucky moment, there is a stylish yoke of pink ribbon and soiled lace which one of the girls pins over Mickey jew'l's naked shoulders.

Moya, who has this eye for picturesque propriety, is a great friend of mine, and has many questions about the Big Country when we take our walks. She longs to emigrate, but the time is not ripe yet. "The girls that come back has a lovely style to thim," she says wistfully, "but they're so polite they can't live in the cabins anny more and be contint." The "boys" are not always so improved, she thinks. "You'd niver find a boy in Ballyfuchsia that would say annything rude to a girl; but when they come back from Ameriky, it's too free they've grown intirely." It is a dull life for them, she says, when they have once been away; though to be sure Ballyfuchsia is a pleasanter place than Dooclone, where the priest does not approve of dancing, and, however secretly you may do it, the curate hears of it, and will speak your name in church.

It was Moya who told me of Kitty's fortune. "She's not the match that Farmer Brodigan's daughter Kathleen is, to be sure; for he's a rich man, and has given her an iligant eddication in Cork, so that she can look high for a husband. She won't be takin' up wid anny of our boys, wid her two hundred pounds and her twenty cows and her pianya. Och, it's a thriminjus player she is, ma'am. She's that quick and that strong that you'd say she would n't lave a string on it."

Some of the young men and girls never see each other before the marriage,

Moya says. "But sure," she adds shyly, "I'd niver be contint with that, though some love matches does n't turn out anny better than the others."

"I hope it will be a love match with you, and that I shall dance at your wedding, Moya," I say to her smilingly.

"Faith, I'm thinkin' my husband's intinded mother died an old maid in Dublin," she answers merrily. "It's a small fortune I'll be havin', and few lovers; but you'll be soon dancing at Kathleen Brodigan's wedding, or Kitty O'Rourke's, maybe."

I do not pretend to understand these humble romances, with their foundations of cows and linen, which are after all no more sordid than bank stock and trousseaux from Paris. The sentiment of the Irish peasant lover seems to be frankly and truly expressed in the verses:—

"Oh! Moya's wise and beautiful, has wealth
in plenteous store,
And fortune fine in calves and kine, and
lovers half a score;
Her faintest smile would saints beguile, or
sinners captivate,
Oh! I think a dale of Moya, but I'll surely
marry Kate.

Now to let you know the raison why I cannot
have my way,
Nor bid my heart decide the part the lover
must obey—

The calves and kine of Kate are nine, while
Moya owns but eight,
So with all my love for Moya I'm compelled
to marry Kate!"

I gave Moya a lace neckerchief, the other day, and she was rarely pleased, running into the cabin with it and showing it to her mother with great pride. After we had walked a bit down the breen she excused herself for an instant, and, returning to my side, explained that she had gone back to ask her mother to mind the kerchief, and not let the "cow knock it"!

Lady Killbally tells us that some of the girls who work in the mills deny themselves proper food, and live on bread and tea for a month, to save the price

of a gay ribbon. This is trying, no doubt, to a philanthropist, but is it not partly a starved sense of beauty asserting itself? If it has none of the usual outlets, where can imagination express itself if not in some paltry thing like a ribbon?

XIV.

"My love's an arbutus by the waters of Lene,
So slender and shapely in her girdle of
green."

Mrs. Mullarkey cannot spoil this paradise for us. When I wake in the morning, the fuchsia tree outside my window is such a glorious mass of color that it distracts my eyes from the unwashed glass. The air is still; the mountains in the far distance are clear purple; everything is fresh-washed and purified for the new day. Francesca and I leave the house sleeping, and make our way to the bogs. We love to sit under a blossoming sloe bush and see the silver pools glistening here and there in the turf cuttings, and watch the transparent vapor rising from the red-brown or the purple-shadowed bog fields. Dinnis Rooney, half awake, leisurely, silent, is moving among the stacks with his creel. There is a moist, rich fragrance of meadowsweet and bog myrtle in the air; and how fresh and wild and verdant it is! How the missel thrushes sing in the woods, and the plaintive note of the curlew gives the last touch of mysterious tenderness to the scene.

As for Lough Lein itself, who could speak its loveliness, lying like a crystal mirror beneath the black Reeks of the McGillicuddy, where, in the mountain fastnesses, lie spellbound the sleeping warriors who, with their bridles and broadswords in hand, await but the word to give Erin her own! When we glide along the surface of the lakes, on some bright day after a heavy rain; when we look down through the clear water on tiny submerged islets, with their grasses

and drowned daisies glancing up at us from the blue ; when we moor the boat and climb the hillsides, we are dazzled by the luxuriant beauty of it all. It hardly seems real, — it is too green, too perfect, to be believed ; and one thinks of some fairy drop scene, painted by cunning-fingered elves and sprites, who might have a wee folk's way of mixing roses and rainbows, dew-drenched greens and sun-warmed yellows ; showing the picture to you first all burnished, glittering and radiant, then " veiled in mist and diamonded with showers." We climb, climb, up, up, into the heart of the leafy loveliness ; peering down into dewy dingles, stopping now and again to watch one of the countless streams as it tinkles and gurgles down an emerald ravine to join the lakes. The way is strewn with lichens and mosses ; rich green hollies and arbutus surround us on every side ; the ivy hangs in sweet disorder from the rocks ; and when we reach the innermost recess of the glen we can find moist green jungles of ferns and bracken, a very bending, curling forest of fronds : —

"The fairy's tall palm tree, the heath bird's fresh nest,
And the couch the red deer deems the sweetest and best."

Carrantual rears its crested head high above the other mountains, and on its summits Shon the Outlaw, footsore, weary, slept ; sighing, " For once, thank God, I am above all my enemies."

You must go to sweet Innisfallen, too, and you must not be prosaic or incredulous at the boatman's stories, or turn the " bodthered ear to them." These are no ordinary hillsides : not only do the wee folk troop through the frond forests nightly, but great heroic figures of romance have stalked majestically along these mountain summits. Every waterfall foaming and dashing from its rocky bed in the glen has a legend in the toss and swirl of the water.

Can't you see the O'Sullivan, famous for fleetness of foot and prowess in the

chase, starting forth in the cool o' the morn to hunt the red deer ? His dogs sniff the heather ; a splendid stag bounds across the path ; swift as lightning the dogs follow the scent across moors and glens. Throughout the long day the chieftain chases the stag, until at nightfall, weary and thirsty, he loses the scent, and blows a blast on his horn to call the dogs homeward.

And then he hears a voice : " O'Sullivan, turn back ! "

He looks over his shoulder to behold the great Finn McCool, central figure in centuries of romance.

" Why do you dare chase my stag ? " he asks.

" Because it is the finest man ever saw," answers the chieftain composedly.

" You are a valiant man," says the hero, pleased with the reply ; " and as you thirst from the long chase, I will give you to drink." So he crunched his giant heel into the rock, and forth burst the waters, seething and roaring as they do to this day ; and may the devil fly away wid me if I've spoke an unthru word, ma'am !

Come to Lough Lein as did we, too early for the crowd of sightseers ; but when the " long light shakes across the lakes," the blackest arts of the tourist (and they are as black as they are many) cannot break the spell. Sitting on one of these hillsides, we heard a bugle call taken up and repeated in delicate, ethereal echoes, — sweet enough, indeed, to be worthy of the fairy buglers who are supposed to pass the sound along their lines from crag to crag, until it faints and dies in silence. And then came the Lament for Owen Roe O'Neill. We were thrilled to the very heart with the sorrowful strains ; and when we issued from our leafy covert, and rounded the point of rocks from which the sound came, we found a fat man in uniform playing the bugle. " Cook's Tours " was embroidered on his cap ; and I have no doubt that he is a good husband and father,

even a good citizen, but he is a blight upon the landscape, and fancy cannot breathe in his presence. The typical tourist should be encouraged within bounds, both because he is of some benefit to Ireland, and because Ireland is of inestimable benefit to him; but he should not be allowed to jeer and laugh at the legends (the gentle smile of sophisticated unbelief, with its twinkle of amusement, is unknown to and forever beyond him); and above all, he should never be allowed to carry or to play on a concertina, for this is the unpardonable sin.

We had an adventure yesterday. We were to dine at eight o'clock at Balkilly Castle, where Dr. La Touche is staying the week end with Lord and Lady Killbally. We had been spending an hour or two after tea in writing an Irish letter, and were a bit late in dressing. These letters, written in the vernacular, are a favorite diversion of ours when visiting in foreign lands; and they are very easily done when once you have caught the idioms, for you can always supplement your slender store of words and expressions with choice selections from native authors.

What Francesca and I wore to the Castle dinner is, alas, no longer of any consequence to the community at large. In the mysterious purposes of that third volume which we seem to be living in Ireland, Francesca's beauty and mine, her hats and frocks as well as mine, are all reduced to the background; but Salemina's toilette had cost us some thought. When she first issued from the discreet and decorous fastnesses of Salem society, she had never donned any dinner dress that was not as high at the throat and as long in the sleeves as the Puritan mothers ever wore to meeting. In England she lapsed sufficiently from the rigid Salem standard to adopt a timid compromise; in Scotland we coaxed her into still further modernities, until now she is completely enfranchised. We

achieved this at considerable trouble, but do not grudge the time spent in persuasion when we see her *en grande toilette*. In day dress she has always been inclined ever so little to a primness and severity that suggest old-maidishness. In her low gown of pale gray, with all her silver hair waved softly, she is unexpectedly lovely,—her face softened, transformed, and magically "brought out" by the whiteness of her shoulders and slender throat. Not an ornament, not a jewel, will she wear; and she is right to keep the nunlike simplicity of style which suits her so well, and which holds its own even in the vicinity of Francesca's proud and glowing young beauty.

On this particular evening, Francesca, who wished her to look her best, had prudently hidden her eyeglasses, for which we are now trying to substitute a silver-handled lorgnette. Two years ago we deliberately smashed her spectacles, which she had adopted at five-and-twenty. "But they are more convenient than eyeglasses," she urged obtusely. "That argument is beneath you, dear," we replied. "If your hair were not prematurely gray, we might permit the spectacles, hideous as they are, but a combination of the two is impossible; the world shall not convict you of failing sight when you are guilty only of petty astigmatism!"

The gray satin had been chosen for this dinner, and Salemina was dressed, with the exception of the pretty pearl-embroidered waist that has to be laced at the last moment, and had slipped on a dressing jacket to come down from her room in the second story, to be advised in some trifling detail. She looked unusually well, I thought: her eyes were bright and her cheeks flushed, as she rustled in, holding her satin skirts daintily away from the dusty carpets.

Now, from the morning of our arrival we have had trouble with the Mullarkey doorknobs, which come off continually, and lie on the floors at one side of the

door or the other. Benella followed Salemina from her room, and, being in haste, closed the door with unwonted energy. She heard the well-known rattle and clang, but little suspected that, as one knob dropped outside in the hall, the other fell inside, carrying the rod of connection with it. It was not long before we heard a cry of despair from above, and we responded to it promptly.

"It's fell in on the inside, knob and all, as I always knew it would some day; and now we can't get back into the room!" said Benella.

"Oh, nonsense! We can open it with something or other," I answered encouragingly, as I drew on my gloves; "only you must hasten, for the car is at the door."

The curling iron was too large, the shoe hook too short, a lead pencil too smooth, a crochet needle too slender: we tried them all, and the door resisted all their insinuations. "Must you necessarily get in before we go?" I asked Salemina thoughtlessly.

She gave me a glance that almost froze my blood, as she replied, "The waist of my dress is in the room."

Francesca and I spent a moment in irrepressible mirth, and then summoned Mrs. Mullarkey. Whether the Irish kings could be relied upon in an emergency I do not know, but their descendants cannot. Mrs. Mullarkey had gone to the convent to see the Mother Superior about something; Mr. Mullarkey was at the Dooclone market; Peter was not to be found; but Oonah and Molly came, and also the old lady from Mullinavat, with a package of raffle tickets in her hand.

We left this small army under Benella's charge, and went down to my room for a hasty consultation.

"Could you wear any evening bodice of Francesca's?" I asked.

"Of course not. Francesca's waist measure is three inches smaller than mine."

"Could you manage my black lace dress?"

"Penelope, you know it would only reach to my ankles! No, you must go without me, and go at once. We are too new acquaintances to keep Lady Killbally's dinner waiting. Why did I come to this place like a pauper, with only one evening gown, when I should have known that if there is a castle anywhere within forty miles you always spend half your time in it!"

This slur was totally unjustified, but I pardoned it, because Salemina's temper is ordinarily angelic, and the circumstances were somewhat tragic. "If you had brought a dozen dresses, they would all be in your room at this moment," I replied; "but we must think of something. It is impossible for you to remain behind; we were invited more on your account than on our own, for you are Dr. La Touche's friend, and the dinner is especially in his honor. Molly, have you a ladder?"

"We have not, ma'am."

"Could we borrow one?"

"We could not, Mrs. Beresford, ma'am."

"Then see if you can break down the door; try hard, and if you succeed I will buy you a nice new one! Part of Miss Peabody's dress is inside the room, and we shall be late to the Castle dinner."

The entire corps, with Mrs. Waterford of Mullinavat on top, cast itself on the door, which withstood the shock to perfection. Then in a moment we heard: "Weary's on it, it will not come down for us, ma'am. It's the iligant locks we do be havin' in the house; they're mortal shtrong, ma'am!"

"Strong indeed!" exclaimed the incensed Benella, in a burst of New England wrath. "There's nothing strong about the place but the impidence of the people in it! If you had told Peter to get a carpenter or a locksmith, as I've been asking you to these two weeks, it would have been all right; but you never

do anything till a month after it's too late. I've no patience with such a set of doshies, dawdling around and leaving everything to go to rack and ruin!"

"Sure it was yourself that ruined the thing," responded Molly, with spirit, for the unaccustomed word "doshy" had kindled her quick Irish temper. "It's aisy handlin' the knob is used to, and faith it would 'a' stuck there for you a twelvemonth!"

"They will be quarreling soon," said Salemina nervously. "Do not wait another instant; you are late enough now, and I insist on your going. Make any excuse you see fit: say I am ill, say I am dead, if you like, but don't tell the real excuse, — it's too shiftless and wretched and embarrassing. Don't cry, Benella. Molly, Oonah, go downstairs to your work. Mrs. Waterford, I think perhaps you have forgotten that we have already purchased raffle tickets, and we'll not take any more for fear that we may draw the necklace. Good-by, dears; tell Lady Killbally I shall see her to-morrow."

XV.

"Why the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee,
While alone with your cup,
Like a hermit you sup,
Och hone, Widow Machree."

Francesca and I were gloomy enough, as we drove along facing each other in Ballyfuchsia's one "inside" car, — a strange and fearsome vehicle, partaking of the nature of a broken-down omnibus, a hearse, and an overgrown black beetle. It holds four, or at a squeeze six, the seats being placed from stem to stern lengthwise, and the balance being so delicate that the passengers, when going uphill, are shaken into a heap at the door, which is represented by a ragged leather flap. I have often seen it strew

the hard highroad with passengers, as it jolts up the steep incline that leads to Ardnagreena, and the "fares" who succeed in staying in always sit in one another's laps a good part of the way, — a method pleasing only to relatives or intimate friends. Francesca and I agreed to tell the real reason of Salemina's absence. "It is Ireland's fault, and I will not have America blamed for it," she insisted; "but it is so embarrassing to be going to the dinner ourselves, and leaving behind the most important personage. Think of Dr. La Touche's disappointment, think of Salemina's; and they'll never understand why she could n't have come in a dressing jacket. I shall advise her to discharge Benella after this episode, for no one can tell the effect it may have upon our future lives."

It is a four-mile drive to Balkilly Castle, and when we arrived there we were so shaken that we had to retire to a dressing room for repairs. Then came the dreaded moment when we entered the great hall and advanced to meet Lady Killbally, who looked over our heads to greet the missing Salemina. Francesca's beauty, my supposed genius, both fell flat; it was Salemina whose presence was especially desired. The company was assembled, save for one guest still more tardy than ourselves, and we had a moment or two to tell our story as sympathetically as possible. It had an uncommonly good reception, and, coupled with the Irish letter I read at dessert, carried the dinner along on a basis of such laughter and good-fellowship that finally there was no place for regret save in the hearts of those who knew and loved Salemina, — poor Salemina, spending her dull, lonely evening in our rooms, and later on in her own uneventful bed, if indeed she was ever lucky enough to gain access to that bed. I had hoped Lady Killbally would put one of us beside Dr. La Touche, so that we might at least keep Salemina's memory green by tactful conversation; but

it was too large a company to rearrange, and he had to sit by an empty chair, which perhaps was just as salutary, after all. The dinner was very smart, and the company interesting and clever, but my thoughts were elsewhere. As there were fewer squires than dames at the feast, Lady Killbally kindly took me on her left, with a view to better acquaintance, and I was heartily glad of a possible chance to hear something of Dr. La Touche's earlier life. In our previous interviews, Salemina's presence had always precluded the possibility of leading the conversation in the wished-for direction.

When I first saw Gerald La Touche I felt that he required explanation. Usually speaking, a human being ought to be able, in an evening's conversation, to explain himself, without any adventurous aid. If he is a man, alive, vigorous, well poised, conscious of his own personality, he shows you, without any effort, as much of his past as you need to form your impression, and as much of his future as you have intuition to read. As opposed to the vigorous personality, there is the colorless, flavorless, insubstantial sort, forgotten as soon as learned, and forever confused with the previous or the next comer. When I was a beginner in portrait painting, I remember that, after I had succeeded in making my background stay back where it belonged, my figure sometimes had a way of clinging to it in a kind of smudgy weakness, as if it were afraid to come out like a man and stand the inspection of my eye. How often have I squandered paint upon the ungrateful object without adding a cubit to its stature! It refused to look like flesh and blood, but resembled rather some half-made creature flung on the passive canvas in a liquid state, with its edges running over into the background. There are a good many of these people in literature, too, — heroes who, like home-made paper dolls, do not stand up well ;

or if they manage to perform that feat, one unexpectedly discovers, when they are placed in a strong light, that they have no vital organs whatever, and can be seen through without the slightest difficulty. Dr. La Touche does not belong to either of these two classes : he is not warm, magnetic, powerful, impressive ; neither is he by any means destitute of vital organs ; but his personality is blurred in some way. He seems a bit remote, absent-minded, and a trifle, just a trifle, over-resigned. Privately, I think a man can afford to be resigned only to one thing, and that is the will of God ; against all other odds I prefer to see him fight till the last armed foe expires. Dr. La Touche is devotedly attached to his children, but quite helpless in their hands ; so that he never looks at them with pleasure or comfort or pride, but always with an anxiety as to what they may do next. I understand him better now that I know the circumstances of which he has been the product. (Of course one is always a product of circumstances, unless one can manage to be superior to them.) His wife, the daughter of an American consul in Ireland, was a charming but somewhat feather-brained person, rather given to whims and caprices ; very pretty, very young, very much spoiled, very attractive, very undisciplined. All went well enough with them until her father was recalled to America, because of some change in political administration. The young Mrs. La Touche seemed to have no resources apart from her family, and even her baby "Jackeen" failed to absorb her as might have been expected.

"We thought her a most trying woman at this time," said Lady Killbally. "She seemed to have no thought of her husband's interests, and none of the responsibilities that she had assumed in marrying him ; her only idea of life appeared to be amusement and variety and gayety. Gerald was a student, and al-

ways very grave and serious ; the kind of man who invariably marries a butterfly, if he can find one to make him miserable. He was exceedingly patient ; but after the birth of little Broona, Adeline became so homesick and depressed and discontented that, although the journey was almost an impossibility at the time, Gerald took her back to her people, and left her with them, while he returned to his duties at Trinity College. Their life, I suppose, had been very unhappy for a year or two before this, and when he came home to Dublin, without his children, he looked a sad and broken man. He was absolutely faithful to his ideals, I am glad to say, and never wavered in his allegiance to his wife, however disappointed he may have been in her ; going over regularly to spend his long vacations in America, although she never seemed to wish to see him. At last she fell into a state of hopeless melancholia ; and it was rather a relief to us all to feel that we had judged her too severely, and that her unreasonableness and her extraordinary caprices had been born of mental disorder more than of moral obliquity. Gerald gave up everything to nurse her and rouse her from her apathy ; but she faded away without ever once coming back to a more normal self, and that was the end of it all. Gerald's father had died meanwhile, and he had fallen heir to the property and the estates. They were very much encumbered, but he is gradually getting affairs into a less chaotic state ; and while his fortune would seem a small one to you extravagant Americans, he is what we Irish paupers would call well to do."

Lady Killbally was suspiciously willing to give me all this information, — so much so that I ventured to ask about the children.

"They are captivating, neglected little things," she said. "Madam La Touche, an aged aunt, has the ostensible charge of them, and she is a most

easy-going person. The servants are of the 'old family' sort, the reckless, improvident, untidy, devoted, quarrelsome creatures that always stand by the ruined Irish gentry in all their misfortunes, and generally make their life a burden to them at the same time. Gerald is a saint, and therefore never complains."

"It never seems to me that saints are adapted to positions like these," I sighed ; "sinners would do ever so much better. I should like to see Dr. La Touche take off his halo, lay it carefully on the bureau, and wield a battle-axe. The world will never acknowledge his merit ; it will even forget him presently, and his life will have been given up to the evolution of the passive virtues. Do you suppose he will ever marry again ? Do you suppose he will recognize the tender passion if it ever does bud in his breast, or will he think it a weed, instead of a flower, and let it wither for want of attention ?"

"I think his friends will have to enhance his self-respect, or he will forever be too modest to declare himself," said Lady Killbally. "Perhaps you can help us : he is probably going to America this winter to lecture at some of your universities, and he may stay there for a year or two, so he says. At any rate, if the right woman ever appears on the scene, I hope she will have the instinct to admire and love and reverence him as we do," and here she smiled directly into my eyes, and slipping her pretty hand under the tablecloth squeezed mine in a manner that spoke volumes.

It is not easy to explain one's desire to marry off all the unmarried persons in one's vicinity. When I look steadfastly at any group of people, large or small, they usually segregate themselves into twos under my prophetic eye. If they are nice and attractive, I am pleased to see them mated ; if they are horrid and disagreeable, I like to think of them as improving under the discipline of matrimony. It is joy to see beauty

meet a kindling eye, but I am more delighted still to watch a man fall under the glamour of a plain, dull girl, and it is ecstasy for me to see a perfectly unattractive, stupid woman snapped up at last, when I have given up hopes of settling her in life. Sometimes there are men so uninspiring that I cannot converse with them a single moment without yawning; but though failures in all other relations, one can conceive of their being tolerably useful as husbands and fathers; not for one's self, you understand, but for one's neighbors.

Dr. La Touche's life now, to any understanding eye, is as incomplete as the unfinished window in Aladdin's tower. He is too wrinkled, too studious, too quiet, too patient. His children need a mother, his old family servants need discipline, his baronial halls need sweeping and cleaning (I have n't seen them, but I know they do!), and his aged aunt needs advice and guidance. On the other hand, there are those (I speak guardedly) who have walked in shady, sequestered paths all their lives, looking at hundreds of happy lovers on the sunny highroad, but never joining them; those who adore scholarship, who love children, who have a genius for unselfish devotion, who are sweet and refined and clever, and who look perfectly lovely when they put on gray satin and leave off eyeglasses. They say they are over forty, and although this probably is exaggeration, they may be thirty-nine and three quarters; and if so, the time is limited in which to find for them a worthy mate, since half of the masculine population is looking for itself, and always in the wrong quarter, needing no assistance to discover rosy-cheeked idiots of nineteen, whose obvious charms draw thousands to a dull and uneventful fate.

These thoughts were running idly through my mind while the Honorable Michael McGillicuddy was discoursing to me of Mr. Gladstone's misunder-

standing of Irish questions. I was so anxious to return to Salemina that I wished I had ordered the car at ten thirty instead of eleven; but I made up my mind, as we ladies went to the drawing-room for coffee, that I would seize the first favorable opportunity to explore the secret chambers of Dr. La Touche's being, and find out at the same time whether he knows anything of that lavender-scented guest room in Salemina's heart. First, has he ever seen it? Second, has he ever stopped in it for any length of time? Third, was he sufficiently enamored of it to occupy it on a long lease?

XVI.

"And what use is one's life without chances?
Ye've always a chance wid the tide."

I was walking with Lady Fincoss, and Francesca with Miss Clondalkin, a very learned personage, who has deciphered more undecipherable inscriptions than any lady in Ireland, when our eyes fell upon an unexpected tableau.

Seated on a divan in the centre of the drawing-room, in a most distinguished attitude, in unexceptionable attire, and with the rose-colored lights making all her soft grays opalescent, was Miss Salemina Peabody. Our exclamations of astonishment were so audible that they must have reached the dining room, for Lord Killbally did not keep the gentlemen long at their wine.

Salemina cannot tell a story quite as it ought to be told to produce an effect. She is too reserved, too concise, too rigidly conscientious. She does n't like to be the centre of interest, even in a modest *contretemps* like being locked out of a room which contains part of her dress; but from her brief explanation to Lady Killbally, her more complete and confidential account on the way home, and Benella's graphic story when we arrived there, we were able to get all the details.

When the inside car passed out of

view with us, it appears that Benella wept tears of rage, at the sight of which Oonah and Molly trembled. In that moment of despair and remorse her mind worked as it must always have done before the Salem priestess befogged it with hazy philosophies, understood neither by teacher nor by pupil. Peter had come back, but could suggest nothing. Benella forgot her "science," which prohibits rage and recrimination, and called him a great, hulking, lazy vagabone, and told him she'd like to have him in Salem for five minutes, just to show him a man with a head on his shoulders.

"You call this a Christian country," she said, "and you have n't a screw-driver, nor a bradawl, nor a monkey wrench, nor a rat-tail file, nor no kind of a useful tool to bless yourselves with; and my Miss Peabody, that's worth ten dozen of you put together, has got to stay home from the Castle and eat warmed-up scraps. Now you do as I say: take the dining table and put it outside under the window, and the side table on top o' that, and see how fur up it'll reach. I guess you can't stump a Salem woman by telling her there ain't no ladder."

The two tables were finally in position; but there still remained nine feet of distance to that key of the situation, Salemina's window, and Mrs. Waterford's dressing table went on top of this pile. "Now, Peter," were the next orders, "if you've got sprawl enough, hold down the dining table, and you and Oonah, Molly, keep the next two tables stiddy, while I climb up."

The intrepid Benella could barely reach the sill, and Mrs. Waterford and Salemina were called on to "stiddy" the tables, while Molly was bidden to help by giving an heroic "boost" when the word of command came. The device was completely successful, and in a trice the conqueror disappeared, to reappear at the window holding the precious pearl-embroidered bodice wrapped in a

towel. "I would n't stop to fool with the door till I dropped you this," she said. "Oonah, you go and wash your hands clean, and help Miss Peabody into it, — and mind you start the lacing right at the top; and you, Peter, run down to Rooney's and get the donkey and the cart, and bring 'em back with you, — and don't you let the grass grow under your feet, neither!"

There was literally no other mode of conveyance within miles, and time was precious. Salemina wrapped herself in Francesca's long black cloak, and climbed into the cart. Dinnis hauls turf in it, takes a sack of potatoes or a pig to market in it, and the stubborn little ass, blind of one eye, has never in his wholly elective course taken up the subject of speed.

It was eight o'clock when Benella mounted the seat beside Salemina, and gave the donkey a preliminary touch of the stick.

"Be aisy wid him," cautioned Peter. "He's a very arch donkey for a lady to be dhrivin', and mebbe he'd lay down and not get up for you."

"Arrah! shut yer mouth, Pether. Give him a couple of belts anondher the hind leg, melady, and that'll put the fear o' God in him!" said Dinnis.

"I'd rather not go at all," urged Salemina timidly; "it's too late, and too extraordinary."

"I'm not going to have it on my conscience to make you lose this dinner party, — not if I have to carry you on my back the whole way," said Benella doggedly; "and this donkey won't lay down with me more'n once, — I can tell him that right at the start."

"Sure, melady, he'll go to Galway for you, when oncet he's started wid himself; and it's only a couple o' fingers to the Castle, annyways."

The four-mile drive, especially through the village of Ballyfuchsia, was an eventful one, but by dint of prodding, poking, and belting Benella had accomplished

half the distance in three quarters of an hour, when the donkey suddenly lay down "on her." This was luckily at the town cross, where a group of idlers rendered hearty assistance. Willing as they were to succor a lady in distress, they did not know of any car which could be secured in time to be of service, but one of them offered to walk and run by the side of the donkey, so as to kape him on his legs. It was in this wise that Miss Peabody approached Balkilly Castle; and when a gilded gentleman-in-waiting lifted her from Rooney's "plain cart," she was just on the verge of hysterics. Fortunately his Magnificence was English, and betrayed no surprise at the arrival in this humble fashion of a dinner guest, but simply summoned the Irish housekeeper, who revived her with wine, and called on all the saints to witness that she'd never heard of such a shameful thing, and such a disgrace to Ballyfuchsia. The idea of not keeping a ladder in a house where the doorknobs were apt to come off struck her as being the worst feature of the accident, though this unexpected and truly Milesian view of the matter had never occurred to us.

"Well, I got Miss Peabody to the dinner party," said Benella triumphantly, when she was laboriously unlacing my frock, later on, "or at least I got her there before it broke up. I had to walk every step o' the way home, and the donkey laid down four times, but I was so nerved up I did n't care a mite. I was bound Miss Peabody should n't lose her chance, after all she's done for me!"

"Her chance?" I asked, somewhat puzzled, for dinners, even castle dinners, are not rare in Salemina's experience.

"Yes, her chance," repeated Benella mysteriously; "you'd know well enough what I mean, if you'd ben born and brought up in Salem, Massachusetts!"

Copy of a letter read by Penelope O'Connor, descendant of the king of

Connaught, at the dinner of Lord and Lady Killbally at Balkilly Castle. It needed no apology then, but we were obliged to explain to our American friends that though the Irish peasants interlard their conversation with saints, angels, and devils, and use the name of the Virgin Mary, and even the Almighty, with, to our ears, undue familiarity and frequency, there is no profane or irreverent intent. They are instinctively religious, and it is only because they feel on terms of such friendly intimacy with the powers above that they speak of them so often.

At the Widdy Mullarkey's,
KNOCKARNEY HOUSE, BALLYFUCHSIA,
County Kerry.

Och! musha bedad, man alive, but it's a fine counthry over here, and it bangs all the jewel of a view we do be havin' from the windys, begorra! Knockarney House is in a wild remoted place at the back of beyant, and faix we're as much alone as Robinson Crusoe on a dissolute island; but when we do be wishful to go to the town, sure there's ivery convanieny. There's ayther a bit of a jaunt-in' car wid a skewbald pony for drivin', or we can borry the loan of Dinnis Rooney's blind ass wid the plain cart, or we can just take a fut in a hand and leg it over the bog. Sure it's no great thing to go do, but only a taste of divar-sion like, though it's three good Irish miles an' powerful hot weather, with niver a dhrop of wet these manny days. It's a great old spring we're havin' intirely; it has raison to be proud of itself, begob!

Paddy, the gossoon that drives the car (it's a gossoon we call him, but faix he stands five fut nine in his stockin's, when he wears anny), — Paddy, as I'm afther tellin' you, lives in a cabin down below the knockaun, a thriffe back of the road. There's a nate stack of turf fornint it, and a pitaty pot sets beside the doore, wid the hins and chuckens

rachin' over into it like eagles tryin' to swally the smell.

Across the way there does be a bit of sthrame that's fairly shtiff wid trouts in the saison, and a growth of rooshes under the edge lookin' that smooth and greeny it must be a pleasure intirely to the grand young pig and the goat that spinds their time by the side of it when out of doores, which is seldom. Paddy himself is raggetty like, and a sight to behold wid the daylight shinin' through the ould coat on him; but he's a dacint spalpeen, and sure we'd be lost widout him. His mother's a widdy woman with nine moidherin' childer, not countin' the pig an' the goat, which has aquil advantages. It's nine she has livin', she says, and four slappin' in the beds o' glory; and faix I hope thim that's in glory is quieter than the wans that's here, for the divil is busy wid thim the whole of the day. Here's wan o' thim now makin' me as onaisy as an ould hin on a hot griddle, slappin' big sods of turf over the dike, and ruinatin' the timpers of our poulthry; we've a right to be lambastin' thim this blessed minute, the crathurs! As sure as eggs is mate, if they was mine they'd sup sorrow wid a spoon of grief, before they wint to bed this night!

Misthress Colquhoun, that lives at Ardnagreena on the road to the town, is an iligant lady intirely, an' she's uncommon frindly, may the peace of heaven be her sowl's rist! She's rale charitable-

like an' liberal with the whativer, an' as for Himself, sure he's the darlin' fine man! He taches the dead-and-gone languages in the grand sates of larnin', and has more eddication and comperhinson than the whole of County Kerry rowled together.

Then there's Lord and Lady Killbally; faix there's no iliganter family on this counthryside, and they has the beautiful quality stoppin' wid thim, begob! They have a pew o' their own in the church, an' their coachman wears top-boots wid yaller chimbleys to thim. They do be very open-handed wid the eatin' and the drinkin', and it bangs Banagher the figurandyin' we do have wid thim! So you see ould Ireland is not too disthressful a counthry to be divartin' ourselves in, an' we have our healths finely, glory be to God!

Well, we must be shankin' off wid ourselves now to the Colquhouns', where they're wettin' a dhrop o' tay for us this mortal instant.

It's no good for yous to write to us here, for we'll be quittin' out o' this before the lethther has a chanst to come; though sure it can folly us as we're jiggin' along to the north.

Don't be thinkin' that you've shlipped hould of our ricollections, though the breadth of the ocean say's betune us. More power to your elbow! May your life be aisy, and may the heavens be your bed!

PENELOPE O'CONNOR BERESFORD.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

(To be continued.)

THE GROWTH OF PUBLIC EXPENDITURES.

ONE of the most striking phenomena of modern public finance is the growth of public expenditures. Burdens of taxation amounting in volume to many

times the amount which drove our British ancestors to take arms against the Stuarts in the seventeenth century, or which impoverished France before the

Revolution, are now borne almost without a murmur by the people of every civilized state; and even where murmurs occur, the new burdens have not prevented an astonishing progress in accumulated wealth and productive resources.

Before discussing the reasons for this remarkable situation, which has excited grave apprehension in many quarters, it will be proper, without attempting a systematic presentation of comparative statistics, to give a few facts which will illustrate the change which has taken place within our own century, and even within a generation, in the volume of public expenditure and of taxes collected in civilized countries. Comparisons cannot be reduced readily to a scientific basis, because of the wide variety in methods of taxation, and the different distribution of national, provincial, and local functions in different countries. In such matters, for the general reader, the impression of the wide difference between the past and the present is as truthful as minute detail, and fastens a more striking and permanent picture in the mind. The purpose of this paper is chiefly to point out the changes of the last twenty-five or thirty years, rather than those extending over a longer period, but a few facts from the history of the leading civilized countries at earlier dates will serve to bring into bolder relief the tendencies of the present generation. The few facts here given for purposes of illustration will deal partly with the revenue side of the budget, showing the taxes collected, and partly with the side of expenditures, showing the great sums disbursed for civil and military purposes under modern conditions. It will appear, also, from the comparison of the increased revenues collected from the same sources from year to year, upon what a growing volume of national wealth the modern system of public revenue is founded.

In France, when Napoleon was organizing the greatest of his armies for

the disastrous campaign against Russia, the entire budget of expenditures submitted by his minister of finance, the Comte de Mollien, was only 1,168,000,000 francs, or about \$225,000,000, of which nearly two thirds was for military purposes. This comparatively modest sum, equal to less than our internal revenue collections last year, was all that it was proposed to gather by taxation not alone from the France of the Bourbons, but from the great empire beyond the Rhine and reaching to the Po, which had been established by the victories of a dozen years. The budget of France to-day, shut within her old limits and with the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, is nearly four times this amount in a time of profound peace, and no one knows what might be its amount in case of war. France affords a convenient illustration for economic discussions, because her population has not increased greatly within the century. It was 30,461,875 in 1821, 36,102,921 in 1872, and 38,343,192 in 1891. It is not, therefore, an increase in population which has enabled the French government to swell the figures of its budget. The reasons must be sought in unusual extravagance, or in causes growing out of the industrial development of the nation.

In England, in the times of the restored Stuart dynasty in 1660, the annual revenue is computed by good authorities at £1,200,000 for a population of five and a half millions, or but little more than \$1 per head. In 1795, before the Continental wars had brought disorder into imperial finances, the revenue of the United Kingdom was £19,657,993 for a population of less than nine millions, or about \$8 per head. Even then the debt charge swallowed up half the revenue, and dire predictions were frequent of England's collapse under the heavy burdens she bore. The added burdens of the Napoleonic wars swelled the debt charge to a startling amount, but it gradually fell

relatively to other expenditures, and up to 1870 the exactions of the tax gatherer tended to demand a smaller rather than a larger proportion of the national wealth. The expenditures of 1871 were £69,548,539, amounting to about \$11 (£2 4s. 5d.) for each inhabitant of the United Kingdom. But the expenditures of 1895 rose to £93,918,421, and those of 1899 to £108,150,236, or about \$13 per capita. It is significant that the entire recent increase is exclusive of the debt charge. This has been, roughly, £25,000,000 a year for fifty years, so that expenditures for other purposes advanced from about £45,000,000 in 1871 to £83,000,000 in 1899, — an increase of about 84 per cent within less than a generation.

In the United States, dealing with the federal revenue alone, the demand made upon the American people in 1842 was only \$25,205,761, or \$1.39 per capita. The amount had risen in 1860 only to \$2.01 per capita. Then came the disturbances of the Civil War, whose effect was felt for many years upon the annual budget. The lowest per capita expenditure after the war was in 1886, under the administration of President Cleveland, when the total amount was \$242,483,138, and the amount per capita was \$4.22. Expenditures per capita rose to \$5.71 in 1891, but fell to \$4.93 in 1896 and \$5.01 in 1897. Then came the disturbing influences of the Spanish War, which it is not necessary to discuss here. The expenses of the United States upon a peace basis, even before the recent increase of the army, may be said to be about \$5 per head, — more than three times what they were sixty years ago, two and a half times what they were before the Civil War, and 20 per cent greater than they were even within fourteen years. If the expenditures for state and municipal purposes could be presented, they would show at least a proportional, and probably a much greater increase.

In Germany, the modest imperial budget established after the war with France called for expenditures of only \$135,000,000 (569,388,500 marks) in 1878, which swelled to double the amount in 1889, and to \$370,000,000 (1,551,709,400 marks) in 1899. In Russia, the ordinary expenditures rose from 1,099,372,000 francs (\$215,000,000) in 1866 to 2,433,388,000 francs in 1890, and 3,622,789,000 francs (\$700,000,000) in 1898. The receipts and expenditures in Russia have been greatly swelled in recent years by the extension of the state railways, whose gross transactions figure in the budget; but a writer in *l'Economiste Européen* of January 19, 1900, puts the collections from taxes at about two thirds of the total budget.

The question naturally arises, What is the cause of this greatly increased burden imposed upon the average citizen for the expense of government? Is it the result of reckless extravagance by public officials, and the needless multiplication of useless offices, or does it afford substantial benefits to the community? Such a question is not capable of an unqualified answer. There is, without doubt, extravagance and needless multiplication of offices in the great machines which constitute modern governments. It is in the very nature of government service to be less flexible, less efficient, and more costly than private service. The controlling reason is the absence of competition. Methods which would bankrupt a private establishment are the usual methods of governments, partly because of the recognized necessity for greater formality and more strict accountability, but largely, also, because the government generally has no competitor in those fields which it enters. In assuming control of the postal service, it legislates against private post offices. In assuming charge of the police, it practically prohibits rival police companies except for special and private services. In regulating the coinage of

money, it prohibits private mints. In all these fields, the government service is not self-supporting, but substitutes forced levies upon the pockets of the taxpayers for the favorable balance sheet which is the vital necessity of private business.

This statement of the evils inherent in government methods does not, however, touch the question whether such methods are becoming worse under modern conditions than they were a century ago or a generation ago. The fact in most cases is that these methods are becoming better; that public servants render better service; that their compensation is being brought more closely into harmony with that in private business, and in many positions of honor and scientific skill far below that in private business; and that the pressure of public opinion is bringing public services into closer harmony with private methods. The reason for the great increase in public expenditures must be sought, therefore, in other sources than the corruption of the service or its lack of efficiency. Examination of the facts will show that it is found in new and better services performed by the state for the community. In the words of Professor Maurice Block :—

“The citizen is becoming more and more exacting. He demands much of the state. On the other hand, he multiplies its attributes and powers; there is a sort of emulation in this respect between different countries. It follows that functionaries are more and more numerous and salaries higher; there are more railways and highways; more canals, and harbors, bridges, aqueducts; more monuments, museums, schools, and laboratories; alas, more soldiers, cannons, and fortifications, and more ships of war.”

These increased services, moreover, are not, properly speaking, the result of the encroachment by the state (except perhaps in Germany) upon the field of

private enterprise, but are the result of the greater social wealth which enables the individual to provide himself with a better livelihood than before by his private expenditures, and at the same time spare the means to the government for rendering him services which were not performed at all before, and could not well be performed by private enterprise. Under modern conditions of machine production and the application of steam and electricity even to farming, the productive power of the individual has greatly increased. This increase was large during the first half of the nineteenth century, but has perhaps been greater during the present generation, since the full equipment of the civilized nations with labor-saving devices. Man has not chosen to take advantage of the whole of his increased power to work fewer hours. He has done this to some extent and in certain exacting industries, but upon the whole he has chosen to apply this added power chiefly to getting more things rather than getting only the same things by less work. Hence the wonderfully rapid accumulation of wealth in modern society. To illustrate again by the example of France, 67,347 machines with a horse power of 1,263,000,000 supplemented the productive power of Frenchmen engaged in industry in 1896, where only 26,221 machines with a horse power of 320,000 were available in 1869. It is not surprising that, among other symptoms of wealth, depositors in the savings banks increased in number from 2,131,000 in 1869 to 6,842,000 in 1898, and that their deposits rose from 711,000,000 francs to 3,388,000,000 francs (\$657,000,000), without counting the postal savings banks, established in 1881, and in 1898 showing 2,892,000 depositors and 844,000,000 francs of deposits. If such growth in wealth has taken place in France, one of the most heavily taxed of all countries, it is not surprising that in Great Britain, within the short interval of eighteen years, from 1880 to

1898, the deposits in the postal savings banks were multiplied nearly fourfold (from £33,744,637 to £123,144,099), and amount to an average of nearly \$75 for every family of five persons.

Facts like these are sufficient to show that the increase of public expenditures has not prevented saving by the masses at a rate never before approached in the world's history. Nor have the wealthier classes borne the new burden of taxation at the expense of continued progress. In Prussia, the revenue subject to income tax increased more than 20 per cent from 1893 to 1898. The amount in 1893 was 5,724,323,767 marks, and in 1898 6,774,937,505 marks (\$1,650,000,000), — an increase of 1,050,613,738 marks (\$200,000,000) within the short space of five years. In France, the ordinary receipts of the treasury rose from 45 francs per head in 1869 to 89 francs in 1898, representing within about thirty years the imposition of a charge of \$18 upon every Frenchman where \$9 was formerly collected. But hand in hand with this added burden has gone the increased power to bear it. While France has undoubtedly been hampered in her development by military expenditures, every index of her wealth and earnings shows astonishing progress within the present generation. The property subject to the succession tax in 1866 was 3,271,841,672 francs. The amount had risen in 1898 almost 50 per cent, or to 5,767,500,000 francs (\$1,100,000,000). The estimated revenue from negotiable securities, upon which a tax is levied, was 1,070,200,000 francs (\$206,000,000) in 1874, and 1,754,920,000 francs in 1898, — an increase of more than 70 per cent in twenty-four years. This item of the growth of the national wealth has been subject, moreover, to the modifying influence of the fall in the rate of interest. While French savings and French investments have greatly increased in their face value within the present decade, the advance in the net revenue and in the

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amount of tax collected has been small, because securities which formerly paid five and six per cent have fallen in their income-paying power, either by formal conversion or by the premium in the market, to rates of three and four per cent.

The civilized world is able, therefore, to pay the cost of a larger official class, if it renders services of value. Increased social wealth permits additions to the office-holding and professional classes, because the community has gotten beyond the point where the efforts of all, or nearly all, are needed for the work of obtaining subsistence and the rudiments of civilized life. The difference between the old conditions and the new is thus set forth by Professor William Smart: —

“Society now supports — and gladly — a great many people who add nothing material. Once a day if a man had hinted that he should like to be a poet, a player, a singer, or even a journalist, he would have been looked on with curiosity and even suspicion, and for an intelligible reason. When bread and butter were scarce and were got by hard labor, it did look curious that a man should expect other people to share their bread and butter with one who did not produce, in return, something as tangible and nourishing as bread and butter. But, with the growth of wealth, all these occupations have become legitimate and honorable callings, wherein it is recognized that men give value for value, and there is a par of exchange between the products of the hand and those of the brain.”

That the increase of wealth permits additions to the professional and office-holding classes in a much greater ratio than that borne by the new wealth to the previous mass may be shown by a mathematical illustration. A community capable by its utmost exertions of producing only enough to supply its food and clothing would have no surplus for the machinery of government or for the support of the professional classes. If

the productive power necessary to supply food and clothing be represented by $10x$, an increase of productive power by 10 per cent, applied to the support of a small governing and professional class, will be represented by $1x$. It is obvious that a further increase in the productive power of the community by the same amount, or one eleventh of its whole producing power, would raise the fund available for the governing and professional classes, not by 10 per cent, but by 100 per cent. A further increase of the old productive power by one eleventh (or of the new power by one twelfth) would permit three times the proportion of wealth to be devoted to the professional and office-holding classes that was devoted to them under the original conditions. If state expenditure alone were considered, an increase of one eleventh in the producing power of the community, under the conditions assumed, would permit double the state expenditure under previous conditions.

A small increase in productive power or in wealth, therefore, would permit a large increase in the ratio devoted to the professional and governing classes. These classes would not by any means reap the whole benefit of the new wealth. It would be necessary that all should produce more, and be able to exchange their surplus purchasing power for professional services, like those of physicians, lawyers, actors, and artists, in order that this exchange should permit the latter classes to live. The distribution of the increased wealth among the community would be such that a smaller number of persons than before would be able to produce all the food of the community, and a smaller number than before would be able to produce all the clothing. These groups would receive their compensation for increased productive power in greater comforts of living, and some of those who had formerly belonged to the food-producing classes, or their children, would ascend into the ranks of the skilled-labor

and professional classes. Whether the distribution of the increased wealth was entirely equitable or not, the general tendency of its distribution could not fail to follow this direction. The professional classes, so far as they can be considered as independent of the producing classes, would in their turn have more wealth than formerly to apply to the gratification of their desires, and would increase their demand upon the less efficient classes both for products and for personal services.

The growth of the official and professional classes, so far as it is an index of the increased wealth of the community, is not to be deplored. The essential test of the value of these classes is whether they are rendering genuine services. If they are purely parasitic, they are a burden upon the community, of the most injurious character. This was conspicuously the case with the French nobility just before the Revolution. Every one remembers how vividly Taine sketches their privileges and exemptions, the absentee landlordism which drained away the riches of their estates, and their purely ornamental functions at the royal court, without even performing any of the duties of civil leadership. Originating in the useful offices of governors and leaders of the people, these functions had been superseded by the central government, and the privileged classes had become social vampires, drawing their vitality from the impoverished blood of the community. This has come to be the case to some extent with the hereditary nobility of many of the European countries, where they have preserved any real privileges. They have ceased to perform valuable functions, except perhaps to set the standards of taste in living and in art, and are supported by the labor of the community under property laws which make them the beneficiaries of the special privileges granted their ancestors, even if they have ceased to benefit directly by special privileges and exemptions accorded them to-day.

The professional classes, in their turn, may be little better than parasites, in communities where the number of doctors, lawyers, and the clergy is multiplied beyond normal needs. The best evidence of the excess in their numbers is found in their failure to earn a comfortable living. This condition, however, is not a permanent one in a growing country, as is the parasitism of the hereditary nobility of Europe. In many American cities and states, the diversion of too much of the talent of the community to professional employments has been gradually corrected by the accumulation of wealth, and the increased opportunities for professional employment which wealth and its management afford. It is in accordance with the laws of political economy that the professional classes feel more keenly than the producing classes the diminished production of periods of depression. With the masses, the need for food and other necessities of living supersedes the necessity for professional services and entertainment, and diminishes the demand for them. Among the more advanced classes, however, even this influence is counteracted by the elevation of professional services, like those of the physician and the dentist, to the rank of necessities, which can no more be dispensed with than tooth powder or the bath.

How far the increase in public expenditure has been usefully applied to the benefit of the community is a problem which has been much discussed, and which it would require exhaustive analysis of many budgets to answer with precision. That it has been applied to many new purposes, and to old ones which were inadequately provided for, may be easily established. Education, improved highways, more and better public buildings, and the thousand details of sanitation have absorbed most of the increased expenditure which has not gone to maintain standing armies. In

England and Wales, local expenditures have risen by more than 150 per cent within the past generation, — from £30,454,523 in the fiscal year 1868 to £78,774,774 in 1897. This increase has been applied largely to the expenses of police, sanitation, and local public works. School boards alone increased their expenditures, during the brief period between 1884 and 1897, from £4,530,242 to £10,139,366. In the United States, also, according to some recent calculations by Secretary Gage, salaries paid to school-teachers rose from \$37,832,556 in 1870 to \$55,942,972 in 1880, and \$123,809,412 in 1899.

Among the subjects of federal expenditure in the United States are many which contribute to the promotion of commerce. Going back to the report of Secretary Howell Cobb for the fiscal year 1860, one finds under the War Department the trifling item, "Improvement of rivers, harbors, etc., \$221,973." This may not have been an entirely representative year in such expenditures, but it was pointed out by President Arthur, in his message vetoing the appropriation of 1882, that the appropriations were only \$3,975,000 in 1870, and \$8,976,500 in 1880. The appropriation proposed in 1882, which aroused so much resentment throughout the country, was \$18,743,875. The work of river and harbor improvement has since then received a wonderful extension, and has been made the subject of continuing contracts instead of casual appropriations from year to year. The net disbursements by warrants for the fiscal year 1898 were \$20,785,049, and for 1899 \$16,082,357. This is only a small part, moreover, of the appropriations now made for the promotion of commerce. Deficiencies in the postal revenue are a contribution toward the extension of the mail service into remote sections, and toward fast mail trains and the carriage of great masses of periodical and advertising literature. The postal deficiency of 1898 was \$10,504,-

040, and that of 1899 \$8,211,570. If it fell to a less amount for the fiscal year 1900, it was because of larger revenues, and not because of the unwillingness of the government to thrust its hand into the pocket of the taxpayer for the purpose of promoting a widespread and efficient service. The lighthouse establishment, which called for \$835,373 in 1860 and \$1,767,515 in 1874, received \$3,118,833 in 1899. While these figures are small, they represent an increase of 300 per cent within forty years, and nearly 100 per cent within the present generation.

Items of this character, always recognized as a necessary part of the duty of the federal government, give only a faint idea of the new fields in which the accumulated wealth flowing into the coffers of taxation is being spent on works which contribute to the scientific education, the public information, and the general equipment of the country for rivalry with foreign producing nations. Many of the scientific bureaus of the government, like the Weather Bureau, the Patent Office, colleges for agriculture and mechanic arts, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, eat up amounts which do not seem large from the modern point of view, but which would have made a serious impression on the modest budget of 1860 or 1870, even if due allowance were made for the difference in population. It does not affect the argument that some of these offices, like the Patent Office, are partly sustained by fees, since the gross cost of their maintenance, as compared with the similar cost in the past, is one of the measures of the increased resources of the country.

The growth in the public wealth is the explanation of the patience with which the country bears the munificence of Congress toward the pensioners of the Civil War. Never in the world's history have such sums been distributed to soothe the declining years of those who suffered for the flag as by the United

States during the last decade. The largest amount paid for pensions up to the Civil War was in 1820, when \$3,208,376 was distributed. The country then had a population of a little less than ten millions, so that the pension charge per capita was about 35 cents. This charge rose in the fiscal year 1885 to \$56,102,267, which was about \$1 for each inhabitant of the United States, or about \$5 for the average family. The progress of fifteen years raised the pension expenditure for the fiscal year 1900 to \$140,875,992. This is not much less than \$2 per capita, or more than the cost of the federal government for all purposes (barring one year of the Mexican war) down almost to 1860. If the costs of the military and naval establishment last year were added to the expenditure for pensions, the burden upon the American people for these objects was about \$4.40 per head, or very close to the entire military and naval expenditure of the Empire of Napoleon when he was leading the "Grand Army" of 600,000 men to its death amidst the snows of Russia.

The growth of the official classes is not to be feared so long as they are performing functions which are clearly useful. There is an unmistakable tendency, in democratic countries, where the system of using offices as political rewards prevails, — just as there used to be in monarchical countries, where offices were distributed as favors by the monarch, — to create useless functions, and to divide up those which are useful among an unnecessary number of public servants. This was notably the tendency in Great Britain under the Stuarts and the Georges, when sinecures were freely granted in order to pension the favorites of the king. It has been a favorite device among the political bosses of our great cities, where Tom, Mike, and Isaac have to be "taken care of" by the city because they have a "pull" in their wards. But these illustrations of an unfortunate

tendency to abuse the good nature of the public should not obscure the truth: that the public can afford to employ more servants under modern conditions than under old ones, and can obtain from them valuable services in promoting the comfort of the people and developing the economic power of the community. The lesson taught by abuses of political power is only that of every-day business, — that the rules of honesty and efficiency should be rigidly applied in public as well as in private service.

Closely related to the subject of increased public expenditure is that of the creation of public debt. The growth of such debts was the cause of grave anxiety to political economists early in the century, while they found defenders, on the other hand, among those who saw the benefits of negotiable securities in attracting the wealth of a country from its hiding places into a common mass, and in affording a means of absorbing the fund of surplus capital which was just coming into being. The fact soon came to be recognized that the virtue of the debt depended in a large degree upon its object. Primarily, a debt for a useful and productive purpose is more justifiable than one for a wasteful purpose, like that of war. But the instinct of self-preservation is a dominant one among men, and has apparently led nations to assume debts for war with lighter hearts than for almost any other purpose. In many cases such expenses have been wanton and wasteful; but where national life has been the stake of war, the creation of debt might perhaps be defended for the preservation of political independence, without which independent economic life would cease to be possible.

There is not room in this discussion to go into all the aspects of debt creation, nor to determine the limits of the sound principle of John Stuart Mill, that the expenses of war should be raised, as far as possible, by taxation rather than by

loans. It is certain that the peace establishment of the army and navy, under ordinary conditions, should fall within the proceeds of taxation, and should not be permitted to impose a burden upon posterity. The justification for imposing burdens upon future generations is found only in the preservation of the national life; the extension of national power, which carries with it wider economic opportunities; or the creation of permanent works, like railways and harbor improvements, whose benefits as well as costs will be shared by posterity. The latter object has had a large share in the increase in public debts in well-ordered states, during the past generation. The government of Russia increased its debt more than a thousand millions of dollars from 1887 to 1900, but nearly the whole of the amount has been applied to the creation of railways owned by the state, whose net earnings of \$70,000,000 (137,486,000 rubles) in 1898 much more than paid the interest on cost of construction, and left a handsome surplus for meeting other public charges. In Australia, also, \$650,000,000 (£132,910,524) has been expended by the state in the construction of more than 14,000 miles of railway, mostly by the creation of public debt; but the net earnings of these railways were \$20,000,000 (£4,069,805) in 1898, and they paid more than three per cent upon their cost.

Whatever the merits in the abstract of incurring public debts, there is no doubt that they bring a powerful stimulus to the development of new countries. The issue of negotiable securities, whether they come from the government or from private railway and industrial enterprises, puts into the hands of a poor and undeveloped community the means of obtaining the most efficient tools of production from abroad, without waiting until the requisite capital can be saved at home. Take the case of Australia, whose development has perhaps been more rapid within our generation than that of any

other country of the same population and wealth. The people of Australia were in the fortunate position of having an almost unlimited credit with their English and Scotch countrymen, which enabled them to borrow more liberally and on better terms than any other people. They borrowed from 1871 to 1898 nearly a billion and a half of dollars (£294,212,000). This great sum was applied to railway construction, to the improvement of agricultural land and sheep-farming, to the employment of the best machinery for gold-mining, and to the development of manufactures.

The result of this influx of foreign capital has been to create a large debt, both public and private; but it has been also to give to Australia a rapidity and solidity of development which would hardly have been possible by the unaided efforts of her own people. With a population increasing by more than 250 per cent from 1861 to 1898, and more than doubling in the twenty-seven years from 1871 to 1898, her industrial growth was more remarkable still. Her total foreign trade rose from £39,729,016 in 1871 to £83,678,859 in 1897, or more than three times the amount per capita of the trade of the United States. The public revenues, including railway earnings, increased from \$45,000,000 (£9,269,765) in 1871 to \$150,000,000 (£31,272,588) in 1898. Deposits in the banks increased, during the same period, by five hundred millions of dollars (from £28,833,761 to £128,303,360), and the value of annual production per capita increased 100 per cent, and put Australia at the head of all countries in volume of production per head. The per capita production of Australia is about \$130 (£26 14s. 9d.), while that of France is only \$60; Great Britain, \$40; Russia, \$31; and even the United States, only \$70.

These results could not have been achieved without the influx of foreign capital by the creation of debt in the form of negotiable securities. These

securities were exchanged, through the usual medium of stock exchange transactions, for English woollens, hardware, mining machinery, wines, and other luxuries. They might not be acceptable directly to those who had machinery, cloth, and wines to sell; but other people with surplus savings in England and Scotland were willing to buy these engraved pieces of paper, the bonds of the Australian governments, and the stocks and bonds of mining, railway, and investment companies. Thus, by the process of borrowing abroad, Australia was equipped, almost in the twinkling of an eye, with a mechanism of production which could have been built up out of her own savings only by the laborious efforts of several generations. By a somewhat similar process of borrowing abroad, the Russian Empire has increased its debt by nearly a thousand millions of dollars, but has encouraged an influx of foreign capital which has resulted in the creation within five years of stock companies showing a capitalization of \$600,000,000.

The history of the century in public finance, therefore, and especially the history of the present generation, illustrates the benefits which may come to the community from a well-directed use of a part of its new wealth in the extension of state functions. The character of this extension need not be radically socialistic nor disturbing to the existing order, but may simply relieve the individual of many minor duties which could not be performed at all before, or were performed inadequately or at great individual expense. Just as the average man has ceased to try to be his own carpenter, physician, or lawyer, in spite of a breadth of culture which may include some knowledge of their duties, he has ceased to undertake the many functions relating to public health, instruction, and protection, which were formerly performed by the individual, because he could not afford to contribute from his slender surplus above the cost of main-

tenance to have them performed by others. The increase in public expenditures, great as it has been, has by no means kept pace with the increase of social wealth above the subsistence point, but has taken a fraction of these great resources, and sought to apply it to those improvements in social condition which

can be best provided through state action. Modern social development, opening new means of comfort and luxury on every hand to the mass of men, would be strangely one-sided, if it left the functions of the state shut within the parsimonious limits of a century ago, or even a generation ago.

Charles A. Conant.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

THE past year has, indeed, been a year of emotions. Never before, in the memory of the immediately present generation, has so universal and so sincere a wave of national feeling intoxicated the average Englishman. Nor has the occasion been wholly frivolous, the demonstration entirely without dignity. For whether the existence of a well-defined policy, dating many years before the Raid,—to “republicanize South Africa” and to “drive the British into the sea,”—is ever honestly proven, or whether the cry of “The Empire in danger” is found to have been no more than the invention of a chartered press in the service of alien financiers, we have unquestionably stumbled into an imperial crisis of unparalleled magnitude and historic significance.

Until the secret history of the tortuous and discreditable diplomacy pursued alike by Boer and Briton toward each other and toward the colored people, their servants, is authentically exposed, we cannot, in common justice, refuse to face the two entirely divergent interpretations to which it is liable.

A great majority of those who are not mere slaves to militarism or commercial greed still hold to the position, so ably set forth in Mr. J. P. Fitzpatrick's *The Transvaal from Within*, that every difficulty in South Africa has been in reality the direct consequence of an un-

dying struggle for domination between the two European races in possession. They discover a steady and unscrupulous development of anti-English legislation, designed to thwart the injured outlander at every turn by denying his political rights and hampering his private life, and carried out with a brilliant combination of cunning, corruption, and brutality. Mr. Fitzpatrick has manifestly overreached himself in the attempt to whitewash the Reform Committee, even while throwing over Dr. Jameson; but he has created an almost irresistible impression of the incompatibility of Boer methods and ideals with that ostensibly humanitarian form of decency and justice, so essential to commercial prosperity, which we have always claimed as the British brand of civilization. The average Boer, and President Kruger in particular, would certainly seem to have been continually and consistently in opposition to our ideas of progress. The eight hundred and fifty-nine pages lately devoted by “Vindex” to the *Political Life and Speeches of Cecil Rhodes*, empire-maker, provide a solid basis for such contentions.

There is, on the other hand, a small but increasing body of thoughtful and resolute Liberals, whose contentions are eloquently embodied in Mr. J. A. Hobson's *The War in South Africa*. They

dwell much on the natural community of interests between the white races in the colonies and the republics, particularly for protective purposes toward colored peoples, and maintain that honest overtures had already done much for a working federation. They view the attitude and conduct of the Boers as entirely defensive against a perpetually encroaching and treacherous invader, to whom the principle of patriotism—in other people—is unintelligible, the neighborhood of a weaker enemy a constant temptation to plunder, and the possession of gold fields a perpetual incitement to dishonesty. They consider that the English nation has been tricked into this war by a small ring of international capitalists, with the sole object of “securing for the mines a full, cheap, regular, and submissive supply of Kaffir and white labor,” under conditions of practical slavery.

On neither reading is the record or the prospect especially satisfactory. We have been, in the past, at once perfidious to our enemies and ungrateful to our loyal colonists. We have broken promises in secession and pledges in expansion. The negotiations terminating in the present war were at least as disingenuous on our side as on that of the Boers, though both parties may claim their previous experiences of each other as an excuse for duplicity. And as Mr. Hobson effectively points out, “what basis for legitimate respect are we offering, by bearing down through sheer numerical superiority a people who will rightly boast that we tried to meet them man to man, and ignominiously failed?”

Yet now, at any rate, there is but one question in South Africa, “the struggle for British imperial or Boer republican predominance;” and it would seem that the very existence of our Empire is turning on the inclusion or the exclusion of South Africa from its sphere of influence. Has England shown, during the progress of the war, any honest desire

to face the position and recognize her responsibilities? Imperialism is on its trial. It may prove to be “a mere catchword vaguely denoting our insular self-conceit,” or “a well-considered policy to be pursued by a commonwealth of the communities flying the British flag.”

The occasion has grown, however unexpectedly, to be serious enough not only politically, but personally. Every son and daughter of the Empire has been confronted with torturing anxiety, true tales of primal heroism, and sudden death.

Theoretically we despise emotion, still more its expression; and when we do forget ourselves, our check books, and our top-hats, the result is not edifying. Drunkenness and rioting have marred our “carnivals;” vulgarity and corruption have absorbed the press, with a few honorable exceptions; while some of our newspaper posters, topical street toys, and music hall “turns” have betrayed a flagrant lack of taste. Liberty of speech has been seriously, though temporarily, of course, curtailed; while all opponents of the government’s policy, foolishly called pro-Boers, are publicly insulted—without official rebuke—and privately boycotted. Charges of treason are flung broadcast by Khaki enthusiasts.

Such manifestations, however, can never prove that England’s nobler feelings were untouched. Our reverses, which M. de Bloch attributes mainly to the fact that all military progress has been to the advantage of the defense, were accepted with clinched teeth and resolute silence. We rejoiced most conspicuously over the relief of our soldiers from circumstances of cruel suffering, and refrained from malicious triumph over the capture of Cronje and the death of Joubert. “The moving rally of our citizens from beyond the seas—from snowland and sunland, from Canada, from Australia and New Zealand—has set

a seal on the unity of the Empire such as no parchments of confederation can bring." And finally there has arisen among us a new moral force to be reckoned with, the power of a sentient crowd, a new vitality, at once general and individual. There is much significance in the mere fact of comradeship between classes, evoked by common losses; the unwonted loosening of tongues, for example, in 'buses, trains, and upon street corners, the eager discussion of news. And though many of the brute instincts, lately shedding their veneer of civilization, must afford a smart reproof to our complacency, it is none the less become evident that the practice and the dangers of battlefields can actually teach a man to look at life more seriously than in times of peace. For war is not merely, as the military expert would have us believe, a measure adopted by statesmen to gain their ends. It may be also the vital expression of a sentiment; and it is not unduly paradoxical or optimistic to suggest that the present crisis has given an articulate voice to that vague but strong emotion of wider citizenship which stood behind the tawdry pomp and circumstance of the Jubilee, and inspired Mr. Kipling's *Recessional*.

Patriotism, in its narrower sense, has long lost its power over Englishmen, for the simple reason that they have no opportunities of exercising it. We can benefit our country to-day only by executive detail and social reforms, which in some way always fail to stir the imagination. Prosperity, material progress, and undisputed supremacy have sapped the national backbone, till that last worst sign of idle luxury has gained its fatal hold through indifference to life, fear of death and forgetfulness of heroism. The war has proved conclusively that grit at the core is still our own; but if it should throw us back upon mere pride of arms, so unfortunately suggested by Lord Roberts's shocking reference to the relief of Ladysmith as a *revenge* for

Majuba, we care little for the heritage. It should more properly, and more probably, awaken in the minds of every true Englishman a new sense of the importance of life and the virtue of courage, through some realization, however feeble, of new and wider responsibilities in the interests of civilization as a whole.

The goal of modern imperialism has been admirably stated in the manifesto of the Fabian Society, — the only party here to-day with a definite policy, an active conscience, and a living ideal: —

"The problem before us is how the world can be ordered by Great Powers of practically international extent, arrived at a degree of internal industrial and political development far beyond the primitive political economy of the founders of the United States and the Anti-Corn Law League. The partition of the greater part of the globe among such Powers is, as a matter of fact that must be faced, approvingly or deploringly, now only a question of time; and whether England is to be the centre and nucleus of one of these Great Powers of the future, or to be cast off by its colonies, ousted from its provinces, and reduced to its old island status, will depend on the ability with which the Empire is governed as a whole, and the freedom of its government and its officials from complicity in private financial interests, and from the passions of newspaper correspondents who describe our enemies as 'beasts.'"

And again: "The simple answer to the military plan of holding the Empire is that it is impossible. The pretension to it only destroys the prodigious moral force which is at our disposal the moment we make inclusion in the British Empire a privilege to be earned instead of a yoke to be enforced. Our one threat should be the threat of repudiation and the withdrawal of our officials. It would be so powerful that no British province would dare, in the face of it, to abuse its powers of self-government to institute

slavery or debase the standard of life for its workers."

A very similar note is struck in a thoughtful and lucid work entitled *The Settlement after the War in South Africa*, by Dr. M. J. Farelli, an advocate of the Supreme Court of Cape Colony, who has himself played a distinguished and honorable part in attempting to secure a peaceful solution of the difficulties he is discussing. He conceives of "the heritage of the British Empire as the most glorious instrument of justice the world has yet seen," and as "a trust for the whole human race." In the face of such language, it is, indeed, somewhat disquieting to discover that Dr. Farelli, in common with our press imperialists of the moment, is inclined to disclaim the particular moral attitudes by which our expansions have been commonly excused. He laments, for example, that "British Parliaments, until quite recently, have not taken *wide* views of foreign relations, or of the *necessity of safeguarding British trade*." He condemns at once the sturdy Puritanism of the sixteenth century, and the "humanitarian wave of sentiment" of the nineteenth. Yet our claims as schoolmaster of the world pursuing a God-given mission would seem to rest on the upholding of small nationalities, the teaching of Christianity, and the ideal, at least, of being humane toward subject races. From conquest the instrument of justice, we are in danger of turning justice into an instrument of conquest.

Dr. Farelli himself points the warning, when he says of "the people in South Africa:" "It will be a fatal error to suppose that so-called 'practical' considerations — meaning those of immediate pecuniary gain — must necessarily decide their future action. . . . Of all facts, the most stubborn and creative are the ingrained beliefs and prejudices of a people, which are mostly attributed to quite other causes than a regard for their material interests. A generalization which is correct enough when applied to opera-

tors on the Stock Exchange fails to explain the action of a generation of Huguenots who lost all in fleeing from France."

Much has been wisely written, both in Dr. Farelli's book and in the Fabian manifesto aforesaid, concerning the details of future government in South Africa, where military rule must be brief and restricted, a free constitution and responsible government guaranteed at the earliest possible moment, and the exploitation of minerals regarded primarily as a fund for state purposes.

The result of the general election affords some indication of the country appreciating its responsibilities. The exceptionally heavy polling — despite an almost foregone conclusion — points to our recognizing the seriousness of the issues at stake; and the dishonorable appeal for votes on the Khaki enthusiasm was treated according to its deserts. In face of complete disorganization in the Liberal party, and since neither side of the House had chosen to formulate a policy, the electorate naturally determined that those who caused the wound should find the cure. The onus of settlement comes by right to the Tory-Unionist camp; but their failure to secure any increase in their majority will have taught them that the Englishman who rallies unquestionably to the flag does not thereby resign his liberty of speech and judgment. In the future we must know exactly how far we intend to go, and for what end.

Books on the war itself are more plentiful than edifying or instructive. Reprinted in most cases from newspaper correspondence, they are little more than clever snapshots; caught on the run, as it were, hastily grouped in series, and loosely sewn in covers.

But Dr. Conan Doyle has produced in *The Great Boer War* a responsible record with astonishing rapidity and most commendable thoroughness. While admitting that a fuller knowledge may

give an entirely different meaning to some of the events of the Boer war, he has every right to claim that his judgments and criticisms have been made without fear or favor, under the inestimable advantage of having visited the scene of this great drama, met many of the chief actors in it, and seen with his own eyes something of the actual operations. In rather more than fifty pages of history, admirably concise and lucid, if not quite impartial, he has traced the course of events by which the nation has come once more "to be tested by that hammer of war and adversity by which Providence still fashions us to some nobler and higher end." The summary is followed by a readable and continuous narrative of an eventful campaign, in which every detail becomes intelligible and every manœuvre is brought to light. His final chapter is concerned with the military lessons which can no longer be neglected in the face of experience.

Dr. Doyle has no difficulty in justifying the comments of a civilian in this matter; for, to his thinking, the very first lesson of the war has been "that the army can no longer remain entirely in the hands of the professional soldier and the official, but that the general public must recognize that the defense of the Empire is not the business of a special warrior caste, but of every able-bodied citizen." He does not entirely realize, perhaps, that popular control in military affairs means the giving to the critical expert of equal if not superior authority to the practical; but his own thoughtful suggestions of reform would not prohibit coöperation. He advocates reserving a comparatively small force of highly organized, well paid professionals — "constantly encouraged to think and to act for themselves" — for foreign service, and trusting our home defense to volunteers and to the militia, trained as competent marksmen. He would replace cavalry by mounted infantry,

break down the prejudice against a divided battery, and universalize "the trench and the hidden gun."

From Dr. Doyle it has been an old promise fulfilled; but the reputation of the moment is Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's. His capture and his escape, his racy comments, his condescensions in approval and audacities in criticism, have sent the press man to Parliament. He will have little difficulty in holding the ear of the public; for he can write novels, and look after every one else's business as well as his own.

The anxieties of a grave imperial issue, with an inscrutable Eastern problem, have entirely overshadowed public life, while a stationary majority has encouraged the government in its complacent neglect of home duties. The much-heralded visit of the Australian delegates was but the fixing of a seal on the work of past years, and social reform has been officially at a standstill. Party politics are not edifying in a national crisis, and the reputation of every leading statesman has suffered in some degree.

In the larger humanities men have naturally done little; though here, too, there have been some very notable losses to supplement the long roll call of the battlefield. The death of John Ruskin was scarcely, perhaps, a personal event; for his working days were long over, and his mantle as reformer in art and economy had fallen on William Morris, who actually died before him. The staying power of Ruskin's teaching, his plea for dignity and cleanliness in art, and for reverence toward nature and simple manhood, has become a national heritage, so far modified to universal acceptance that we no longer recognize its origin. It is as a master of English style that Ruskin lives to-day.

Among scholars, the work of Professor Max Müller has suffered a similar eclipse. To our fathers, with their passion for "information" and "general knowledge," his popularizing gifts were

invaluable ; and the "Chips" from his German Workshop have carried the study of philology and comparative religions to unexpected quarters. To-day we are all specialists, but the fact will not justify any depreciation of cultivating influences so widespread as Max Müller's.

Dr. Martineau was a very different type of the last generation. His keen and lucid intellect was active to the last, and Unitarians can ill spare their scholarly and earnest leader. Lord Russell of Killowen, on the other hand, was scarcely older in years than in mind. The first Roman Catholic Chief Justice since the Reformation was an eager politician and a passionate lover of abstract justice, with a keen eye for horseflesh. He valued a clear head, common sense, and the gift of concentration above all other powers of the intellect. For "nearly twenty years the history of the common law bar was his history," and it was only the other day that he startled civic complacency by a public reproof of the Lord Mayor of London for keeping silence under suspicions of financial jobbery and company promoting.

In Dr. Henry Sidgwick, professor of moral philosophy at Cambridge, the world has lost one of the wisest and noblest of his generation. His intellect was of the Greeks, sane, critical, temperate, and in a sense unproductive. But that very genius for seeing both sides, illuminated as it was by polished humor and incisive style, rendered his presence and conversation unceasingly and penetratingly suggestive. Passionate integrity and phenomenal industry, again, have their influence on a philosopher's friends and pupils ; nor must it be forgotten that difficulties along every path of learning were liable to be smoothed over by his private generosity and ceaseless devotion. In actual daily hard work no fanatic could be more zealous. He was of the first and foremost among the champions of women's education ; and

he proved himself a pioneer to the last by his courageous conviction that, despite the sneers and laughter of the Philistines, an investigator of psychical phenomena is surely fighting to-day in the very vanguard of human thought for the progress of knowledge.

Cambridge has also some special right to mourn for two, not bearing arms, who yet have fallen in the service of the Empire. Miss Kingsley, of the West African Gold Coast, was nursing at Cambridge for almost as many years as she spent weeks in the hospital at Simons-town. And in the little interval between her experiences of the sickroom she became famous, sought out by everybody, universally honored. Yet to those who knew her she was always the same ; possessing a genius for friendship, a sympathetic and unflinching loyalty. Courageous always, in domesticity as in exploration ; vivid in thought and action ; graphic ; humorous and witty without a touch of malice, she was the prince of good comrades, and a woman. On the comparative study of races and religions ; on many a field of natural history ; on societies for exploration ; and, above all, on councils of the pioneers of commerce and the administrators of outposts, she has left her mark. Her outlook was unquestionably imperialistic, tempered by large humanity, an intrepid zeal for hygienic reform, rare sanity or balance in affairs, and a marvelous sympathy, by no means maudlin, with savage nature. But yesterday she prefixed a memoir of her father, with all the racy vigor and frank veracity of her travels, to a collection of his delightful papers on sport. To-day she is of those whose lives and letters are eagerly anticipated.

The brief record of George W. Stevens, journalist of Egypt, India, America, and "the conquering Turk," has certain points of similarity to Miss Kingsley's. After gaining academic distinctions at the sister university, he became for a short time a Cambridge coach, with

literary tastes unusual in that profession. His development into the most brilliant and most popular of our writers for the press was phenomenally abrupt. Without apparently possessing the imagination or creative powers of Mr. Kipling, he exhibited an almost equal gift for rapid, unhewn, and picturesque description; while there seemed no limit to the subjects which he could master at sight and set down for all men's understanding, with a vigor of line and an instinct for values recalling Beardsley's methods in decoration. He was a literary impressionist, with a touch of genius; and good journalists are as rare as other artists. And Steevens, perhaps, was a partner of Mr. Kipling in another sense. One is Laureate of the Empire, the other her Historian. In his *From Cape Town to Ladysmith* George Steevens has left a few chapters of vivid and almost impassioned description, which stand for more than the last words of one whom Lord Kitchener has called a model correspondent. He saw little, indeed, of the country, and less of the war; but nothing escaped him that passed under his eye, and all he gained is given. Every Englishman may know just what happened, just what our soldiers were doing and feeling, where Steevens crossed their path.

For the elder dead that noble collection of monuments entitled *The National Dictionary of Biography* has been completed, and much has been worthily written in separate volumes. Mr. Edward Clodd's *Memoir of the versatile Grant Allen* is commendably brief and readable; providing a genial and sufficient record of the man's life work, though missing, perhaps, a little the faunlike affinities underlying his nature.

Mr. Leonard Huxley's *Life of his father* is a worthy tribute to the memory of one of the founders of modern science, — the comrade of Darwin and Herbert Spencer. Huxley belonged to the school of agnostic propagandists, now

almost extinct, but he was a controversialist by conviction rather than by taste. We are drawn to him, as were his contemporaries, by something over and above his wise knowledge in many fields: by his passionate sincerity, his interest not only in pure knowledge, but in human life; by his belief that the interpretation of the book of nature was not to be kept apart from the ultimate problems of existence; by the love of truth, in short, both theoretical and practical, which gave the key to the character of the man himself.

The recent revival of interest in the author of *The Angel of the House*, coincident with a wave of Romanism among minor poets and essayists, fully justifies the publication of the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, by Mr. Basil Champneys. Whether Patmore's poetical fame is destined to increase or diminish at the hands of posterity, the man himself will remain a significant and attractive personality. The prophet of domestic emotion was never a flabby sentimentalist: his religious conviction and spiritual mysticism were exceptionally sincere; his affections were deep and his friendships loyal.

Miss Clare L. Thomson has produced a reliable and convenient *Life of Samuel Richardson*, curiously neglected for nearly a hundred years by the biographers; we have two volumes of *Letters* by T. E. Brown, published almost simultaneously with a complete edition of his poetical works; and the two sumptuous reprints of Byron, lately inaugurated, are pursuing their leisurely way toward completion.

In fiction, the most definite tendency of the year has been a general yielding to the temptation of writing quickly and carelessly, on lines that pay. The gift of writing after a fashion has become well-nigh universal; the channels of production are widening and multiplying; the agent has transformed the struggling author into a man of business. As jour-

nalism develops, literature degenerates. Contributions to the picturesque press of to-day are just good enough to be reprinted for a season; mere novelists strain their nerves to keep the pace; and the ideals of permanent work or a critical reputation are reserved for the diminishing elect.

Although the writing of novels is, perhaps, the one occupation in which there is no sound excuse, and even but little temptation, for separating the work of men and women, it may not be impertinent to remark that every one of our leading women writers is to be found among the honorable exceptions to this rule of unprofitable haste.

Deliberateness, indeed, gives a moral and artistic strength to Mrs. Humphry Ward, though it ruins her style. Her Eleanor, like Mr. Barrie's Tommy and Grizel, has been already reviewed in *The Atlantic*, and must be passed over with but a single word. It exhibits the real power of Mrs. Ward: that she always slowly awakens, with terrible intensity, to the ideas which the advanced among us have been fighting with for years, and sets them plainly and effectively in the public eye, under the fierce search light of that honest religiosity, stern practicalness, and middle-class idealism which compose the average English mind.

Charles Kingsley's daughter is an equally serious writer, though she recognizes no mission outside the service of art. It is eminently characteristic of the two women that while Mrs. Ward is still in the toils of "problems" and introspection, Lucas Malet should be crossing the threshold of psychic phenomena, whence come the latest science and the newest faith. *The Gateless Barrier* is an attempt, of fine reverence and subtle audacity, to imagine a complication in the emotional possibilities of life which might arise from the developments of contact with the spirit world. The old immortal ideal of choosing death in pursuit of a higher life is placed in an entirely new

setting, and the picture is infinitely suggestive.

While Mrs. Ward and Lucas Malet, as novelists, were born mature, John Oliver Hobbes is only now abandoning the nursery. The petulant precocity and restless brilliance of her first manner have disappeared; and she seems at last to have realized that the greatest artists are content to produce their effects in patience, to prefer strong and steady lines over flashing zigzags, and to mass in their characters with sober values. There were grown-up touches in *A School for Saints*; Robert Orange is almost entirely human, and it convinces us that the author's penetrating insight and command of language may one day enable her to write a great novel.

Mrs. F. A. Steel's work is more difficult to appraise. In her *Voices of the Night*, as elsewhere, she moves easily amidst a wealth of local color which would support a far less competent writer. The hard brilliancy of Indian life, with its violent contrasts of light and shadow, its phantasmagoria of races, its plagues, its passions, its heroisms, and its vices, can hardly fail to make a novel interesting. Mrs. Steel knows her ground well; she never overcrowds it, or loses her head over its bewildering intricacies. But though the harmony of the picture as a whole is marvelous, its central figures are lacking somewhat in strength. The human story fails to dominate the imagination. We have been on a personally conducted tour and seen life, undoubtedly; but no new characters have enriched our memory, no mind torment or soul ecstasy has stirred our heart. We look in vain for the wand of the dramatic artist.

There is much unexpected power in *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, by H. G. Wells. The usual manner of this author, an up-to-date Jules Verne, is entirely without distinction, though excellent of its kind; but his conversion to the school of healthy realists is an event.

His book is concerned with an almost hackneyed subject, — the struggle between the ambition of an egoist and the love of a man. Despite the digression of Alice Heydinger, — a character recalling the “red-haired girl” in Mr. Kipling’s *Light that Failed*, and Julia in Mr. Gissing’s *Crown of Life*, — its hero is quite virtuous, respectable, and commonplace, like anybody in real life. He is a normal product of evening continuation classes or extension lectures, and flounders pitifully at an emotional crisis. His life is petty, and even his love is not heroic, though Lucy’s simple goodness makes a man of him in the end. The whole story is spontaneous and natural, and one will expect much of Mr. Wells henceforth.

While Mr. Robert Hichens has betrayed, in his *Tongues of Conscience*, the strained artificiality which even the brilliancy of his rapid style cannot conceal, two younger writers have evinced an even greater courage of simplicity than Mr. Wells. Mr. Henry Harland was formerly editor of *The Yellow Book*, and contributed some masterly short stories to that remarkable periodical. But his *The Cardinal’s Snuff-Box* is an idyllic love story, written with the brain of a man of the world and the heart of a schoolboy. Entirely unsupported by plot, local color, crime, analysis, or “character” parts, it captivates the reader by sheer delicacy of form and feeling. It is “literature” for the young person, — a rare possession.

Sunningwell, by Mr. F. Warre Cornish, vice provost of Eton, is a quiet picture of a cathedral close, and of Philip More, canon thereof. The aim is to create an atmosphere and a personality, interacting on each other, permeating their surroundings. The form of mingled essay, dialogue, and description is well calculated to support so slight a framework, and the book may be gratefully acknowledged as a relief from many of its contemporaries.

The sobriety of Mr. Henry James is wholly different, for his work provides always the keenest of intellectual stimulants. In *The Soft Side*, however, he has not given us of his best, though it is a volume of short stories. They are overwhimsical, supersubtle, and too finely drawn. *The Great Condition*, indeed, will grip the heart; but others are somewhat provoking, and Europe — the pathetic story of “the house in all the world in which ‘culture’ first came to the aid of morning calls” — compares unfavorably with the earlier exquisite *Four Meetings*, on a similar idea.

Two of our novelists have chosen the field of modern politics, and worked on an identical situation. Mr. Zangwill’s *The Mantle of Elijah* and Mr. Anthony Hope’s *Quisanté* are alike concerned with the progress of an uncultured egoist to the forefront of political life, over the shoulders of his early teachers, whose principles he has forsaken and whose ideals he has crushed. The personal interest in both is supplied by the marriage of the coarse demagogue to a girl of refined and generous nature, succumbing at first to a dominant personality, and then hating herself for the magnetism of its influence.

Mr. Zangwill, perhaps, has allowed his parable to be inartistically obvious. He uses every detail of the present situation without demur, and indulges at times in open defense of the minority nicknamed “Little Englanders.” But the point of view has seldom been allowed a fair hearing, of late years, and Mr. Zangwill’s partisanship is eloquent, sincere, and spontaneous; while no digressions can weaken the charm of his impulsive and generous heroine, spoil his drawing of a practical Christian woman, or fog the atmosphere of moral earnestness that pervades his work. *Quisanté* stands further aloof from current temporalities. The more detached study in a conflict of temperaments gives clearer sway to the dramatic development of a

situation. But the book lacks conviction. It reads like an experiment, and, what is even less pardonable, the repetition of an experiment. The recurrence of types and atmospheres would seem to come from the man who writes because he will, and not because he must. There is much of *A Man of Mark*, and perhaps even more of *The God in a Car*, in *Quisanté*.

Mr. Hope is seldom, indeed, at his best on subjects of modern life, — always excepting the *Dolly Dialogues*. In the hands of most men romance moves on broader lines than realism; with him it is more subtle. And, contrariwise, Mr. E. F. Benson works more surely and easily in the society he knows first hand. His *The Princess Sophia* is a clever extravagance, but no more. The plot develops in a small principality, frankly borrowed from Stevenson or Mr. Hope, and may be given due license accordingly. But the requisite graces of style and a tender imagination are not here, and the innovation proves unfortunate for Mr. Benson.

Mr. Kipling has done little new work this year; but the papers included in *From Sea to Sea* have been long inaccessible, and are welcome. Somehow they suggest Mr. Stead, written in vigorous English and lit up by imagination. They form the diary of a journalist of genius, having a taste for slums, which yet fill him with hatred and indignation. One almost wonders why Mr. Kipling should have studied so closely the terrible problems of the vices of the East, when he tells you with such insistence how sick they make him. Perhaps in those days he had not learnt to take himself quite seriously, and actually "did" things in search of copy. There is no question about what he found, and the use he made of it.

In almost every department of literature the numerical output shows no sign of diminishing, however inferior its quality, although the immediate developments of civilization seem hostile to the

mere production of poetry. But *The Wild Knight*, and *Other Poems*, by Gilbert Chesterton, is a volume of rare promise. We have here the revelation of positive originality, the expression of independent thought, and the music of daring imagination. Mr. Chesterton has a message, an outlook, and a style of his own; he is not afraid of himself; he loves mankind and honors God. Though obviously admiring, and influenced by, Robert Browning, he is not imitative in form or matter; and his inspiration comes more from life than from books. He is at once strenuous and romantic; vibrant to every wail and every song of humanity, but full of visions and prophecies. His intensely religious nature sings ever of the joy of life and the laughter of heaven; not in blindness, but by right of spiritual intrepidity. The two verses of *Ecclesiastes* contain a summary of his philosophy: —

"There is one sin: to call green leaf gray,
Whereat the sun in heaven shuddereth.
There is one blasphemy: for death to pray,
For God alone knoweth the praise of death.

"There is one creed: 'neath no world-terror's wing
Apples forget to grow on apple-trees.
There is one thing is needful — everything —
The rest is vanity of vanities."

At times Mr. Chesterton is perhaps unwisely fantastic, and his love of emphasis has ruined some of his best work; but such faults may be forgiven to immaturity. For the most part, his apparent extravagance or obscurity may be explained by the freshness of his point of view. A new poet does not speak the language of his fellows: he sees where they are groping in deep shadows; he feels what is stirring beneath their consciousness. *The Wild Knight* is frank and full-blooded, indignantly anti-decadent and genially humane. It is in tune with our noblest and most recent impulses toward high seriousness, manly enthusiasm, and spiritual faith. A lyrical gift,

too seldom indulged, a rare command of language, and richness of imagination are the ingredients of true poetry. In all probability, when Mr. Chesterton is better known his first volume will be more appreciated. Some of it will survive its author.

It is a pleasing coincidence, perhaps not unwholly undesigned, that the year in which the English nation has received the Wallace Collection in Hertford House — the most princely of artistic endowments — should be marked by unusual activity in the production of illustrations and biographies of painters. Sir Walter Armstrong's Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Gower's Sir Thomas Lawrence, haply coupled, and Mr. Andrew Lang's beautifully decorated work on Prince Charles, are fine examples of modern technique. Mr. Byam Shaw has executed some strong and imaginative pictures from Shakespeare, which are worthy of a better setting than the neat pocket edition in which they are issued; and Mr. William Nicholson has surpassed his genius for caricature in a brilliant series of pastels of Characters from Romances, where Mr. Tony Weller follows Don Quixote, and Sophia Western smiles but a page or two from Gargantua. Dr. G. C. Williamson's admirable handbooks of the Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture, with their sound critical biographies and adequate illustrations, are gradually forming a complete and readable encyclopædia of the subject; while The Artist's Library of Mr. Lawrence Binyon, in which somewhat less established genius is more unconventionally treated, provides a welcome appendix for the initiate.

Dramatically it has been an eventful year, both for stage and study. The practice of publishing plays has grown apace: Mr. Benson has established a "repertoire" season; the problem play has taken a new lease of life; the drama in blank verse has been revived. Literary craftsmen, wisely dissatisfied with

the dramatized novel, have embarked on original work, and style is reasserting its sway behind the footlights. Managers have shown a certain amount of courage in the choice of old or new work, and there have even been cases in which the persons of the drama are suffered to divert attention from the personators.

Mr. Benson's Shakespearean Series, now permanently though privately endowed, is a solid achievement of artistic integrity. Though hampered, like Sir Henry Irving, by several obvious personal limitations and mannerisms, and not possessed of that master's dominant genius, he always presents a definite and serious conception of his part with careful energy. Where most of the company are well trained and competent, some even original, and where the primary responsibility for our entertainment rests with Shakespeare, the personality of the "star" actor is, fortunately, not all-important. Mr. Benson's triumph is gained by intellectual courage, and more by what he does than by the way in which it is done. The opportunity of seeing a complete Hamlet — twice the length of the usual stage version, and producing an entirely different effect — and of living for weeks under the spell of Shakespeare's imagination, as the long run of a single play can never render it, is a benefaction for which one cannot forget to be grateful.

For playwrights of to-day a somewhat similar service is being rendered by a private club, called the Stage Society, which arranges one or two performances of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and Hauptmann, George Bernard and the Henley-Stevenson partnership, and thereby gives its members the chance of testing the finest contemporary work. Hauptmann has never before appeared on the English stage, and his vivid dramatic instinct, defying tradition, strikes a new note.

The Second Mrs. Tanqueray has received a new and fascinating interpreta-

tion at the hands of Madame Duse. The exciting and novel episode of a visit from native Japanese actors, performing in their own language, has been supplemented by the exquisite and daring *Madam Butterfly*, adapted from Mr. Luther Long's story of that name. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has tried his hand at a farce, *The Lackey's Carnival*, which does not please the public; and written a conventional "problem" play for Mr. Wyndham, redeemed by the technical mastery of its second act. The same old tiresome story of a noble woman with a past is fluently handled in Mr. Sydney Grundy's *A Debt of Honour*.

Mr. J. M. Barrie, indeed, cannot escape the familiar topic; but his *Wedding Guest* is informed by a moral and artistic sincerity of rare distinction. The play is not, properly speaking, constructed at all; its dramatic movements vanish and reappear like a jack-in-the-box, and the situation wanders away to nowhere in particular. The author's power rests entirely in his devotion to the creatures of his invention, which forces response from the audience. It is the conquest of a frank and eager personality. Fresh materials and new treatment are reserved for Mr. Frank Harris, whose *Mr. and Mrs. Daventry* is an offense to many, because it shows vice attracting vice, and virtue loving virtue, where stage conventions demand cross links. It touches, moreover, a *normally* "unpleasant" problem, and there is safety in the abnormal. Mr. Harris seems to have studied character from real life, and his tragedy does not rest on the old cry against "one law for men and another for women." It lies deeper, and is more fearlessly exposed. His language, also, is simple and effective, and his stagecraft illuminates the plot without being flashy or melodramatic.

Mr. Stephen Phillips is no less daring than Mr. Harris, but he produces quite different effects by methods entirely dissimilar. Summoning to his aid the full

"pomp and circumstance" of Elizabethan romanticism, he hazards comparisons with Shakespeare by a free treatment of the historic magnificence and passion of Herod. Situation and diction alike bring Antony and Cleopatra to mind, and his verse has many an echo, on the other hand, of Tennyson. There is no question, of course, that he stands far below the masters; but his courage is fully justified, and he has taught us, what no one else of his generation has dared even to suggest, that poetical drama is neither dead nor dying. Mr. Phillips had a long training as an actor, and gained thereby a mastery in construction and stage effects. In spite of certain hauntingly beautiful and stirring lines, Herod does not contain so much good poetry as Paolo and Francesca, but it is gorgeous melodrama.

Alongside of the intellectual and moral activity distinguishing the churches of to-day, we have had, this year, many notable witnesses among laymen of the highest culture and education to the revived interest in the problems of theology and religion which marks our age and country. The time would seem, indeed, to be past beyond recall when scientific discoveries were regarded as the direct enemies of theology, with a message entirely destructive. For the church, essentially a diplomatic organization, with infinite powers of adaptability, was not slow to recover the ascendancy by preaching science and history, somewhat hastily digested, and thus ingeniously diverting the immediate necessity for a revision of faith. The delay was probably to the advantage of truth, since the first pride of science adopted an arrogant materialism, no less dogmatic than the old orthodoxies.

And the reconciliation of science, history, and religion stands upon a firmer basis to-day. In ultimate language, natural science can present us with nothing more definite than "a universal flux, in which something, we know not what,

moves, we know not why, we know not whither." It does not forbid, but rather commands, the assumption that behind the discovered there is the discoverable, beyond the actual the possible.

In religion, again, we may fearlessly apply the scientific method to transfer the burden of support of Christian doctrine, and of religion generally, "from history to psychology, — perhaps rather from the history of facts to the history of ideas ;" to justify faith by the study of religious psychology in conjunction with the history of religious ideas. Thus we recognize that the facts, or permanent and inspired part, of religion are subjective, founded on individual experience and consciousness ; its illusions, or temporary structure, are reports of historical events, the translation of spiritual doctrines into the sphere of materialism, and the acceptance of creeds on authority.

Dr. James Ward, professor of logic at Cambridge, in his *Naturalism and Agnosticism*, has cleared the ground by a masterly and comprehensive attack on agnostic materialism, followed by an unproven deduction of spiritual certitude. Dr. Percy Gardner, professor of archæology at Oxford, — noting his delight in much agreement with Professor William James of Harvard, — has devoted faculties trained in other fields of observation to a most reverent and suggestive treatise on the origin of Christianity, entitled *Exploratio Evangelica*. And Mr. George Santayana, another Harvard professor, with a rare command of English style, has attempted, in a study of religions at once eloquent, scholarly, and sympathetic, to establish the tenet that "religion and poetry are identical in essence, and differ merely in the way in which they are attached to practical

affairs. Poetry is called religion when it intervenes in life ; and religion, when it merely supervenes upon life, is seen to be nothing but poetry."

From his *Interpretations of Poetry and Religion* and from Dr. Gardner's book the foregoing analysis of a current attitude has been entirely derived ; and it only remains to note a striking parallel between two writers, approaching the subject from such different points of view, in their conjectures for the future.

Mr. Santayana has written : "Human life is always essentially the same, and therefore a religion which, like Christianity, seizes the essence of that life ought to be an eternal religion. Can it reform its claim, or can it overwhelm all opposition, and take the human heart once more by storm ?"

Dr. Gardner states unhesitatingly that the principles of his book are in favor of the revival of collective control : "If religious doctrine be really the intellectual statement of principles of conduct, it at once appears to have an ethical bearing. . . . Any such revival of discipline, of course, involves as a preliminary a revival of belief and an outpouring of religious enthusiasm. . . . The process of crystallization has begun, and it may be that that process is destined to proceed with a rapidity which will astonish those who regard religion as a matter quite private between the soul and its Maker."

Science is once more confined to its legitimate sphere ; morality cannot stir imagination, "the great unifier of humanity," and hence may arise the work of the new century, — to inspire the body politic with some higher and spiritual purpose ; to build up, from the deep convictions of her noblest sons, a corporate conscience and a universal church.

R. Brimley Johnson.

A GAP IN EDUCATION.

I.

EDUCATION is the working of all forces that fashion a man during the plastic years, before his habits become fixed and his character determined. No one can escape education even if he would; whatever may be his lot, his spirit will be led toward one desire or another, his mind will fasten and feed upon some chosen thoughts, his heart will make something dear to itself. There is a natural division of education into two parts. One part is the domain of chance; it is compact of the manifold influences, the countless happenings, complicated and subtle, which press about a man like the atmosphere. The other part is the domain of instruction, and is subject to the deliberate purpose of the teacher. Since the part under our control is the smaller, so much the more does it deserve careful thought and plain speech.

It would be curious to construct in our minds a youth of an age from twelve years to twenty-two, out of materials furnished by discussions concerning the proper education for him. We hear about primary and secondary education, about periods and times for preparatory, academic, and special studies, about cultivating observation and imagination, about literature and science, about athletics, about the elective system, about religious worship. Some say that a young man should be turned into an instrument to ascertain truth; some say, into an instrument to increase wealth; others, that he should learn, in this way or in that, to minister to a particular need of society; others, that he should be made a gentleman, a good citizen, a Christian. Out of all these things rises up a creature quite different from the young human animal that we know.

A boy is made up of mind and body.

These two elements, mysteriously bound together, yet separated by the widest gap in the universe, jog on side by side, each dependent upon the other. Education must take this union into account; it must remember that the body is animal, and that it has received two great commandments, — "Thou shalt live," and "Thou shalt multiply." The education of man must be shaped with reference to these two fundamental commands.

Our civilization has reckoned with the first. The desire for life has been deepened, broadened, and transformed; no longer content with filling the belly from day to day, it demands architecture, art, literature, means of travel, devices for diversion. Education, eager to lead civilization onward, endeavors, by chosen studies, by special schools, by the cultivation of predominant tastes and capacities, to use this desire for the nobler development of man. Under the control of education, the desire for life seeks satisfaction in ever greater knowledge, ever greater dominion over nature. College assumes that this desire is a noble want of noble things, and teaches it to be such.

But when we consider the second imperious command, what do we find? Civilization has established the institution of marriage, it has decreed that a man may lawfully have only one wife, but it has done little else. Civilization is a great brute force that needs to be led. What does education? It halts timidly to see what civilization will do; and the desire to multiply roams at will. Shall not education tame it, train it, and manage it? Shall not that desire be deepened, broadened, and transformed, till it too help make life far nobler than it is? With this passion for a lever we might uplift the world, but education is afraid of it.

From what masters of education say, we should suppose boys to be sexless, were it not for sundry regulations, matters of police, and for certain customary vague assurances, smoothed out into gingerbread phrases, that sons will be carefully protected. The reason that education is silent upon this desire is in part because schoolmasters and college masters deem it the parents' affair, and parents toss it back to the masters. The fault belongs to both. Teachers may not separate one strand of education from other strands, and say to fathers, "You are responsible for this wisp in the rope." Nor are they workmen whose concern is bounded by the section of a boy's life committed to their care. Each master is one of a crew, all working together: the success of one is of little value without the success of all, and worse than useless if it interfere with the success of the others. A bow oar might as well say, "What have I to do with stroke?" as the schoolmaster say, "What have I to do with the boy at college?" School and college and parent are all working together, — working to fashion a man.

If the masters are at fault, fathers are far more to blame. The duty of using as an educational force the power given by this second commandment rests upon them. They cannot shift it from their shoulders. It is of continuing, unintermittent obligation. It is bound on the father's back by the birth of his son: there it rests until death shall loose it. A father cannot release himself by putting another in his place. A man shall answer for every act and for every omission of the factor to whom he has intrusted his own son. If a son do wrong, if he surrender to low things, if he come to misery, then must the father be condemned. It is not safe to let this duty be of less than absolute obligation. If society shall entertain a plea of not guilty, in that the father did as other fathers do, chose the best school, the wisest mas-

ters, or in that evil company, or some hereditary taint of blood, or ill luck, caught up the boy and bore him off, then the possibility of such a plea degenerates into a probability, that probability into use, that use into a pretext, that pretext into a habit of mind, until at last a man comes to think that his son's education, like a suit of clothes, once put into the hands of an artisan of good repute, ceases to be a matter for which he is responsible. A father may not, by gift of staff and scrip, by cries of "Good luck" and "God speed," break the great seal of the paternal bond. Doubtless our unformed civilization enables masters and fathers to evade this heavy responsibility. But a more definite cause is at hand.

II.

What is it that shuts our mouths upon this great problem of education? During the long centuries in which decency, manners, and refinement have been struggling with our animal nature; while the conception of home with one wife, with children gathered together, has been contending with the dissipating influences of savage customs, and the spiritual has been fighting with the bestial, it was natural that all means to win the contest should have been laid hold upon, — some wiser and nobler, some less wise and less noble. Jealousy, love of dominion, asceticism, monasticism, celibacy, have all been instruments by which men have wrought modesty. These instruments have served well, and have much yet to accomplish; nevertheless, it was almost inevitable that, in fashioning modesty, certain other qualities of an allied nature, distorted and misshapen likenesses, — prudery, shamefacedness, false modesty, — should also have been made. These mock virtues, too, may have done good service in maintaining an outward semblance of respect for the real virtue; but they have done harm by taking to themselves part of the

honor due to their original, and by confounding notions so that men mistake false modesty for modesty, shamefacedness for decency, prudery for virtue. Thus a notion has grown strong in this country that decent people shall not talk openly upon matters of sex, but shall throw a cloak over them and keep them out of sight and hearing.

If prudery, shamefacedness, and false modesty have given us the grace of virgin innocence, we must honor them accordingly; or if, by maintaining seclusion and respect, and by holding back knowledge, they have built a fence around that grace in the leastwise helpful to its growth, we must be most considerate before we lay a finger on them. But when we have once made up our minds that here is mere confusion of thought, that life is the rock on which everything is founded, that "more life and fuller" is what we want, that the powers of life are good, and that only by perversion can they be turned to ill, then we must honor the powers of life as pure and holy, and we must treat vulgar disbelief as blasphemy and infidelity to the spirit of life. Real modesty misunderstood, false shame, fear of derision, have kept fathers from facing this problem of education. Here are the false doctrine and confused thought that underlie the silence of education as to sex. We must turn about. We must cast off prudery for the sake of modesty; we must draw our necks out of the yoke of an inherited, atrophied shamefacedness. For our sons' sake, we must recognize and proclaim that this passion is good, not bad; that it can be put to the noblest uses; that it must be put to the noblest uses. We must teach our sons that the union of man and woman is a sacrament. Yet we need not be impatient with those who cannot accept our faith at once. We must always remember that men, reckless of chastity, have been good and great, — poets, heroes, — men who have toiled and denied themselves for their

fellows, and have set up unshakable their title to our gratitude; we know that countless men in private and obscure life are reckless of chastity, who are good, kind, simple, and upright. We are not blind to man as he is, but we may not tolerate for ourselves a system of education which treats this passion as of the devil, and does not try to put it to noble use.

In order to set clearly before ourselves a notion of what current education is in this regard, let us avail ourselves of our own recollections of the teachings which boys at college receive from their fathers. Those fathers, for this purpose, may be divided into two classes.

There is the refined, sensitive father, who hates the idea of vice and turns his back upon it, pretending to himself that, by some process of subconscious instruction, his son shall learn from him its odiousness. He sends his son to school, and from school to college, advising him about Latin and Greek, about physics and chemistry, about history and art, and other petty matters of education. Equipped with platitudes concerning virtue, his son goes forth into a world where the union of man and woman is not recognized as a sacrament, to hear boon companions plead for vice with all the persuasiveness of youth and gayety. Thus the father hands over his son to the great educating force of sexual desire which he knows is stretching out its hands to the boy, which he knows is bound to lead him higher or lower.

Then there is the coarse father, who accepts the period of puberty as one of the corridors or gardens of life, through which his son shall walk lightly. He hopes that the lad will make merry without vexation to the father. He warns him against disease and against the police court. So each father hands down his tradition to his son; and so the primal fact of life hides beneath the modesty of the decent man, and flaunts on

the lips of the loose liver, and education busies itself with classics, mathematics, boat races, and special studies.

Quitting their fathers, our boys, our young animals, — they the most carefully guarded, the most tenderly prayed for, — go forth and find our cities, our towns, even our villages, swarming with prostitutes, while ladies gather up their skirts and drop their veils, and gentlemen laugh and wink, and public opinion puts forth conventional protest. Here is a course of study which is not set down in the college catalogue. Then, too, our boys read the experience of men bred without or maybe stripped of what they call illusions, men of the world, Epicureans, — a Boccaccio, a Maupassant, a d'Annunzio, — and take the sayings of these backward men for bold truth, honest utterance, as the casting out of hypocrisy and humbug. They learn also that there are familiar conceptions of life in which this sacrament is deemed a mere matter of physical pleasure; and that, too, by men successful in the management of affairs and high in the community's esteem. They suspect that modesty is a priestly contrivance fashioned by old men, home-keeping wits, unlearned in the ways of the world, ignorant of life. So they go. Thus the sexual instinct educates them, and this great power for breeding noble men is suffered to be a hindrance and a hurt. What can fathers do?

III.

This is a difficult matter. Yet can we not outline some course of action which shall at least save us from the ignominy of doing nothing? When the first curious questioning concerning sex comes into a boy's mind, who is to answer it but the father? That questioning will come. We cannot, if we would, hide our animal nature; we cannot convert a boy into a disembodied spirit. On every other matter the father tells his son what he can; here he fobs him off; and the son goes to books or to companions who care not

for him; and then the sense of nakedness comes upon him, — sin has entered into his world. What right has a father, by disingenuousness, by false shame, to teach his boy, by concealment, that sex is a shameful thing? Thence springs a desire for forbidden fruit, an eagerness of prurient curiosity, a recognition that there is a barrier betwixt his father and himself. How dare a father violate his first great duty to his son? Here is the mighty force of sexual attraction, awakening in the boy, ready to work for good, ready to work for evil, and the great task of education is to put that power to use for good; but the father stealthily slinks away, and leaves the son to associate that force in his mind with vice and sin, welding this false combination together with all the strength of early thought. Sexual passion is at the base of life: it serves the noblest ends; it manifests itself in poetry and religion; it has made our homes; it has given us our children. Every day we see that passion put to use in labor, patience, self-denial, and noble discontent. Must we not teach our boys always to link it in their minds with the highest conceptions of nobility, aspiration, and divinity? Is it not blasphemy and idolatry to confound it with grossness and bestiality? Fathers look on the sexual passion with fear instead of reverence. We act as if it came from the devil instead of from God; we shun it as a tempter when we should welcome it as an angel. How do we make use of all those aspirations which break, like April blossoms, into flower at the first awakening of passion? How do we encourage all the youthful readiness for chivalry? What do we do with that longing for a noble quest? The service for fourteen years of Jacob for Rachel is but the type of the service that we should demand of every youth in the first flood of passion. Expectation should exact from him some noble proof that he understands the sacrament of union. Nor should it be necessary to wait until his love had singled

out a maiden ; all the knightliness of boyish manhood should be called to arms at the first trumpet of passion. We let this great seedtime run to waste in mere enjoyment unhusbanded. What right has a youth to the great joy of love, unless, like Jacob with the angel, he wrestle, and will not suffer it to go until it bless him ? We are wont to deem this period a mere animal mating time ; we talk lightly of happy youth ; whereas it is the great solemn opportunity of life, and the best proof of man's communion with some Being high and holy.

With like vulgarity of mind we look on the dark side of sexual passion. For example, we teach our boys that they must pity and help wretched men, but we forbear to let them pity the cruel misery of numberless women, fearing lest they be contaminated. What is our civilization to be valued at, while we suffer our young men to treat these women with laughter, and only ask of our choice young men that they turn aside their heads and pass ? And yet are these women one whit more contaminating than the gay young men, their companions for a brief season, till need of diversion take them elsewhere ?

Sage heads shake ; voices with which we are familiar say : " We are animals just as much as the simplest brutes from which we are descended. In this world life is one continuous struggle ; the battleground shifts, but the battle continues ; passionate animals cannot be bridled by sentimentality, however maidenly." How pleasant it is to hear the old familiar voices ; but we have greater power than they fear. There is nothing good or

bad but thinking makes it so ; even our physical world takes all its attributes — its weight, heat, light, color, its desirableness, and its excellence — from our thoughts. If in our animal nature we inhabit a world where the laws of gravitation and evolution are the explaining principles, with our minds we live in the world of ideas and feelings, wherein men, feeble in their power over the physical world, exercise great dominion. Out of thought we can make a world in which honor and love shall be elemental forces. " In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." What was that heaven but the world of thought which God created to take precedence before the earth, in which the minds of men are the instruments by which divine energies are still at work ? Here is perpetual creation ; and that part of this creation intrusted to fathers is the thoughts of their sons. We call it our children's education. Shall we be faithful servants ?

It is no priestly chastity that we mean to preach. This great fact of life — which nature has commanded and in the beasts is mere brute instinct, which in man has uprisen into love, giving us hope by this rising from the dead that love is the revelation to man of the nature of Deity — must be acknowledged to be divine, and not bestial. When once this truth shall be believed, then no father will let his son go into the world untaught at home ; but he will himself teach him the greatest of the miracles of life, how a brute fact has been made holy, and then the son will go forth conscious of all the obligation of love.

H. D. Sedgwick, Jr.

THE DIFFICULT MINUTE.

FROM the depot at Penangton, Morning County, Missouri, to the one line of street cars it is ten miles. Henderson figured that out for himself, as he stumbled irritably over the rough road, across the bridge, up the plank walk, to the car. It was an October evening, and the day was trailing off in a gray, shining halation that was neither mist nor fog, but dancing haze. Henderson saw far-away houses brooded over by gray wings; he saw rickety wheels of gray spiked by the small gleam of the street lamps; and he saw occasional people work up out of, and twist back into, the farther distance in gray spirals. The whole town and the hills beyond it were one wavering, lightening, deepening scheme of gray, except where, far to the west, a stubborn stretch of red lay along the sky.

As he came on toward the car, Henderson had a half-dashed, half-defiant look in his eyes. "You're a pretty cuss!" he mumbled once or twice. "Better have stayed in Chicago in the first place. Better have stayed in Dixburn in the last place. Penangton!" He looked about him disgustedly. To the west he could distinguish the outline of a tall building, shadowy and uncertain in the gloom; he picked out the white letters across its sides: "P-e-n-r-y-n M-i-l-l-s." He looked to the east, and saw a straggling line of sheds. He read the letters on their sides easily enough, because his eyes had become accustomed to the first part of the combination: "Penryn C-o-a-l — Penryn Coal P-o-c-k-e-t-s." He stopped halfway up the plank walk, dropped his heavy traveling case, and worked the fingers of his aching hand. His eyes, sweeping southward, were caught by a trim brick building beyond the depot. It had white letters across its front.

"The first word is Penryn," said Henderson, at a guess. "No, the first word is T-h-o-r-l-e-y. Thorley-P-e-n-r — Uh-unh! I knew Penryn would be along. Now what's the rest? Thorley-Penryn S-e-r-o-t-h — Oh, go to the dickens!" he finished impotently. "I don't care what you are." Still farther south he descried the headstones of a cemetery. "Good! One can at least die in Penangton. I'll bet the tallest shaft is named Penryn." The night's blacker shadow leaped up out of the earth then, and the haze became thick gloom. The last red flare was gone from the west. Two men came up the plank walk toward Henderson.

"Coolish night," he heard one saying, as they clacked off northward.

"Brrrt! It is a coolish night," said Henderson to himself. He turned to pick up his valise, but for some reason his hands went together first, and he held them so convulsively. "A coolish night," he heard himself repeating, with a witless, wandering intonation. Then he shook himself threateningly. "Oh, I'll try again. Of course I'll try," he said, but he said it like a man who is trying to anæsthetize his soul; and when he got into the car, the look in his eyes was more distinctively dashed than defiant.

"Is there a driver?" he by and by asked wistfully of the one other occupant of the car.

"Yes, there's a driver," — the other occupant looked out of the window at a frame house which stood just where the plank walk ended, and the brick pavement and the car track began, — "but there's also a saloon."

Henderson bit his lower lip in a confidential enjoyment of the quality of that voice. There was a note in it of standing things good-naturedly when they could n't be helped.

"I wonder if there's no way of breaking the connection?" he said, getting back to the driver and the saloon with a jerk. He went to the car door and hallooed at the frame house. A man came to the door.

"Dave ain't quite ready yet," called the man, thickly but genially. "Jes' wait a minute till he wets his whis'le, will you?"

It seemed the thing to do under the circumstances. The air had the crispness of early autumn, and Henderson saw that the woman in the car felt it; so he shut the door, and came patiently back to his seat.

"It's just one of Penangton's ways," she explained, with a funny little lift of her brows.

Henderson took his lower lip into confidence again, and deliberately poised himself in midair, as it were, on the sound of that voice. It had so many kinds of suggestion in it. She had said only two sentences to him, but the first had made him aware that whatever was worth laughing at in the world she was ready to laugh at, and the next had made him aware that she had run the gamut of Penangton from end to end. After the atony of the past few weeks he was almost feverishly glad of his rising interest in that voice, in anything. His soul, he knew, was somewhere near in the same tense, wrung attitude his body had assumed out on the plank walk, but he had a curious, hurried desire to tell his soul to shut up, to come along, to make the best of it.

"It's quite a town, Penangton?"

"The lamp is sputtering," said the woman, in reply. "Could n't you turn the wick higher? Oh, goodness, it's going out! Why, there's no oil in it."

They both got up hurriedly, but the lamp was too far gone for rescue. It began to smoke dismally.

"I'll go get the driver," said Henderson. "Just wait here a minute." He jumped off the car and ran up the steps

to the saloon. Presently he came back, shaking his head. "The driver's drunk for fair," he said. "Everybody in there's drunk. What'll we do?"

"Could n't you drive?" she asked merrily.

He looked down the silent street, and his eyes lit up a little. "I'll drive you home, if you'll let me," he said, with decision. "I can just do it." He ran through to the front of the car, and unwound the reins from the brake. The mules stirred slowly and sorrowfully. "Shall I?" asked Henderson. The woman began to laugh. "Do you live on the car line?" went on Henderson gleefully. He laughed, too. It seemed good to be pulling his soul along out of its tragedies into something humorous and commonplace. "Come up!" He shook the reins out over the mules. "It's my idea to drive until I stop to let you out, then drive on a little farther, and leave the car standing on the track, while I cut for a hotel. Do you think it will work? — The mules seem to like to stand." His voice broke up into little chuckles, like a schoolboy's.

The woman came out on the front platform to him. She could hardly talk for laughing. "It will work," she said, "unless somebody else gets on the car."

Henderson's face wrinkled a little, but he shot the leather quirt out over the mules briskly. "Nobody will get on," he said. "I'll never be able to stop this team." He felt so exhilarated that it was like pain. The car began to make a great banging noise that just suited him. The way the sparks flew from the hoofs of the mules just suited him. The way that woman leaned back against the car door and laughed just suited him. It was all so exactly on the outside. There was nothing introspective about it. He looked back at her gayly. "I hope you live at the other end of the line?" he queried.

"About halfway."

"I hope it's a long line."

"About two miles, not counting the roughness."

"Don't count the roughness. Nothing counts."

"That's it, — nothing counts. Isn't this a lark?"

Henderson nodded brightly. "Will it be dark like this all the way?" he asked; and when she said yes, he began to sing the first bars of a gay little air under his breath; the woman sang too, both of them holding their voices down cautiously.

"Don't you ever finish things?" she complained finally, after trying in vain to adapt her voice to Henderson's many-tuned melody.

"No," said Henderson. "No; I don't like the finish — of anything." He moved back to where she was, and leaned against the car frame, with the reins dangling carelessly. "The beginning is always so much more interesting."

She rocked her head on the door jamb at her back. "Mmh! I don't know."

"Oh yes!" cried Henderson. "In the beginning you have the beginning and all you can imagine about the end."

"But in the end you have the end and all you can remember about the beginning."

"Remember"! It was a bad word for Henderson. Something like a shiver passed over him. "I'll back imagination, anticipation, against memory, seven days in the week, won't you?"

"Hold in your mule steeds here," said the woman. "Steady for the corner."

They swung around the corner, and started on a gentle down grade between two rows of splendid trees. "Say," said Henderson, following her lead like a happy child, and shunting the conversation off on a side track again, "say, aren't you cold?"

"No, indeed. Isn't this air fine? That's one good thing we have in Penangton."

"What other good things do you have in Penangton?"

"Oh, mills and coal mines and an academy. Then there's the county," — she gave a wide sweep of her arm which seemed to skip over the town and to encircle something outside it, — "wheat!"

"Many doctors here?"

She looked back into the car at the small case which sat beside his large one. "Oh! I see. Yes, there are a great many doctors."

"What school?"

"Two who get their bills paid eventually, three who never get paid, two who forget to send out bills, and one rascal."

Henderson propped one foot on the splashboard of the car. "The last class seems to invite as being least crowded," he commented gravely.

"Well, I don't know; if it comes to that, they are all more or less rascals, — at least they don't believe in themselves. That's a pretty bad sort of rascality, you know. Are you coming here to live?" she asked suddenly, turning her face toward him.

"Like as not."

"Well, if you do, there's one thing in Penangton you want to look out for. There's one thing that *isn't* a good thing. It's Penrynism."

"What's Penrynism?"

"It's the money disease. Some doctors get it. The rascal here has it."

Henderson dropped his head, and whacked at his shoes with the butt of his quirt. "I expect I'll get it, then. I feel particularly susceptible to infection of that kind just at this writing." Immediately he was as sombre as he had been out there on the plank walk; his merriment had been a thin cloak, after all, and it had worn through.

"Slow up now," said the woman next. "I'm almost home. Just around this last corner."

He drew his breath in sharply, and made the mules take the corner very slowly. He made them go slower yet when he found that he was on a street

where the trees were so big and so close together, and the street lamps were so little and so far apart, that it was as black as Egypt, and as mysteriously pleasant.

"Stop. I'm home."

"Now you see," said Henderson ruefully, "why I hate the end of things." He stepped down to help her from the car.

"Remember the beginning. — Oh, you are going to have to learn to stand remembering," she insisted, laughing lightly. "Here, this is my gate."

He ran ahead and opened it for her, and as she passed through he lifted his hat high and made her a sweeping bow. "I'd rather hope it is n't the end," he said.

She only laughed again, and stood looking at him for a short moment. "I think it is. But it was a nice ride. I shan't forget it. Good-night." She called back another cheerful good-night, as she went up the walk to the house.

Henderson, at the gate, watched her, with a lonely look on his face. Ahead of her he traced out a big frowning house front, across the lower part of which ran a light veranda, like a misplaced smile. When the door had opened to her, she paused for a moment in the light from the hall, with her face turned his way; then the door shut quietly. Henderson rubbed his hand softly over the brass head of the low gatepost, until presently his eyes traveled to it. "P-e-n-r-y-n," he spelled unseeingly. When he did begin to see it, he said flat-footedly, "Well, I'm damned!" and turned back to his mules.

They were gone. As far down the street as he could see there was no sign of them. "Now, how the mischief am I to find a hotel?" mused Henderson, without concern. "Follow the track. Light her up, Fate, my lady; I follow," and with that he looked at the Penryn house purposefully.

He was sure the car track would pass a hotel somewhere, and he had turned

but another corner when he came upon one, with the car and the sad mules standing before it. A crowd of mild-looking men were around the car.

"But how you going to account for the satchels?" one man was asking, with the hope of excitement vibrating blithely in his voice.

Henderson got into the crowd at this juncture. "I'll account for the satchels," he volunteered. "You'll find my name on them, — Henderson. I left them in the car while I went into the saloon for the driver. — The mules ambled off while I was out of the car." It was a long hiatus, but Henderson saw that there was no need of bridging it over; that the men around him were used to the driver, the saloon, and the mules.

Once in the hotel, he went directly to his room, took off his top-coat, and sat down in front of a comfortably glowing grate. "Very beautiful," he said, straight at the red coals. For a few minutes longer a half-blunted interest remained in his face; then his hands spread out weakly on the arms of the chair, and he dropped his chin as though he were going down in his clothes with the shame-faced resolution never to come up again. Slowly and reluctantly his mind went back over his most recent past, the Illinois days.

First of all came the medical college in Chicago; and clearest of all was the vision of Alden, the dean, on the rostrum before the class, his burning eyes throwing off some kind of white illumination, his thin hands knotted with enthusiasm, conviction radiating from every inch of his long, swaying body. And loudest of all rang the recollection of Alden's voice, high and quivering in its advocacy of the Hahnemannian creed, the beauty of the "law," the totality of the symptoms, the central modality; or fiercely earnest in its denunciation of routinism, specifics, prescribing in the lump. Ah, Alden had believed. That had been the intrinsic beauty of sitting under him. Hender-

son's perception had always been of the keenest, and Henderson, of all the men and women who had listened to Alden, and learned of him, in the first four years of the college's struggle for existence, had been the one to carry away with him the deepest impress of Alden's spirit. He, of them all, had gone out from the college doors with the feeling most strong upon him that he had had a glorious bath in some deep, clean current of ethics. He had never been able to account to himself for Alden's influence upon him. Before he went up to college he had been commonplace enough, a quick, shrewd fellow, with a good business head, acute sympathies, and one strong inclination in the world, — the inclination to study medicine; but when he left Alden he was like a finely charged wire, across which hummed and sang concepts of his profession as the "noble profession," the scientific possibilities of the "noble profession," life as an opportunity for the "noble profession," — all that went to make Alden's life like a benediction.

And what happened? What always happens to the young physician who has n't money enough to wait three years for patients, and abide by the Code while waiting? He had first "located" in Chicago, in a South Side boarding house; a little later he had located in a town in central Illinois; and after that he had variously located all over the state, until he found himself at Dixburn, in southern Illinois. Henderson's memory could linger in any one of the half dozen towns that had preceded Dixburn, and could find in each some pleasant friendship begun, some little addendum to the series of drug provings he had taken up, something halfway pleasant or halfway worth while; but Dixburn had been hell from start to finish. He had to admit that his acute sufferings in Dixburn had had no better or bigger excuse than that his clothes had begun there to show signs of irreparable wear, and he had had no money for new ones. Something psy-

chical worked itself out in him during the second month that he loafed and suffered around that sun-baked Illinois town. It might have been change, or it might have been development, or it might have been reversion. "I have got down to my clothes," was the way he passed judgment upon himself; and, as he had the time, he began to outline, with some contemptuous amusement, the sort of man he would have been if it had happened that he had never been influenced by Alden. When he had put himself to himself as "ordinary," he went under a wet blanket of conviction that he must get at life on a different plane; that he had been keyed up too high in the beginning. A little later on in that last month, there had come a day when one of his shoes cracked straight across the top; and in the black, helpless cursing that Henderson stuffed into the crack he checked off self-potentialities never before suspected. As he sat and glared at the crack, he told himself unqualifiedly that he was done with trying to meet the conditions of life in the Alden way; that he was ready to do anything now for money, money! and that fate would better not tempt him. His face assumed too sharp an expression; it became the face of a man in danger of overreaching himself, in his greediness for gain. He felt sure that, if opportunity had come his way, he would have done things that much worse men than he never do. The whiteness and the fineness of Alden's influence lifted from him entirely, and circled off above him with a cool backward fanning.

Then a medical magazine offered a prize of one hundred and fifty dollars for the best essay on *The Spirit of Hahnemann's Teachings*, and Henderson, with rebellion and blasphemy and battered-down belief in his heart, wrote ethically, and got the one hundred and fifty dollars. Inevitably, the next thing he did was to buy some shoes. That the ethical should have stretched out a hand to him with

a purse in it just at this moment half frightened him. He walked about Dixburn in his new shoes for another month in crushed incompetency, and when he crossed over to Penangton he was still effectually flattened out. The truth was, he told himself in final review, as he sat there with his face tucked away from the comfort in the grate, — the truth was that he had primed himself for wickedness in Dixburn, had hung around and waited for temptation, and temptation had not come. Instead of temptation had come a chance of the right sort. "But if the wrong sort of chance had come," Henderson pointed out to his soul, with that pitilessly keen insight that was his, — "if the wrong sort had come, and I had profited by it more than by the one hundred and fifty, I wonder, O my Soul, if you would be whining around now like an abused house cat?"

He tumbled into bed a few minutes later, glad to find that he was sleepy. Before he was done felicitating himself upon that fact he sat up, staringly awake. "If I don't win out here," he said, as though he had dragged up a large conclusion from the edge of the land of dreams, — "if I don't win out here, I'll never win out. It's now or never, and I don't think I'll ever forget how she looked there in that doorway." The dying gleam in the grate shot up and broke into small gaseous bubbles as he lay back on his pillow.

When he had dressed and breakfasted, the next morning, and had made his way to the street, he felt immeasurably better. He sat down in one of the loafing chairs outside the hotel door, and smoked, with two clearly defined notions in his head: one was to finish his cigar, and the other was to beat back along that car track to the house whose door had opened and shut in front of him the night before. Every time he thought of the woman who had stood framed in that door, he found his determination to stay in Penangton strengthening. He was very

near the end of his cigar, and very near the beginning of a dream, when a man stopped in front of him.

"Scrape my shins if 'tain't!" said the man, holding out his hand. The big, assertive voice pushed through Henderson's dream like a steam roller, and bowled him back, willy-nilly, to the medical college, Alden, and the Chicago days.

"Oh, you, Thorley? How d'you do?" Henderson's greeting was slow, but it had the amiability that curls off the end of a good cigar, and he got up and shook hands with the man, whom he could place as one of the fellows of the '90 class. He had not seen Thorley since the finish in April, two years and more before, and he hardly recognized him because of the bushy side whiskers on his face. Still, when he came to think of it, it was inevitable that Thorley should have sprung those whiskers. One never saw a man with his kind of face who did n't sooner or later come to side whiskers, and stop there permanently. All that Henderson immediately recalled about him was, that he was the one chap at college who did n't have to get "used" to the dissecting room. Thorley had n't sickened or blinked from the first. And that odor of fresh blood, still warm enough to run, which sorely tried every freshman's stomach in the operating rooms, had n't bothered Thorley in the least. He had n't even noticed it, until a boy in front of him reeled, and had to be swung out by his shoulders and heels.

"Live here?" asked Henderson.

"Yes. How are you making it?" Thorley laughed a good-natured, rollicking laugh as soon as Henderson opened his mouth to reply. "Need n't tell me. About eighteen of the twenty in the '90 class have told me already. I'm making it," he rounded off, with a dogged down jerk of his head.

"How?"

"Whiskey cure."

"Oh, Lord!"

"And morphine," went on Thorley, untouched.

"What's your — your cure?" Henderson smiled down at Thorley from the heights of the Code, as he nicked the ash from his cigar.

"Something new. It's a serotherapy wrinkle."

Henderson's smile became a deep-lunged laugh, and Thorley's round eyes twinkled. "Hair of the dog for the bite," Thorley insisted. "Only mine's cows. It's simple." His eyes fairly danced. "Inoculate a cow with alcohol; then draw off the serum from the cow's blood, and use as an antidote for inebriety. You'd be surprised at the way it works, Henderson."

For a moment Henderson made no reply; a direct line of comparison had projected itself from the face of Thorley, standing there with his fat neck spilling over his collar, to the face of Alden, all aglow with splendid dignity. "You've got a long way from Alden," he demurred at last.

"Oh, Alden hell!" said Thorley, with a short laugh which stayed good-natured. "Alden's wife has enough money for him to live on. Mine has n't. That's the difference between me and Alden." He rocked back on his heels easily. "Going to be here long?" he asked.

"Maybe."

"I tell you what you do," suggested Thorley quickly, and with some emphasis. "Come up and see my sanitarium. And say, one of these days I'll take you out to the depot and show you the Thorley-Penryn Serotherapy Stables, where we draw off anti-alcoholic serum for alcoholism."

"Quack, quack, quack!" laughed Henderson; and Thorley went off with his own mouth puckered.

After Thorley had left him, Henderson started up the street toward the Penryn house. He had no trouble in finding it; but when he got within a block of it he

had trouble in accounting for its being there, — in Penangton. It was so much of a castle that while it had ten times more ground than the Chicago castles, it still did n't have half ground enough. The effect was not good, "though it would be if there were two miles of park," thought Henderson. "Now, how did she ever make a mistake of that kind? Must have been built before she grew up and took hold of things." He walked on a little farther, and examined the house more carefully. "It *was* built before she grew up and took hold of things," he said finally, his eyes, agile as squirrels, running up and down the weather marks of the house. He felt immediately relieved. It somehow seemed to him very important, just then, that that woman should not fail him anywhere, should come quite up to what he expected of her. Suddenly he decided not to go any nearer the house. It occurred to him that if she should see him loitering about, their "beginning" might be cheapened. He made a detour around the house, and came back to the main street a block above it, and continued his walk. He took that walk and made that detour every day for a week; and although he never got a glimpse of her, he refrained from making any inquiries about her at the hotel, from the same fear of cheapening their beginning. During that week, however, he learned incidentally that the various signs which had glared him out of countenance, the night of his arrival, did not begin to cover all of the Penryn consequence to Penangton. Every enterprise in the town or around it was a Penryn enterprise, and the town itself was thickly coated with an adulation of Penryn which was yet not thick enough to hide its deep dislike for him.

It was on Tuesday of Henderson's second week of the old business of waiting for business that Thorley came into the hotel and asked for him. Thorley had that concentrated look that most

people wear when they are acting under a rigid determination to bring up something casually before they have done with you.

"Suppose you come up and take a look at my sanitarium to-day," said he, early in the conversation. "Suppose you come along now. Would n't you care to? I'd like to show you over."

They went down the street together, and Henderson knew that Thorley was telling some hard-luck story of his own about early struggles; but as that same kind of story was already marked across Henderson's memory with a great puckered cicatrix that pinched every nerve in him, he made a point of not listening, until Thorley said, "There she is," and turned his fat hand on his wrist by way of indicating the sanitarium. It was a two-story main building of brick, with frame annexes that cluttered it up like an oversupply of white wings. The main building was well out toward the street, and had on its front windows, "Serotherapy Cure for Alcoholism. If I Don't Cure You, You Don't Pay Me." The subtle, half-sweet, half-cutting odor of some never before smelled drug combination assailed Henderson as soon as he was inside. He sniffed at it curiously, as Thorley led the way into a front room, which seemed to be an office because of the desk and safe in it, and a laboratory because of the long vial cabinet against one wall. The other walls were hung with what looked like framed certificates, at first glance, but what proved, on closer inspection, to be engrossed letters, all beginning, "My dear Dr. Thorley," and all ending, "Very gratefully yours."

"What's that I smell, Thorley?" asked Henderson, still sniffing.

"That? Oh, that's my secret."

"You ought to keep your secret better bottled, then," retorted Henderson. "It smells to heaven."

"Well, now," said Thorley, sitting down at the desk, "I was just thinking

of unbottling it, in a way. Look here, Henderson, what's lacking about you that you useter have? Tussle been too devilish hard for you? Sit down over there,—sit down. You want to try your hand at something 'tain't so hard? Something that'll pay?"

"Depends on the something," smiled Henderson, as he took the chair pointed out to him.

"Oh no, it don't," Thorley answered emphatically. "No, it don't. You can just bet your life on that,—as long as you have n't a wife with the money. Let's make a long story short, Henderson. What I want to tell you is this: I'm making a go of this show. I guess you ain't been here long enough to know all it means to be hitched to the name of Penryn with a hyphen. It's meaning so much that I can hardly keep track of it. I gotter have a partner,—a parlor partner, Henderson. Trouble with me is, I'm getting a lot of people in here that I can't han'le. I'm plain to say they are up the scale from me a ways. I haveter keep my mouth shut just for fear of not saying the right thing. They come from St. Louis and Kansas City and round about, and I don't go with 'em. 'Specially I don't go with the women. When you add morphine jim-jams to women's natural fits you've got too much for me, Henderson. They want you to be sympathetic, and they're afraid you'll be fresh. They keep *me* twirling. The fact is, I gotter have some help."

"Count me out, Thorley."

"Well, now, I don't see why. You need n't think I ain't straight. It's all legitimate. There are hundreds of places, or similar, in this state and in every state in the Union." Thorley glanced up at Henderson, and then continued, a little sheepishly: "They do some good. My medicine is a sort of antidote, don't care what you say."

"I guess your medicine is n't the serum, then. I guess you fall back on the muriate or the bichloride a little."

"Keep on guessing," laughed Thorley. "Whatever it is, it helps my patients to stop, if they want to stop; it helps 'em get 'emselves back. Say, Henderson, if you want the truth, I got just one qualm of conscience about this business. The patients are such a damn bad lot in general, I feel some guilty about helping 'em to get 'emselves back. There's nothing in 'em worth saving. When you fish 'em up, and dry 'em out, and put 'em on their feet, you feel like you'd played a joke on 'em."

"Thorley, what the dickens did you ever pick out, a missionary business for?" Henderson got up, frowning. "You don't care a continental about giving people a chance, yet" —

"Blue blazes, man," cried Thorley, "it's my own chance I'm concerned about, — not theirs! See here, Henderson. I suppose if I were a damn fool, who went about this thing with his face shining and his lips twitching, like Alden, you'd think the thing was all right, and that I was all right. I know the enthusiasm dodge; but I got two eyes, let me tell you, and I'm none the worse man for seeing on both sides and straight to the bottom."

"You are the worse man, though, Thorley, for never seeing straight to the top. Wall your eyes up a little once in a way, and you'll get still another view."

When Henderson parted from Thorley, that day, he went home directly past the Penryn house. He felt justified in it; and though he did not see Miss Penryn about the place, a fine and unsullied glow lasted him all the way to the hotel. After that he walked directly past the house every day. It seemed to him that he would have to find out more about her soon, whether the "beginning" were to be cheapened by his inquiries or not. The amount of pleasure he got out of just remembering that woman was a wonder to him, and the hope of knowing her better some day was a joy and a support to him. From the sort of

ivory frame, rich and creamy, in which memory had placed her, Miss Penryn dominated him, waking or sleeping.

During the next week he was at Thorley's a number of times. There was no other place to go, and Mrs. Thorley's room, with its glowing fire and cushioned chairs, was inviting. It was up there, one blustering evening, that Thorley said to him suddenly, "Henderson, I wish to goodness you'd quit your hesitating, and come on in here with us."

"Why, I did n't know that I was hesitating."

Thorley gave a peculiar grunt, and then went on, as though some things were too patent to be talked about: "You seem to think it's wrong for me to do a little good to these howling hyenas I cage up here, just because I do myself a lot more. That's about the size of your argument. Why, my principle is the principle every syndicate and every trust fattens on. Do somebody else a little good, and do yourself a lot more. It's the Penryn principle, — and look at Penryn."

"And look at this bilious town," replied Henderson. "It's jaundiced with Penrynism."

"Oh, come off! If it was n't for Penryn, this town would be a sand bar in the Missouri River. It's Penryn that worked the railroad in, and Penryn that got the elevators away from the river, where the grain boats could n't come no more, up to the depot, where trains can come. It's Penryn that got the mines going, and Penryn that's getting us electricity for the cars. You need n't tell me that kind of a man don't deserve credit. It's good religion to call him a cheat and a rascal, and I guess he's all of it; but he does things that other people get the benefit of, no matter how you look at him."

"Has Mr. Penryn any children?" Irresistibly quick, the question clipped through the barrier of the careful days with bullet-like radicalism.

"Lord, yes. Them three boys at the Bank's his."

"Any daughters?" Henderson sat up straight, to let the questions volley as they would.

"He's got a daughter."

"Is she here?" This close to that woman again, this close to her name even, she seemed to step down from her frame and to come toward him, richly alive, with all the promising significance she had had for him that first evening. There had been nothing in his life more foolish than that woman's effect upon him, and nothing more vital. He was trembling as he waited for Thorley's answer.

"Is she here now, Zu?" called Thorley to his wife, who was bending over some knitting, close to the lamp. "She's not here much any more." Thorley raised his voice and called again: "Zu, is Mrs. Shore here now?"

"Purl one, two — wait a minute — purl two — that's it. Why, I don't think so. She stopped on her way up from St. Louis, a week ago, but she did n't stay over but one night."

"Where'd you ever meet *her*?" asked Thorley. It was strangely as it should be that Thorley's emphasis unconsciously put that woman on a pedestal, high and white.

"Why," said Henderson, like a man in a fog, "somewhere — a long way from here — if she is the woman I think she is. What does she look like?"

"Queen. And she rules, let me tell you. She's the one person living who's been too much for Lowry Penryn. They say this town owes a good deal to her." Thorley chuckled as he continued: "They say she's headed Lowry off a time or two." He put his clumsy thumbs together and leaned toward Henderson a little. "Say, Henderson, I don't mind telling you that Penryn's agreed to back me a long way further on the serum. We are going to buy Al Hickam's farm, down Weaver Road, for the cows, and we

are going to work the cure for all there is in it. And there's plenty in it."

"So." The word clumped at Henderson's ears heavily, without interrogation and full of finish. "That's good." He recognized that what Thorley had just been telling him had set him fairly back in the old-clothes Dixburn period, without any of the bitter vigor and combativeness of that period. In two seconds he had become as pallid and anæmic, as unable to fight for his ideal, and as little desirous of fighting, as though Alden had never existed, as though that woman in the frame had never existed. She had n't ever existed. That was the worst of it. He knew what Thorley was going to say next, and as he picked up his hat and coat his answer stood out in his mind with great clearness. It was about the only clear thing in his mind. He was going to accept Thorley's offer. That was all there was to it. Nothing could be simpler. His upper lip strained back from the simplicity of it, and his nostrils widened fastidiously to let the simplicity of it down his dry throat. The next thing was Thorley's voice: —

"Tell you what I'll do, Henderson: I'll guarantee you three thousand for the first year. After that there will be five, and after that ten, if there's a cent. And there's always a cent in a Penryn deal. Will you take it?"

"No," said Henderson. That was simple, too; but his mind, crouched low to receive the expected blow, lumbered through a good half minute as though the blow had really fallen. Then he put on his hat and went down the steps, all his nerves alive again, and flashing jubilant notice to his brain that he had n't been able to get down to that lower plane even when he had wanted to; that he had underrated the protective value of his ideals, had underrated himself there in Dixburn. He might have trusted himself then, as he could trust himself now, to hold out for the right sort of finish, as right went with him. He

was bound to do it. He could n't do anything else. "That's the good thing about it," he told himself. "Could n't strike that gait even when I wanted to. Lord, Alden, it was a precious leaven you gave me." He deliberately stopped on the street and hugged himself. "It's bound to keep you quick, you old lump," he said. Then, as he was opposite the

Penryn house, he looked over that way. "And I guess I can learn to stand remembering," he decided fearlessly.

"I'm afraid you've lost him," lamented Mrs. Thorley, when Thorley came back from the sanitarium door, after letting Henderson out.

"Yes, he's got that damn Alden look back on his face. I've lost him."

R. E. Young.

A GLIMPSE OF PITTSBURG.

HERBERT SPENCER, after visiting a large rail mill of the Pittsburg district, once remarked that what he had seen there had enlarged his previous ideas of the capability of the human mind. A well-known painter of the impressionist school came to Pittsburg a year ago, as a member of the international jury of the annual art exhibition, and during his stay painted a picture representing a squalid *cul-de-sac*, where sky, bluff, goat, chicken, house, and woman, all seemed painted with soot. The majority of those who know the Smoky City imperfectly, or only by reputation, fancy it throughout like this picture. Very few study it with the eyes of the philosopher, who, penetrating the non-essential though at times displeasing veil, at once understood its real meaning and mission, namely, the conquest of nature by intelligent energy directing suitable machinery, whose life comes from that smoke and dirt producer, bituminous coal.

The origin of Pittsburg dates back millions of years ago to the Carboniferous Period. Then immense forests of trees and dense vegetation grew in swamps upon a warm earth and beneath a tropical sun; while the atmosphere was laden with carbonic acid, from which the plants extracted the precious carbon, leaving oxygen in the air for the future use of man.

Before the Glacial Period the Monongahela River was much larger than it is now. It then covered most of the triangular site of the present city of Pittsburg, which owes to it the deep strata of sand, loam, and gravel that have contributed largely to the health, industries, and buildings of the inhabitants. The Ohio River was then a part of the Monongahela, but subsequent glacial deposits not only filled the ancient channel, but completely turned the course of the river, which accounts for the sudden southward bend of the Ohio at Rochester.

During the later geological periods, the undisturbed strata of coal and clay schist were deeply cut and eroded, leaving coal beds, the height of a man, exposed along the cañon-like valleys and above the streams which now transport, at very small expense, the cheaply mined fuel to adjacent and distant markets. As a final result of the decomposition and compression of the vegetation of the Carboniferous Period, western Pennsylvania possesses to-day deposits of coal which a German geologist has declared to be the finest in the world, considering their extent, thickness, quality, and availability.

Thousands of years of erosion, and the wild growth of vegetation, finally left the region picturesque and beautiful, as

Washington probably saw it from the top of the high bluffs which still bear his name. Several hundred feet beneath him, the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers flowed in majestic curves to mingle their waters in the broad Ohio. At their angular intersection, now appropriately named the Point, was the site of Fort Duquesne, and of its successor, Fort Pitt, — commanding the navigation of the three rivers, — of which Colonel Bouquet's redoubt alone remains, sole witness of the incredibly rapid transformation of a savage wilderness into the iron, steel, and glass centre of the world.

When James Parton, the historian, looked down at night, from the encircling hills, upon the weird fountains of flame and smoke, he could think only of "hell with the lid off." A stranger, looking to-day from the top of Mount Washington down upon the narrow strips of land left between high bluffs by the eroding rivers, must notice the tremendous activity, and he cannot fail to recognize the prime mover in this intense industrial drama. The housetops and hillsides wear its colors; and numberless columns, like gigantic organ pipes, breathe forth graceful plumes of black and white. The city and its environs bear testimony to the sovereignty of Coal. Foreign engineers say this region is the world's industrial school, because here they find men manufacturing iron, steel, and glass cheaply enough to sell throughout the world, in spite of the fact that the highest wages are paid to all, and that many of the workers earn more than most professional men.

A little over a century ago, Pittsburg was noted chiefly for its Monongahela whiskey and its independent, belligerent Scotch-Irish settlers, who cared very little for the dark bands of coal everywhere visible along the hillsides. The growth of Pittsburg, however, in wealth, population, and production has been directly in proportion to the amount of coal it has mined and consumed. Yet its coal still unused

represents a future market value greater than that of the world's present total stock of gold, aside from the vast treasures of petroleum and natural gas in this district. It is therefore not surprising that all the great manufacturing corporations are buying up available coal lands, to cover their future requirements.

Early in this century, the steamboat and steam engine were introduced here, to utilize these precious deposits; and Pittsburg began to manufacture a large variety of articles of iron, copper, glass, and other materials, for distribution by river over the West and South. The subsequent extension of railroads greatly increased its manufactures, but temporarily diminished its relative importance as the navigable key to the West and South. During the Civil War, however, its production and wealth were enormously increased. Its gunboats and ordnance and its efficient men were of the greatest service in that struggle. If members of Congress are wise, they will do all in their power to encourage the attempt now being made to connect this most important manufacturing centre with the Great Lakes by a ship canal, which recent surveys have shown to be entirely practicable at a reasonable expense. Its annual tonnage would probably exceed that of the Suez Canal; and it would enable the Northwest to receive cheap fuel, iron, and steel, in return for its cheaply transported ores. The probable profits for this year of one Pittsburg corporation which uses the largest quantity of Lake iron ores would suffice to build the entire ship canal as recommended by the Commission; and the saving on the present coal freights by rail to the Lakes would alone warrant its construction, to say nothing of the vast tonnage of heavy and bulky manufactured products now shipped to the Northwest from this region.

The industrial history of Pittsburg is largely the history of the steam engine and of modern applied science. We are

astonished at the low wages in China, where a man will work for ten cents per day ; yet in Pittsburg machines are doing, at a cost of less than half a cent per day, more and better work than any unaided artisan could do. At almost every step, in many works, one can see a youth or man operating, with little effort, a machine accomplishing results which three thousand skilled handworkers could not duplicate in the same time. And yet three men can mine all the coal necessary to supply the energy for such a machine ; while the total coal product of the region could supply steam engines of greater horse power than could be obtained from the entire falls of Niagara. So concentrated and intense is the activity of machinery and men in the Pittsburg district that their efficient work is more than could be done, without machinery, by the entire working population of the United States ; while their annual product is about equal in value to the yearly gold production of the whole world.

Pittsburg's machinery is the result of the world's best mechanical thought and of the expenditure of possibly half a billion of dollars, most of which will be destroyed or displaced in less than a generation ; for the struggle for existence among men is nothing compared with that among machines, in this region.

Pittsburg has always been noted for its population of intensely active and efficient workers. It has never had a leisure class. The first question asked about a new acquaintance is, "What does he do?" If there be a latter-day idler in Pittsburg, he is compelled to have a nominal occupation, to receive any consideration from others. He is led to make periodic trips to Philadelphia, New York, or Europe, in order to preserve his self-respect and to find congenial friends ; for here his acquaintances are likely to regard him as a "degenerate." Pittsburg's aristocracy, if it recognizes any, is founded on continuous productive la-

bor. Its chief worker is the large manufacturer, who has grown with his mills, and has become so saturated with his business that it engrosses his waking hours and colors his dreams ; follows him to his home, to his amusements, and does not always leave him at church.

Such a man, having succeeded without much schooling, is apt to agree with the view of life indicated by a fellow townsman's remark apropos of an acquaintance of scholarly attainments : "What a hell of a lot of *useless* information that man possesses !" Yet, in all that pertains, directly or indirectly, to his business interests, the Pittsburg manufacturer is thoroughly informed, and eager to adopt improvements from any source ; but he must first be convinced that they are genuine improvements, and that he can afford to make them. He is extremely practical and matter of fact ; keen of observation ; logical and accurate in his judgment of men and things, in so far as they affect his business interests. Like the original Scotch-Irish settlers, he is energetic, independent in thought and action ; generous where his sympathies are aroused ; peaceful if let alone, but a fearless fighter if threatened or attacked. He is a manly man, a judge and leader of active men. Personally economical, his home and family are his sole *objets de luxe*, aside from his works, which often absorb all of, or more than, his capital. He makes a fine executive committee of one, but is not always a tractable colleague or subordinate. Whatever his religion may be, the first article of his daily creed is to fulfill his contracts at any cost, be they large or small, verbal or written. Easily approached, careless as to dress during business hours, unpretentious socially, clear and laconic in his statements, he inspires confidence and respect in any one who confers with him on business matters. He is the effective type of the modern industrial general, possessing all the personal qualities of an army

commander, plus that power to manage human pride and prejudice which may be called business tact. He is a modern Stoic determined to succeed in business; his usual lack of ready money, due to constant betterments of his works, reminding one of the industrious American boy who boasted to a playmate that his father intended to buy him a fine new axe with the money he earned by chopping with the old one.

The successful manufacturer must be something of a prophet, to foresee coming changes in the supply and demand of his products in different parts of the world. He must prepare for labor troubles, often caused by distant events over which he has no control; must see that his personnel and plant keep pace with those of his competitors, or he will be impoverished and ruined. He is constantly menaced by fire, explosions, business failures and changes, serious accidents to men and machines: all of which may come suddenly, without warning, and must be met at once with appropriate remedies. The world at large does not, in fact, appreciate the great executive power, special knowledge, inventive ability, courage, fidelity, perseverance, continuous thought, and patience required of an active and successful ironmaster. Perhaps his daily experience might be likened to Wagner's Ride of the Valkyrs, in its intensity of action, its apparent noise and confusion, its terrific rushing to and fro of struggling energies; while above all the strife and din there presides a rhythmic control, — a dominating force or fate, ceaselessly directing to some specific end this seeming mixture of chaos and battle of the giants.

Scarcely less remarkable is the daily experience of the glass manufacturers. Although still somewhat behind the ironmasters in the use of machinery, yet so great has been their progress in this direction that one company has fifteen thousand different objects for use or ornament, which it sells at a profit not only

throughout the continents of America and Europe, but even to the distant empires of China and Japan; another company sends its products around the world to help our petroleum light the humblest dwellings; while a third has, in a few years, beautified and illumined numberless habitations with plate glass, so long a luxury for the rich alone. Meanwhile, the manufacturers of ordinary window glass, by using continuous melting furnaces, have so cheapened their product that it is now within the reach of all.

As abundant coal caused the erection of the first glass works here over a century ago, so the use of natural gas, formed ages before the coal, has of recent years confirmed the Iron City's supremacy in glass manufacture, which had been gained by means of its coal and ingenious machinery. Considering the enormous increase in the uses of glass, and the possibilities of the toughened varieties in road and building construction, may we not reasonably expect that, with the help of Pittsburg, some future century will be known as the Glass Age? But before that epoch the Iron City will probably hasten the advent of an Electrical Age, although glass is the oldest, and electrical machinery one of the youngest, of its important industries. The recent giant strides of applied electricity almost baffle description and comprehension, so diverse and intricate are the ramifications of these "etheric" applications.

When one considers the great Pittsburg dynamos which lighted the World's Fair, and the five thousand horse-power generators which utilize a fraction of Niagara Falls; when he calls to mind the motors which animate, and the currents which heat and light, the ubiquitous trolley cars, — Holmes's broomstick trains, whose "witches" are banishing horses and even locomotives from city and suburban service in all parts of the world; when he thinks of the sensitiveness of

the telephone, of the multiplex telegraph, and of the multitude of electrical instruments, in connection with the dazzling light, the irresistible heat and power of electrical currents, he is forced to the conclusion that electricity is the form in which our successors will utilize most of the sources of power which nature has placed at their disposal.

Pittsburg has, of course, the failings of its virtues, of which individualism is perhaps chief. Individualism characterized the original settlers, and, later, shaped the industrial and social development of the region; which correspondingly suffered in much that depends upon public and private coöperation. The resulting exclusive and exhaustive attention to business has caused what might be called civic absenteeism, — the abandonment of personal public duties to the political "boss" and "ring;" for bossism in public life parallels individualism in private life. "After me the deluge," is the motto of both. But fortunately they have reached their culmination. Even Pittsburg, although at times enshrouded in the smoke of its industries, and still in its pioneer, all-laboring condition, has already broken with its political Dark Ages, and entered its Renaissance of better municipal government.

The universal use of natural gas, some years ago, demonstrated to the inhabitants that, with clear skies, a clean city, and a site of great natural beauty, Pittsburg might be made one of the most attractive places of residence in the United States. Accordingly, with the gradual disappearance of natural gas, and the return to coal consumption, there has been developed a very strong movement toward smoke prevention, which has already accomplished a great deal, and bids fair to be ultimately successful. As a slight indication of the drift of public opinion may be mentioned the pictorial advertising signs of a prominent manufacturer, which show the sunlight breaking through a mass of black clouds, and

illuminating a large edifice marked "A Clean Spot in Pittsburg;" while a restaurant, once painted white, puts forth this inviting sign, — alas! now growing dim, — "Cleanliness next to Godliness."

Pittsburg's æsthetic growth is shown by the establishment of beautiful parks and conservatories, during the past few years, and by the quiet enjoyment of the vast working population who visit them, principally on Sundays. It is doubtful if the magnificent Easter displays of massed flowers in the Phipps Conservatory are equaled anywhere, at home or abroad. They might well be called Easter choruses, divinely chanting "Peace on earth and good will to men" to the tens of thousands of toilers of the Iron City, whose skill, fidelity, courage, and energy can be appreciated only by those who see them daily exercised, in spite of troubles, accidents, sorrows, and discouragements of every description. From the conservatories it is but a step to the Carnegie Institute, which contains the Museum, already noted for its collections, with the Academy of Science and Art, and associated societies, to aid its educational work; the reference and circulating libraries, with their phenomenal growth; the art galleries, with their choice collections, and their yearly Salon of established international character and influence; finally, the beautiful Music Hall, where the working population show their appreciation of the weekly free organ concerts by a master of the instrument; while every winter cultivated and attentive audiences assemble to listen to their Symphony Orchestra, which private generosity and exertion have made among the best in the country.

Science also has its votaries here, and a fitting temple under the care of the Western University. Thanks to the industry and generosity of its friends, the old Allegheny Observatory, whose work and astronomers hold a high rank in the scientific world, is soon to have a worthy successor. The new Observatory will

occupy a well-chosen site, surrounded by an atmosphere especially adapted for solar and other work, and possessing a home-made equipment superior in many respects to that of any existing observatory. There celestial images will be carried down into the various physical laboratories, and be made to reveal to the astro-physicist the secrets of infinitely distant, and perhaps long-vanished worlds.

Would it not be a remarkable example of cosmic compensation if this new Allegheny Observatory — standing on the very coal where ages ago the sun stored his abundant treasures of heat, and founded the future Pittsburg — should be the means of revealing to the world the intimate history and probable future of the sun, whose extinction would sweep all life from the planet?

William Lucien Scaife.

THE BRUTE.

THROUGH his might men work their wills.
 They have boweled out the hills
 For food to keep him toiling in the cages they have wrought:
 And they fling him, hour by hour,
 Limbs of men to give him power;
 Brains of men to give him cunning; and for dainties to devour,
 Children's souls, the little worth; hearts of women, cheaply bought.
 He takes them and he breaks them, but he gives them scanty thought.

For, about the noisy land,
 Roaring, quivering 'neath his hand,
 His thoughts brood fierce and sullen or laugh in lust of pride
 O'er the stubborn things that he
 Breaks to dust and brings to be:
 Some he mightily establishes, some flings down utterly;
 There is thunder in his stride, nothing ancient can abide,
 When he hales the hills together and bridles up the tide.

Quietude and loveliness,
 Holy sights that heal and bless,
 They are scattered and abolished where his iron hoof is set;
 When he splashes through the brae,
 Silver streams are choked with clay,
 When he snorts, the bright cliffs crumble and the woods go down like hay;
 He lairs in pleasant cities, and the haggard people fret
 Squalid 'mid their new-got riches, soot-begrimed and desolate.

They who caught and bound him tight
 Laughed exultant at his might,
 Saying: "Now behold the good time comes, for the weariest and the least!
 We will use this lusty knave;
 No more need for men to slave;

We may rise and look about us and have knowledge, ere the grave."
But the Brute said in his breast: "Till the mills I grind have ceased,
The riches shall be dust of dust, dry ashes be the feast!

"On the strong and cunning few
Cynic favors I will strew;
I will stuff their maw with overplus until their spirit dies:
From the patient and the low
I will take the joys they know;
They shall hunger after vanities and still anhungered go.
Madness shall be on the people, ghastly jealousies arise;
Brother's blood shall cry on brother up the dead and empty skies.

"I will burn and dig and hack
Till the heavens suffer lack;
God shall feel a pleasure fail Him, crying to his cherubim,
'Who hath flung yon mudball there
Where my world went green and fair?'
I shall laugh and hug me, hearing how his sentinels declare:
'Tis the Brute they chained to labor! He has made the bright earth dim.
Store of wares and pelf a plenty, but they got no good of him.'"

So he plotted in his rage;
So he deals it, age by age.
But even as he roared his curse a still small Voice befell;
Lo, a still and pleasant voice
Bade them none the less rejoice,
For the Brute must bring the good time on; he has no other choice.
He may struggle, sweat, and yell, but he knows exceeding well
He must work them out salvation ere they send him back to hell.

All the desert that he made
He must treble bless with shade,
In primal wastes set precious seed of rapture and of pain;
All the strongholds that he built
For the powers of greed and guilt,
He must strew their bastions down the sea and choke their towers with silt;
He must make the temples clean for the gods to come again,
And lift the lordly cities under skies without a stain.

In a very cunning tether
He must lead the tyrant weather;
He must loose the curse of Adam from the worn neck of the race;
He must cast out hate and fear,
Dry away each fruitless tear
And make the fruitful tears to gush from the deep heart and clear.
He must give each man his portion, each his pride and worthy place;
He must batter down the arrogant and lift the weary face;
On each vile mouth set purity, on each low forehead grace.

Then, perhaps, at the last day,
 They will whistle him away,
 Lay a hand upon his muzzle in the face of God, and say :
 "Honor, Lord, the Thing we tamed !
 Let him not be scourged or blamed.
 Even through his wrath and fierceness was thy fierce wroth world reclaimed !
 Honor Thou thy servant's servant ; let thy justice now be shown."
 Then the Lord will heed their saying, and the Brute come to his own,
 'Twixt the Lion and the Eagle, by the arm-post of the throne.

William Vaughn Moody.

THE TORY LOVER.¹

X.

LATE the next afternoon Mary Hamilton appeared at the north door of the house, and went quickly down the steep garden side toward the water. In the shallow slip between two large wharves lay some idle rowboats, which belonged to workmen who came every morning from up and down the river. The day's short hurry was nearly over ; there was still a noise of heavy adzes hewing at a solid piece of oak timber, but a group of men had begun to cluster about a storehouse door to talk over the day's news.

The tide was going out, and a birch canoe which the young mistress had bespoken was already left high on the shore. She gave no anxious glance for her boatman, but got into a stranded skiff, and, reaching with a strong hand, caught the canoe and dragged it down along the slippery mud until she had it well afloat ; then, stepping lightly aboard, took up her carved paddle, and looked before her to mark her course across the swift current. Wind and current and tide were all going seaward together with a determined rush.

There was a heavy gundelow floating down the stream toward the lower ware-house, to be loaded with potatoes for the

Portsmouth market, and this was coming across the slip. The men on board gave a warning cry as they caught sight of a slender figure in the fragile craft ; but Mary only laughed, and, with sufficient strength to court the emergency, struck her paddle deep into the water and shot out into the channel right across their bow. The current served well to keep her out of reach ; the men had been holding back their clumsy great boat lest it should pass the wharf. One of them ran forward anxiously with his long sweep, as if he expected to see the canoe in distress like a drowning fly ; but Mary, without looking back, was pushing on across the river to gain the eddy on the farther side.

"She might ha' held back a minute ; she was liable to be caught an' ploughed right under ! A gal's just young enough to do that ; men that's met danger don't see no sport in them tricks," grumbled the boatman.

"Some fools would ha' tried to run astarn," said old Mr. Philpot, his companion, "an' the suck o' the water would ha' caught 'em side up ag'in' us ; no, she knowed what she was about. Kind of scairt me, though. Look at her set her paddle, strong as a man ! Lord, she's a beauty, an' 's good 's they make 'em !"

¹ Copyright, 1900, by SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

"Folks all thinks, down our way, she's took it master hard the way young Wallin'ford went off, 'thout note or warnin'. They've b'en a-hoverin' round all ready to fall to love-makin', till this objection got roused 'bout his favorin' the Tories. There'd b'en trouble a'ready if he'd stayed to home. I misdoubt they'd smoked him out within half a week's time. Some o' them fellows that hangs about Dover Landin' and Christian Shore was bent on it, an' they'd had some better men 'long of 'em."

"Then 't would have been as black a wrong as ever was done on this river!" exclaimed the elder man indignantly, looking back over his shoulder toward the long house of the Wallingfords, that stood peaceful in the autumn sunshine high above the river. "They've been good folks in all their generations. The lad was young, an' had n't formed his mind. As for Madam, — why, women folks is natural Tories; they hold by the past, same as men are fain to reach out and want change. She's feeble and fearful since the judge was taken away, an' can't grope out to nothin' new. I heared tell that one o' her own brothers is different from the rest as all holds by the King, an' has given as much as any man in Boston to carry on this war. There ain't no Loyalist inside my skin, but I despise to see a low lot o' fools think smart o' themselves for bein' sassy to their betters."

The other man looked a little crestfallen. "There's those as has it that the cap'n o' the Ranger would n't let nobody look at young miss whilst he was by," he hastened to say. "Folks say they're good as promised an' have changed rings. I al'ays heared he was a gre't man for the ladies; loves 'em an' leaves 'em. I knowed men that had sailed with him in times past, an' they said he kept the highest company in every port. But if all tales is true" —

"Mostly they ain't," retorted old Mr. Philpot scornfully.

"I don't know nothin' 't all about it; that's what folks say," answered his mate. "He's got the look of a bold commander, anyway, and a voice an' eye that would wile a bird from a bush." But at this moment the gundelow bumped heavily against the wharf, and there was no more time for general conversation.

Mary Hamilton paddled steadily up river in the smooth water of the eddy, now and then working hard to get round some rocky point that bit into the hurrying stream. The wind had driven the ebbing tide before it, so that the water had fallen quickly, and sometimes the still dripping boughs of overhanging alders and oaks swept the canoe from end to end, and spattered the kneeling girl with a cold shower by way of greeting. Sometimes a musquash splashed into the water or scuttled into his chilly hole under the bank, clattering an untidy heap of empty mussel shells as he went. All the shy little beasts, weasels and minks and squirrels, made haste to disappear before this harmless voyager, and came back again as she passed. The great fishhawks and crows sailed high overhead, secure but curious, and harder for civilization to dispossess of their rights than wild creatures that lived aground.

The air was dry and sweet, as if snow were coming, and all the falling leaves were down. Here and there might linger a tuft of latest frost flowers in a sheltered place, and the witch-hazel in the thickets was still sprinkled with bright bloom. Mary stopped once under the shore where a bough of this strange, spring-in-autumn flower grew over the water, and broke some twigs to lay gently before her in the canoe. The old Indian, last descendant of the chief Passaconaway, who had made the light craft and taught her to guide it, had taught her many other things of his wild and wise inheritance. This flower of mystery brought up deep associations

with that gentle-hearted old friend, the child of savagery and a shadowy past.

The river broadened now at Madam's Cove. There was a great roaring in the main channel beyond, where the river was vexed by rocky falls; inside the cove there was little water left except in the straight channel that led to the landing place and quaint heavy-timbered boat-house. From the shore a grassy avenue went winding up to the house above. Against the northwestern sky the old home of the Wallingfords looked sad and lonely; its windows were like anxious eyes that followed the river's course toward a dark sea where its master had gone adventuring.

Mary stood on land, looking back the way she had come; her heart was beating fast, but it was not from any effort of fighting against wind or tide. She did not know why she began to remember with strange vividness the solemn pageant of Judge Wallingford's funeral, which had followed the water highway from Portsmouth, one summer evening, on the flood tide. It was only six years before, when she was already the young and anxious mistress of her brother's house, careful and troubled about many things, like Martha, in spite of her gentler name. She had looked out of an upper window to see the black procession of boats with slow-moving oars come curving and winding across the bay; the muffled black of mourning trailed from the sides; there were soldiers of the judge's regiment, sitting straight in their bright uniforms, for pallbearers, and they sounded a solemn tap of drum as they came.

They drew nearer: the large coffin with its tasseled pall, the long train of boats which followed filled with sorrowing friends, — the President and many of the chief men of the Province, — had all passed slowly by.

The tears rushed to Mary's eyes, that day, when she saw her brother's serious young head among the elder gentlemen, and close beside him was the

fair tear-reddened face and blond uncovered hair of the fatherless son. Roger Wallingford was but a boy then; his father had been the kind friend and generous founder of all her brother's fortunes. She remembered how she had thanked him from a grateful heart, and meant to be unsparing in her service and unfailing in duty toward the good man's widow and son. They had read prayers for him in old St. John's at Portsmouth; they were but bringing him to his own plot of ground in Somersworth, at eventide, and Mary Hamilton had prayed for him out of a full heart as his funeral went by. The color came in her young cheeks at the remembrance. What had she dared to do, what responsibility had she not taken upon her now? She was but an ignorant girl, and driven by the whip of Fate. A strange enthusiasm, for which she could not in this dark moment defend herself, had led her on. It was like the moment of helpless agony that comes with a bad dream.

She turned again and faced the house; and the house, like a great conscious creature on the hillside, seemed to wait for her quietly and with patience. She was standing on Wallingford's ground, and bent upon a most difficult errand. There was neither any wish for escape, in her heart, nor any thought of it, and yet for one moment she trembled as if the wind shook her as it shook the naked trees. Then she went her way, young and strong-footed, up the long slope. It was one of the strange symbolic correspondences of life that her path led steadily up the hill.

The great door of the house opened wide before her, as if the whole future must have room to enter; old Rodney, the house servant, stood within, as if he had been watching for succor. In the spacious hall the portraits looked proud and serene, as if they were still capable of all hospitalities save that of speech.

"Will you say that Miss Hamilton

waits upon Madam Wallingford?" said Mary; and the white-headed old man bowed with much ceremony, and went up the broad stairway, still nodding, and pausing once, with his hand on the high banister, to look back at so spirited and beautiful a guest. A faithful heart ached within him to see her look so young, so fresh-blooming, so untouched by sorrow, and to think of his stricken mistress. Yet she had come into the chilly house like a brave, warm reassurance, and all Rodney's resentment was swift to fade. The quick instincts of his race were confronted by something that had power to master them; he comprehended the truth because it was a simple truth and his was a simple heart.

He disappeared at the turn of the staircase into the upper hall, and Mary took a few impatient steps to and fro. On the great moose antlers was flung some of the young master's riding gear; there was his rack of whips below, and a pair of leather gloves with his own firm grasp still showing in the rounded fingers. There were his rods and guns; even his old dog leash and the silver whistle. She knew them all as well as he, with their significance of past activities and the joys of life and combat. They made their owner seem so close at hand, and the pleasures of his youth all snatched away. Oh, what a sharp longing for the old lively companionship was in her heart! It was like knowing that poor Roger was dead instead of gone away to sea. He would come no more in the winter evenings to tell his hunter's tales of what had happened at the lakes, or to plan a snowshoe journey up the country. Mary stamped her foot impatiently; was she going to fall into helpless weakness now, when she had most need to be quiet and to keep her steadiness? Old Rodney was stepping carefully down the stairs again, and she wore a paler look than when they had parted. Somehow, she felt like a stranger in the familiar house.

Once Rodney would have been a mere reflection of his mistress's ready welcome, but now he came close to Miss Hamilton's side and spoke in an anxious whisper.

"You'll be monst'ous gentle with her dis day, young mistis?" he asked pleadingly. "Oh yis, mistis; her heart's done broke!"

Then he shuffled away to the dining room to move the tankards on the great sideboard. One could feel everything, but an old black man, born in the jungle and stolen by a slaver's crew, knew when he had said enough.

XI.

The low afternoon sun slanted its rays into the stately chamber, and brightened the dull East Indian red of some old pictured cottons that made the tasseled hangings. There were glowing coals in the deep fireplace, and Madam Wallingford sat at the left, in one of those great easy-chairs that seem to offer refuge to both illness and sorrow. She had turned away so that she could not see the river, and even the wistful sunshine was all behind her. There was a slender light-stand with some white knitting work at her side, but her hands were lying idle in her lap. She had never been called beautiful; she had no great learning, though on a shelf near by she had gathered a little treasury of good books. She had manners rather than manner; she was plainly enough that unmistakable and easily recognized person, a great lady. They are but few in every generation, but the simplicity and royalty of their lovely succession have never disappeared from an admiring world.

"Come in, Mary," said Madam Wallingford, with a wan look of gentleness and patience. "'Here I and Sorrow sit!'"

She motioned toward a chair which her attendant, an ancient countrywoman,

was placing near. Mary crossed the room quickly, and took her appointed place; then she clasped her hands tight together, and her head drooped. At that moment patriotism and all its high resolves may have seemed too high; she forgot everything except that she was in the presence of a lonely woman, sad and old and bereft. She saw the woeful change that grief had made in this Tory mother of a Patriot son. She could but sit in silence with maidenly self-effacement, and a wistful affectionateness that was like the timidest caress, — this young creature of high spirit, who had so lately thrown down her bold challenge of a man's loyalty. She sat there before the fire, afraid of nothing but her own insistent tears; she could not conquer a sudden dumbness that had forgotten speech. She could not bear to look again at the piteous beloved face of Madam Wallingford.

The march of events had withered the elder woman and trampled her underfoot, like a flower in the road that every wheel went over; she had grown old in two short days, while the girl who sat before her had only changed into brighter bloom.

"You may leave us now, Susan," said Madam Wallingford; and with many an anxious glance the old serving woman went away.

Still there fell silence between the two. The wind was droning its perpetual complaining note in the chimney; a belated song sparrow lifted its happy little tune outside the southern windows, and they both listened to the very end. Then their eyes turned to each other's faces; the bird had spoken first in the wintry air. Then Mary Hamilton, with a quick cry, took a hurried step, and fell upon her knees at the mother's side, and took her in her arms, hiding her own face from sight.

"What can I say? Oh, what can I say?" she cried again. "It will break my heart if you love me no more!"

The elder woman shrank for a moment; there was a quick flash in her eyes; then she drew Mary still nearer and held her fast. The comfort of a warm young life so close to her shivering loneliness, the sense of her own weakness and that Mary was the stronger, kept her from breaking now into the stern speech of which her heart was full. She said nothing for a long time, but sat waiting; and now and then she laid her hand on the girl's soft hair, until Mary's fit of weeping had passed.

"Bring the little footstool here and sit by me; we must talk of many things together," she gave command at last; and Mary, doing the errand like a child, lingered by the window, and then returned with calmness to her old friend's side. The childish sense of distance between them had strangely returned, and yet she was conscious that she must take a new charge upon herself, and keep nearer than ever to this sad heart.

"I did not know his plans until that very night," she said to Madam Wallingford, looking bravely and sweetly now into the mother's face. "I could not understand at first why there was such excitement in the very air. Then I found out that the mob was ready to come and ruin you, and to drag him out to answer them, as they did the Loyalists in Boston. And there were many strangers on our side the river. I heard a horrid humming in the crowd that gathered when the captain came; they kept together after he was in the house, and I feared that they were bent upon a worse errand. I was thankful to know that Roger was in Portsmouth, so that nothing could be done that night. When he came to me suddenly, a little later," — the girl's voice began to falter, — "I was angry with him at first; I thought only of you. I see now that I was cruel."

"My son has been taught to honor and to serve his King," said Madam Wallingford coldly.

"He has put his country above his

King, now," answered Mary Hamilton, who had steadied herself and could go on; yet something hindered her from saying more, and the wind kept up its steady plaint in the chimney, but in this difficult moment the little bird was still.

"To us, our King and country have been but one. I own that the colonies have suffered hardship, and not alone through willfulness; but to give the reins of government to unfit men, to put high matters into the hands of rioters and law-breakers, can only bring ruin. I could not find it in my heart to blame him, even after the hasty Declaration, when he would not join with English troops to fight the colonies; but to join the rebels to fight England should shame a house like this. Our government is held a high profession among the wise of England; these foolish people will bring us all upon the quicksands. If my son had sailed with officers and gentlemen, such" —

"He has sailed with a hero," said Mary hotly, "and in company with good men of our own neighborhood, in whom he can put his trust."

"Let us not quarrel," answered the lady more gently. She leaned her head against the chair side, and looked strangely pale and old. "'T is true I sent for you to accuse you, and now you are here I only long for comfort. I am the mother of an only son; I am a widow, — little you know what that can mean, — and my prop has gone. Yet I would have sent him proudly to the wars, like a mother of ancient days, did I but think the quarrel just. I could but bless him when he wakened me and knelt beside my bed, and looked so noble, telling his eager story. I did not think his own heart altogether fixed upon this change till he said his country would have need of him. 'All your country, boy!' I begged him then, 'not alone this willful portion of our heritage. Can you forget that you are English born?'

"Then he rose up and stood upon his feet, and I saw that I had looked my

last upon his boyish days. 'No, dear mother,' he told me, 'I am beginning to remember it!' and he stooped and kissed me, and stood between the curtains looking down at me, till I myself could see his face no more, I was so blind with tears. Then he kissed me yet again, and went quick away, and I could hear him sobbing in the hall. I would not have him break his word though my own heart should break instead, and I rose then and put on my double-gown, and I called to Susan, who wept aloud, — I even chid her at last for that, and her foolish questions; and all through the dead of night we gathered the poor child's hasty plenishings. Now I can only weep for things forgotten. 'T was still dark when he rode away; when the tide turned, the river cried all along its banks, as it did that long night when his father lay dead in the house. I prayed; I even lingered, hoping that he might be too late, and the ship gone to sea. When he unpacks the chest, he will not see the tears that fell there. I cannot think of our parting, it hurts my heart so. . . . He bade me give his love to you; he said that God could not be so cruel as to forbid his return.

"Mary Hamilton!" and suddenly, as she spoke, all the plaintive bewailing of her voice, all the regretful memories, were left behind. "Oh, Mary Hamilton, tell me why you have done this! All my children are in their graves save this one youngest son. Since I was widowed I have gathered age even beyond my years, and a heavy burden of care belongs to this masterless house. I am a woman full of fears and weak in body. My own forefathers and my husband's house alike have never refused their loyal service to church and state. Who can stand in my son's place now? He was early and late at his business; the poor boy's one ambition was to make his father less missed by those who look to us for help. What is a little soldiering, a trading vessel sunk or an English

town affrighted, to the service he could give at home? Had you only thought of this, had you only listened to those who are wiser than we, had you remembered that these troubles must be, in the end, put down, you could not have been unjust. I never dreamed that the worst blow that could fall upon me, except my dear son had died, could be struck me by your hand. Had you no pity, that you urged my boy to go? Tell me why you were willing. Tell me, I command you, why you have done this!"

Mary was standing, white as a flower now, before her dear accuser. The quick scarlet flickered for one moment in her cheeks; her frightened eyes never for one moment left Madam Wallingford's face.

"You must answer me!" the old mother cried again, shaken with passion and despair.

"Because I loved you," said the girl then, and a flash of light was on her face that matched the thrill in her voice. "God forgive me, I had no other reason," she answered, as if she were a prisoner at the bar, and her very life hung upon the words.

Madam Wallingford had spent all the life that was in her. Sleepless nights had robbed her of her strength; she was withered by her grief into something like the very looks of death. All the long nights, all the long hours since she had lost her son, she had said these things over to herself, that she might say them clear to those who ought to listen. They had now been said, and her poor brain that had shot its force of anger and misery to another heart was cold like the firelock that has sped its ball. She sank back into the chair, faint with weakness; she put out her hands as if she groped for help. "Oh, Mary, Mary!" she entreated now; and again Mary, forgetting all, was ready with fond heart to comfort her.

"It is of no use!" exclaimed Madam

Wallingford, rousing herself at last, and speaking more coldly than before. "I can only keep to one thought,—that my son has gone. 'T is Love brings all our pain; this is what it means to have a child; my joy and my sorrow are one, and the light of my life casts its shadow! And I have always loved you; I have wished many a time, in the old days, that you were my own little girl. And now I am told that this adventurer has won your heart,—this man who speaks much of Glory, lest Glory should forget to speak of him; that you have even made my son a sacrifice to pride and ambition!"

Mary's cheeks flamed, her eyes grew dark and angry; she tried to speak, but she looked in her accuser's face, and first a natural rage, and then a sudden pity and the old love, held her dumb.

"Forgive me, then," said Madam Wallingford, looking at her, and into her heart there crept unwonted shame.

"You do me wrong; you would wrong both your son and me!" and Mary had sprung away next moment from her side. "I have told only the truth. I was harsh to Roger when I had never known him false, and I almost hated him because he seemed unsettled in his course. I even thought that the rising against the Loyalists had frightened him, and I hated him when I thought he was seeking shelter. He came that very night to tell me that he was for the Patriots, and was doing all a brave man could, and standing for liberty with the rest of us. Then I knew better than he how far the distrust of him had gone, and I took it upon myself to plead with the captain of the Ranger. I knew too well that if, already prejudiced by envious tales, he turned the commission down, the mob would quick take the signal. 'T was for love of my friends I acted; something drove me past myself, that night. If Roger should die, if indeed I have robbed you of your son, this was the part I took. I would not have done

otherwise. He has taken a man's part for Liberty, and I thank God. Now I have told you all."

They were facing each other again. Mary's voice was broken; she could say no more. Then, with a quick change of look and with a splendid gesture, Madam Wallingford rose from her place like a queen. Her face shone with sudden happiness; she held out her arms, — no queen and no accuser, but only a bereft woman, a loving heart that had been beggared of all comfort. "Come, my darling," she whispered; "you must forgive me everything, and love me the more for my poor weakness; you will help me to have patience all these weary months."

The sun broke out again from behind a thick, low-hanging cloud, and flooded all the dark chamber. Again the Indian stuffs looked warm and bright; the fire sprang on the hearth as if upon an altar: it was as if Heaven's own light had smiled into the room. Poor Mary's young pride was sore hurt and distressed, but her old friend's wonted look of kindness was strangely coming back; she showed all her familiar affectionateness as if she had passed a great crisis. As for the lad whom they had wept and quarreled over, and for whose sake they had come back again to each other's hearts, he was far out upon the gray and tumbling sea; every hour took him farther and farther from home.

And now Madam Wallingford must talk of him with Mary, and tell her everything; how he had chosen but two books, — his Bible and an old volume of French essays that Master Sullivan had given him when he went to college. "T was his copy of Shakespeare's plays," said she, "that he wanted most; but in all our hurry, and with dullest candlelight, we could find it nowhere, and yesterday I saw it lying here on my chest of drawers. T is not so many days since he read me a pretty piece of

The Tempest, as we sat together. I can hear his voice now as he read: 't was like a lover, the way he said *'my noble mistress!'* and I could but smile to hear him. He saw the great Garrick in his best plays, when he was in London. Roger was ever a pretty reader when he was a boy. T is a gift the dullest child might learn from Master Sullivan."

The mother spoke fondly between smiles and tears; the old book lay open on her knee, and something dropped to the floor, — a twig of faded witch-hazel blossoms that her son had held in his fingers as he read, and left between the leaves for a marker; a twig of witch-hazel, perhaps from the same bough that Mary had broken as she came. It were easy to count it for a message where some one else might think of but a pretty accident. Mary stooped and picked the withered twig of blossoms from the floor, and played with it, smiling as Madam Wallingford talked on, and they sat together late into the autumn twilight. The poor lady was like one who, by force of habit, takes up the life of every day again when death has been in the house. The familiar presence of her young neighbor had cured her for the moment of the pain of loneliness, but the sharp words she had spoken in her distress would ache for many a day in Mary's heart.

Mary did not understand that strange moment when she had been forgiven. Yet the hardest soul might have compassion for a poor woman so overwrought and defeated; she was still staggering from a heavy blow.

It was dark when they parted, and Madam Wallingford showed a strange solicitude after her earlier reproaches, and forbade Mary when she would have crossed the river alone. She took a new air of rightful command, and Rodney must send two of the men with their own boat, and put by the canoe until morning. The stars were bright and

quick as diamonds overhead, and it was light enough on the water, as they crossed. The candle-light in the upper chamber on the hill looked dim, as if there were illness in the house.

Indeed, Madam Wallingford was trembling with cold since her young guest had gone. Susan wrapped her in an old cloak of soft fur, as she sat beside the fire, and turned often to look at her anxiously, as she piled the fagots and logs on the hearth until their flame towered high.

"Dear child, dear child," the poor lady said over and over in her heart. "I think she does not know it yet, but I believe she loves my son."

That night old Susan hovered about her mistress, altering the droop of the bed curtains and untwisting the balls of their fringe with a businesslike air; then she put some heavy knots of wood on the fire for the night, and built it solidly together, until the leaping lights and shadows played fast about the room. She glanced as often as she dared at the tired face on the pillow.

"'T is a wild night, Susan," said Madam Wallingford. "I thought the wind was going down with the sun. How often I have watched for my dear man such nights as this, when he was kept late in Portsmouth! 'T was well we lived in town those latest winters. You remember that Rodney always kept the fire bright in the dining parlor ('t is a cosy place in winter), and put a tankard of mulled wine inside the fender; 't would bring back the color to his face all chilled with winter rain, and the light into his eyes. And Roger would come in with him, holding his father's hand; he would ever run out bareheaded in the wet, while I called from the door to them to come in and let the horse go to stable, and they laughed at me for my fears. Where is Roger to-night, I wonder, Susan? They cannot be in port for a long time yet. I hate to think of him on the sea!"

"Maybe 't is morning there, and the sun out, madam."

"Susan," said Madam Wallingford, "you used to sing to him when he was a baby; sit near the fire awhile, — there is no more for you to do. Sing one of your old hymns, so that I may go to sleep; perhaps it will quiet his heart, too, if we are quiet and try to be at peace."

The very shadows grew stiller, as if to listen as the patient old handmaiden came and sat beside the bed and began to sing, moving her foot as if she still held the restless baby who had grown to be a man. There were quavering notes in her voice, but when she had sung all her pious verses of the Cradle Hymn to their very end Madam Wallingford was fast asleep.

XII.

The Ranger was under full sail, and ran like a hound; she had cleared the Banks, with all their snow squalls and thick nights, without let or hindrance. The captain's boast that he would land his dispatches and spread the news of Burgoyne's surrender in France in thirty days seemed likely to come true. The men were already beginning to show effects of constant vigilance and overwork; but whatever discomforts might arrive, the splendid seamanship of Paul Jones could only be admired by such thoroughgoing sailors as made up the greater portion of his crew. The younger members of the ship's company were full of gayety if the wind and work eased ever so little, and at any time, by night or day, some hearty voice might be heard practicing the strains of a stirring song new made by one of the midshipmen: —

"That is why we Brave the Blast
To carry the news to Lon-don."

There were plenty of rival factions and jealousies. The river men were against all strangers; and even the river men had their own divisions, their warm

friendships and cold aversions, so that now and then some smouldering fire came perilously near an outbreak. The tremendous pressure of work aloft and aloft, the driving wind, the heavy tumbling seas, the constant exposure and strain in such trying duty and incessant service of the sails, put upon every man all that he could well bear, and sent him to his berth as tired as a dog.

It takes but little while for a good shipmaster to discover who are the difficult men in his crew, the sea lawyers and breeders of dissatisfaction. The captain of the *Ranger* was a man of astonishing readiness both to blame and praise; nobody could resist his inspiring enthusiasm and dominating presence, but in absence he was often proved wrong, and roundly cursed, as captains are, with solid satisfaction of resentment. Everybody cheered when he boldly declared against flogging, and even tossed that horrid sea-going implement, the cat, lightly over the ship's side. Even in that surprising moment, one of the old seamen had growled that when you saw a man too good, 't was the time to look out for him.

"I dasen't say but it's about time to get a fuss going," said one of these mariners to a friend, later on. "Gineraly takes about ten days to start a row atween decks, 'less you're extra eased off with good weather."

"This bad weather's all along o' Dickson," ventured his comrade; "if they'd known what they was about, he'd been the fust man they'd hasted to set ashore. I know him; I've knowed him ever since he was a boy. I seen him get a black stripe o' rage acrost his face when he see Mr. Wallin'ford come aboard, that mornin'. Wallin'ford's folks cotched him thievin' when he had his fat chance o' surveyor up country, after the old judge died. He cut their growth on his own account and done a sight o' tricks, and Madam dismissed him, and would ha' jailed him but for pity o' his folks. I always

wished she'd done it; 'twould ha' stamped him plain, if he'd seen the inside o' old York jail for a couple o' years. As 't was, he had his own story to tell, and made out how he was the injured one; so there was some o' them fools that likes to be on the off side that went an' upheld him. Oh, Dickson's smart, and some calls him pious, but I wish you'd seen him the day Madam Wallin'ford sent for him to speak her mind! That mornin' we was sailin' out o' Poremouth, I see him watch the young man as if he was layin' for him like a tiger! There he is now, comin' out o' the cabin. I guess the cap'n's been rakin' him fore an' aft. He hates him; an' Simpson hates him, too, but not so bad. Simpson don't jibe with the cap'n hisself, so he demeans himself to hark to Dickson more'n he otherwise would. Lord, what a cur'ous world this is!"

"What's that n'ise risin' out o' the fo'c's'le now, Cooper? Le's go see!" and the two old comrades made haste to go below.

Paul Jones gave a hearty sigh, as he sat alone in his cabin, and struck his fist into the empty air. He also could hear the sound of a loud quarrel from the gun deck, and for a moment indulged a fierce hope that somebody might be well punished, or even killed, just to lessen the number of citizens in this wrangling village with which he had put to sea. They had brought aboard all the unsettled rivalries and jealousies of a most independent neighborhood.

He looked about him as he sat; then rose and impatiently closed one of his lockers where there was an untidy fold of crumpled clothing hanging out. What miserable surroundings and conditions for a man of inborn fastidiousness and refinement of nature!

Yet this new ship, so fast growing toward the disgusting squalor of an old one; these men, with their cheap sus-

picious and narrow ambitions, were the strong tools ready to his hand. 'T was a manly crew as crews go, and like-minded in respect to their country's wrongs.

"I feel it in my breast that I shall some day be master in a great sea fight!" said the little captain as he sat alone, while the Ranger labored against the waves, and the light of heroic endurance came back to his eyes as he saw again the splendid vision that had ever led him on.

"Curse that scoundrel Dickson!" and his look darkened. "Patience, patience! If I were a better sleeper, I could face everything that can come in a man's day; I could face the devil himself. The wind's in the right quarter now, and the sea's going down. I'll go on deck and give all hands some grog, — I'll give it them myself; the poor fellows are cold and wet, and they serve me like men. We're getting past the worst," and again Paul Jones fell to studying his charts as if they were love letters writ by his lady's hand.

Cooper and Hanscom had come below to join the rest of their watch, and still sat side by side, being old shipmates and friends. There was an easy sort of comfort in being together. Just now they spoke again in low voices of young Mr. Wallingford.

"Young master looks wamble-cropped to me," said Hanscom. "Don't fancy privateerin' so well as ridin' a blood horse on Porchmouth parade, and bein' courted by the Tory big-bugs. Looks wintry in the face to me."

"Lord bless us, when he's old's we are, he'll l'arn that spring al'ays gets round again long's a creatur's alive," answered Cooper, who instinctively gave a general turn to the discussion. "Ary thing that's livin' knows its four seasons, an' I've long maintained that after the wust o' winter, spring usu'ly doos come follerin' right on."

"I don't know but it's so," agreed his mate politely. Cooper would have these fanciful notions, while Hanscom was a plain-spoken man.

"What I'd like to know," said he, "yes, what I'd like to ascertain, is what young Squire Wallin'ford ever come for; 't ain't in his blood to fight on our side, an' he's too straight-minded to play the sneak. Also, he never come from cowardice. No, I can't make it out noway. Sometimes folks mistakes their duty, and risks their all. Bain't spyin' round to do no hurt, is he? — or *is* he?"

There was a sharp suggestion in the way this question was put, and Cooper turned fiercely upon his companion.

"Hunscom, I be ashamed of you!" he said scornfully, and said no more. There was a dull warmth of color in his hard, sea-smitten face; he was an elderly, quiet man, with a round, pleasant countenance, unaltered in the worst of weather, and a look of kindly tolerance.

"There's b'en some consid'able changin' o' sides in our neighborhood, as you know," he said, a few moments later, in his usual tone. "Young Wallin'ford went to school to Master Sullivan, and the old master l'arnt everybody he could l'arn to be honest an' square, to hold by their word, an' be afeard o' nothin'."

"Pity 't was that Dickson could n't ha' got a term o' such schoolin'," said Hanscom, as they beheld that shipmate's unwelcome face peering down the companion.

"Sometimes I wish I was to home again," announced Cooper, in an unexpected fit of despondency. "I don't know why; 't ain't usual with me to have such feelin's in the outset of a v'y'ge. I grow sicker every day o' this flat, strivin' sea. I was raised on a good hill. I don't know how I ever come to foller the sea, anyway!"

The forecastle was a forlorn abiding place at best, and crowded at any hour

almost past endurance. The one hint of homeliness and decency was in the well-made sea chests, which had not been out of place against a steadier wall in the farmhouses whence most of them had come. They were of plain wood, with a touch of art in their rude carving; many of them were painted dull green or blue. There were others with really handsome escutcheons of wrought iron, and all were graced with fine turk's-heads to their rope handles, and every ingenuity of sailors' fancywork.

There was a grumbling company of able seamen, their owners, who had no better place to sit than the chest tops, or to stretch at idle length with these treasures to lean against. The cold sea was nearer to a man than when he was on deck and could reassure himself of freedom by a look at the sky. The hammocks were here and there sagging with the rounded bulk of a sleeping owner, and all jerked uneasily as the vessel pitched and rolled by turns. The air was close and heavy with dampness and tobacco smoke.

At this moment the great sea boots of Simon Staples were seen descending from the deck above, and stumbling dangerously on the slippery straight ladder.

"Handsomely, handsomely," urged a spectator, with deep solicitude.

"She's goin' large now, ain't she? How's she headin' now?" asked a man named Grant.

"She's full an' by, an' headin' east by south half east, — same's we struck out past the Isles o' Shoals," was the mirthful answer. "She can't keep to nothin', an' the cap'n's got to make another night on 't. But she's full an' by, just now, all you lazy larbowlines," he repeated cheerfully, at last getting his head down under decks as his foot found the last step. "She's been on a good leadin' wind this half hour back, an' he's got the stu'n'sails set again; 'tis all luff an' touch her, this v'y'ge."

There was a loud groan from the lis-

teners. The captain insisted upon spreading every rag the ship could stagger under, and while they admired his persistent daring, it was sometimes too much for flesh and blood.

Staples was looking ruefully at his yarn mittens. They were far beyond the possibility of repair, and he took off first one and then the other of these cherished reminders of much logging experience, and, sitting on his sea chest, began to ravel what broken gray yarn was left and to wind it into a ball.

"Goin' to knit you another pair?" inquired Hanscom. "That's clever; empl'y your idle moments."

"Mend up his stockin's, you fool!" explained Grant, who was evidently gifted with some sympathetic imagination.

"I wish they was thumbs up on the stakes o' my old wood-sled," said Staples. "There, when I'm to sea I wish 's how I was lumberin', an' when I'm in the woods I'm plottin' how to git to sea again; ain't no suitin' of me neither way. I al'ays wanted to be aboard a fast sailer, an' here I be thrashin' along, an' lamentin' 'cause my mittins is wore out the fust fortnight."

"My! I wish old Master Hackett that built her could see how she runs!" he exclaimed next moment, as if a warm admiration still had power to cheer him. "I marked her lines for a beauty the day I see her launched: 't was what drove me here. There was plenty a-watchin' her on Langdon's Island that hoped she'd stick in the stays, but she took the water like a young duck."

"He'd best not carry so much sail when she's clawin' to wind'ard close-hauled," growled James Chase, an old Nantucket seaman, with a warning shake of the head. "'T won't take much to lay her down, I can tell him! I never see a ship drove so, in my time. Lord help every soul aboard if she wa'n't so weatherly!"

Fernald and Sherburne, old Ports-

mouth sailors, wagged their sage heads in solemn agreement; but William Young, a Dover man, with a responsible look, was waiting with some impatience for Chase to stand out of the poor supply of light that came down the narrow hatchway. Young was reading an old copy of the New Hampshire Gazette that had already been the solace of every reading man aboard.

"What in time's been the matter amongst ye?" Staples now inquired, with interest. "I heard as how there was a fuss goin' down below; ain't ary bully-raggin' as I can see; dull as meetin'!" Hanscom and Cooper looked up eagerly; some of the other men only laughed for answer; but Chase signified that the trouble lay with their messmate Starbuck, who appeared surly, and sat with his back to the company. He now turned and displayed a much-disfigured countenance, but said nothing.

"What's the cap'n about now?" Chase hastened to inquire pointedly.

"He's up there a-cunnin' the ship," answered Staples. "He's workin' the life out o' Grosvenor at the wheel. I just come from the maintop; my arms aches as if they'd been broke with a crowbar. I lost my holt o' the life line whilst we was settin' the stun's'l there on the maintop's'l yard, an' I give me a dreadful wrench. He had n't ought to send them green boys to such places, neither; pore little Johnny Downes was makin' out to do his stent like a man, but the halyards got fouled in the jewel blocks, an' for all he's so willin'-hearted the tears was a-runnin' down his cheeks when he come back. I was skeert the wind'd blow him off like a whirligig off a stick, an' I spoke sharp to him so's to brace him, an' give him a good boxed ear when I got him in reach. He was about beat, an' half froze anyway; his fingers looked like the p'int's o' parsnips. When he got back he laid right over acrost the cap. I left him up there a-clingin' on."

"He worked as handsome a pair o' man-rope knots as I ever see, settin' here this mornin'," said Cooper passionately. "He'll make a good smart sailor, but he needs to grow; he's dreadful small to send aloft in a spell o' weather. The cap'n don't save himself, this v'y'ge, nor nobody else."

"Come, you'd as good's hear what Starbuck's b'en saying," said Chase, with a wink. He had been waiting impatiently for this digression to end.

"That spry-tempered admiral o' yours don't know how to treat a crew!" Starbuck burst forth, at this convenient opportunity. "Some on us gits a whack ivery time he parades the deck. He's re'lly too outdacious for decent folks. This arternoon I was a-loungin' on the gratin's an' got sort o' drowsin' off, an' I niver heard him comin' nor knowed he was there. Along he come like some upstropelous poppet an' give me a cuff side o' my head. I dodged the next one, an' spoke up smart 'fore I knowed what I was doin'. 'Damn ye, le' me be!' says I, an' he fetched me another on my nose here; most stunded me.

"'I'll arn ye to make yourself sca'ce! Keep to the port-hand side where ye belong! Remember you're aboard a man-o'-war!' says he, hollerin like a crowin' pullet. 'T ain't no fishin' smack! Go forrard! Out o' the way with ye!' says he, same's I was a stray dog. I run to the side, my nose was a-bleedin' so, an' I fumbled after somethin' to serve me for a hankicher.

"'Here's mine,' says he, 'but you've got to understand there's discipline on this frigate,' says he. Joseph Fernald knows where I was," continued the sufferer; "you see me, Joseph, when you come past. 'T wa'n't larboard nor starboard; 't was right 'midships, 'less I may have rolled one way or t'other. I could ha' squinched him so all the friends he'd ever needed'd be clargy an' saxon, an' then to pass me his linning hankicher's

if I was a young lady! I dove into my pockets an' come upon this old piece o' callamink I'd wropped up some 'baccy in. I never give a look at him; I d' know but he gallded me more when he was pleasant 'n when he fetched me the clip. I ketched up a lingum-vitæ marlinspike I see by me an' took arter him. I should ha' hit him good, but he niver turned to look arter me, an' I come to reason. If I'd had time, I'd ha' hit him, if I'd made the rest o' this v'y'ge in irons."

"Lord sakes! don't you bluster no more!" advised old Mr. Cooper soothingly, with a disapproving glance at the pleased audience. "Shipmasters like him ain't goin' to ask ye every mornin' how seafarin' agrees with ye. He ain't goin' to treat hisself nor none on us like passengers. He ain't had three hours' sleep a night sence this v'y'ge begun. He's been studyin' his charts this day, with his head set to 'em on the cabin table 's if they showed the path to heaven. They was English charts, too, 'long by Bristol an' up there in the Irish Sea. I see 'em through the skylight."

"I'll bate he's figurin' to lay outside some o' them very ports an' cut out some han'some prizes," said Falls, one of the gunners, looking down out of his hammock. Falls was a young man full of enthusiasm, who played the fiddle.

"You'll find 't will be all glory for him, an' no prizes for you, my young musicianer!" answered Starbuck, who was a discouraged person by nature. Now that he had a real grievance his spirits seemed to rise. "Up hammocks all! Show a leg!" he gayly ordered the gunner.

"Wall, I seldom seen so good a navigator as the cap'n in my time," insisted Staples. "He knows every man's duty well 's his own, an' that he knows to a maracle."

"I'll bate any man in this fo'c's'le that he's a gre't fighter; you wait an' see the little wasp when he's gittin' into

action!" exclaimed Chase, who had been with Paul Jones on the Alfred. "He knows no fear an' he sticks at nothin'! You hold on till we're safe in Channel, an' sight one o' them fat-bellied old West Injymen lo'ded deep an' headed up for London. Then you'll see Gre't Works in a way you niver expected."

This local allusion was not lost upon most members of the larboard watch, and Starbuck's wrongs, with the increasing size of his once useful nose, were quite disregarded in the hopeful laughter which followed.

"Hand me the keerds," said one of the men lazily. "Falls, there, knows a couple o' rale queer tricks."

"You keep 'em dowsed; if he thinks we ain't sleepin' or eatin', so 's to git our courage up," said Staples, "he'll have every soul on us aloft. Le' 's set here where 't's warm an' put some keeklin' on Starbuck; the cap'n's 'n all places to once, with eyes like gimblets, an' the wind's a-blowin' up there round the lubber holes like the mouth o' hell!"

Chase, the Nantucket sailor, looked at him, with a laugh.

"What a farmer you be!" he exclaimed. "Makes me think of a countryman, shipmate o' mine on the brig Polly Dunn. We was whaling in the South Seas, an' it come on to blow like fury; we was rollin' rails under, an' I was well skeert myself; feared I could n't keep my holt; him an' me was on the fore yard together. He looked dreadful easy an' pleasant. I thought he'd be skeert too, if he knowed enough, an' I kind o' swore at the fool an' axed him what he was a-thinkin' of. 'Why, 't is the 20th o' May,' says he: 'all the caows goes to pastur' to-day, to home in Eppin'!'"

There was a cheerful chuckle from the audience. Grant alone looked much perplexed.

"Why, 't is the day, ain't it?" he protested. "What be you all a-laughin' at?"

At this moment there was a strange

lull; the wind fell, and the Ranger stopped rolling, and then staggered as if she balked at some unexpected danger. One of the elder seamen gave an odd warning cry. A monstrous hammer seemed to strike the side, and a great wave swept over as if to bury them forever in the sea. The water came pour-

ing down and flooded the fore-castle knee-deep. There was an outcry on deck, and an instant later three loud knocks on the scuttle.

"All the larboard watch ahoy!" bawled John Dougall. "Hear the news, can't ye? All hands up! All hands on deck!"

Sarah Orne Jewett.

(To be continued.)

IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

IN April, 1865, my home was in Cumberland County, Virginia, near what, before the days of railroads, had been the old stage road between Richmond and Lynchburg. There were then left in the whole state but four counties which had neither been reached by raiders nor occupied by the contending armies: Patrick and Henry in the southwestern part, and Buckingham and Cumberland near the centre south of the James River. At the approach of the enemy, the planters on the north side of the river ferried their valuable horses and other stock across to the last two counties, whence Sheridan's troopers derisively nicknamed them "the horse heaven."

Again and again had we been threatened, and once narrowly saved by a spring freshet which hindered Sheridan and Custer from laying their pontoons across James River. Every one felt that the "anaconda folds" were tightening, and we looked forward helplessly to the fast approaching time when we too, whose county had been a favorite harbor for refugees, should be left within the enemy's lines,—an enemy from whom we had been persistently taught that we were to expect no mercy. On Monday morning, April 3, a neighbor sent to ask the loan of our buggy, to take to the railway station her son, a surgeon

on duty at Richmond, who had been at home on a brief leave of absence. Early in the afternoon came word that he had returned, bringing tidings that Richmond had been evacuated the previous night, and that Lee's army was in full retreat. The wildest rumors were afloat, all of them pregnant with disaster, death, and defeat. That night the advance guard of the treasure train arrived, on its way to North Carolina, and from midnight until early dawn its wagons thundered across the bridge at the foot of the hill on which our house was built.

Tuesday, our breakfast table was kept standing from six o'clock, the hour of the early breakfast given to the half dozen officers quartered under our roof the night before, until one P. M., when it was cleared for early dinner. During the day over forty commissioned officers sat down thereto; of the soldiers whom we fed outside no count was taken, and I am unable even to guess at their number. From the officers we learned that the retreating army trains had been divided into three branches; or rather, four. Jefferson Davis had fled, taking the public documents, by railroad to Danville, and a provision train had been sent, by the Danville Railroad, also, to meet Lee's army at Amelia Court House. That Davis, in his panic, had taken this train

on to Danville, leaving the army to almost certain starvation, we heard later on, when the end had come. The quartermaster's train had gone in the wake of the army, through Amelia, by way of Jetersville; the ordnance and hospital train was in front of the army; while the treasure train, as already stated, had come our way.

Among our guests was Major Isaac Carrington, provost marshal of Richmond, with some of his staff, and the firing of the city was naturally among the chief topics of conversation. The version which he gave may be regarded as official, and I believe has never yet been in print:—

There had been a heated discussion on the subject in a council held by the Confederate Cabinet and generals. General Lee had opposed the measure, on the score of the suffering which it must necessarily entail on the crowded town. Davis urged it strongly, and cited the examples of the Dutch who cut their dikes, and the Russians who fired Moscow. The cotton and tobacco stored in the government warehouses—an immense amount—would go far to defray the Federal war debt: were they to be tamely surrendered? This last argument carried the vote. The warehouses were ordered to be burned, and to Major Carrington was assigned the duty of executing the order. The fire brigade was called out, and every possible precaution taken to confine the fire to these warehouses. The Home Guard, a militia composed of old men and boys, with the aid of a small detachment of regular soldiers, were, at the same time, detailed to break open the liquor stores in the city and empty the liquor into the gutters, in order to mitigate as far as possible the horrors of the expected sack.

The work was begun according to programme; but its projectors had reckoned without their hosts. Out from every slum and alley poured the scum of the city, fugitives from justice, de-

serters, etc. The troops were knocked down over the barrels they were striving to empty, and a free fight ensued. Men, women, and children threw themselves flat on the pavement and lapped the liquor from the gutters; or, seizing axes, broke into any and every store they chose. The fire caught the inflammable fluids, and ran in a stream of flame along the streets. The firemen abandoned their hose, and joined the mob in the work of wholesale plunder; and riot and robbery held high carnival, while the flames raged without let or hindrance, until the morning, when the Union army entered quietly and decorously, and at once set to work to extinguish the conflagration,—thus presenting the spectacle, unique in history, of a besieging army occupying a town, and, instead of harrowing the residents, at once proceeding to relieve their sufferings from fire and famine.

Major Turner, commandant of Libby Prison, was among our visitors, on Tuesday morning. He had spent the night and breakfasted at the house of a neighboring planter. My sister's husband, the adjutant general of the cavalry, at that time with Hampton in the south, was by birth a Philadelphian, and his immediate relatives were all officers in the Union army. His brother, a captain on Custer's staff, had some months previous, to use his own expression, been "picked up by General Heath, while reconnoitring," and sent to the Libby. Hearing of his capture, my sister at once sent him a box of eatables and some underclothing. The box reached Richmond after his exchange, which, through his brother's influence, had been promptly effected. In accordance with his parting instructions, the supplies were delivered to his messmates. It was to remind Mrs. McC. (my sister) of this, and to furnish her with the names of the Federal officers who had thus inadvertently been made to break our bread, that Major Turner called, thinking that

she might find the incident useful when left within the Union lines.

He seemed to me nervous and anxious, perhaps because I thought he had good cause to be so, but the testimony of others is that he was remarkably cool and collected. My father, by virtue of his more than threescore years, urged him to lose no time in making his escape, since from his position he was doubly obnoxious to the enemy.

Major Turner insisted, however, with evident sincerity, that he had no special reason for apprehension. He had, he said, merely done his duty in the office, which he had never sought, to which the Confederate government had called him. He had always tried to be kind to the prisoners under his charge; for the meagre rations served to them he was in no wise to blame, — a government which could not feed its soldiers could scarcely be expected to feast its prisoners. His fellow officers did not agree with him in his view of the case, and joined my father in his advice. When next we heard from him he had been sent to the Dry Tortugas, and news of his death soon followed.

Later in the day came General Walker and his quartermaster. His brigade was without rations; what supplies had we on hand? He was shown papers certifying that we had already responded to General Lee's appeal, and put ourselves on half rations in order to feed the army at Petersburg. "In that case," he said, "we have no right to take more; but," he pleaded, "my men are absolutely starving." Such a plea was not to be resisted, and so our slender stores were again divided, though we knew that we ourselves must go hungry in consequence. Next came a pitiful appeal from a party of officers trying to rejoin their command. Their horses had not been fed for thirty-six hours, and had fallen, exhausted, almost at our gates. These too were helped and sent on, the men walking to rest the

horses; and so the train passed. It reminded me of nothing so much as a funeral procession.

Wednesday morning was damp and cloudy, though no rain fell. Before daybreak we heard the booming of cannon far away to the southeast, moving slowly toward the west, in the arc of an ellipse, until on Sunday morning, after a pause of some hours, there came a final volley, — the salute fired for Lee's surrender. On Wednesday, also, the stream of stragglers began, hungry-eyed, ragged, and footsore, begging, one and all, for the food which we had not to give them. The flood which had swept away Lee's dams at Petersburg had broken our milldam, and the mill wheels stood idle. We had given away corn and meal freely, until little was left for ourselves. We had ordered supplies from Richmond some three weeks previous, and could only hope that the flatboat which was bringing them had left the James and entered our little river before the enemy's cavalry had overhauled it, — a hope destroyed later on by the arrival of the free negro who owned the boat, with the news that Sheridan's troopers had sunk craft and cargo to the bottom of the river. "I could er stood it better," he said, "if dey had er took en en took de t'ings fur demselves; but ter see all dat good vittles jes' bodily 'stroyed, sah, it hu't my feelin's, sah, it p'intedly did."

Wednesday afternoon we had a notable caller, a handsome fellow in a brand-new Confederate uniform, with a captain's bars on his collar. He asked for Mrs. McC. by name, claimed to be well acquainted with her husband, the major, and said that he had been a scout at Stuart's headquarters. He knew the names of the whole staff, claimed Stringfellow as a brother in craft, and talked of officers and men as near and dear friends. I took an instant antipathy to him, principally, I must confess, because he called me "missy;" but my clear-

sighted father distrusted him on better grounds, and gave me a hint not to be too communicative. He thirsted for information, and, won by his praise of her husband and his evident familiarity with army matters, my sister was ready to tell him all she knew. Then it was that, for the only time in my life, I told falsehood after falsehood, deliberately and unblushingly. I contradicted her statements flatly: it was the ordnance, and not the treasure train, that had passed our way; the treasure had gone to Danville by rail with Davis. In the midst of my fabrications my father came in, and I gave myself up for lost. The unpardonable sin, in his eyes, was falsehood, and he had no patience whatever with prevarication. But I stuck to my story stubbornly, determined to "die in the last ditch," even when she appealed to him to corroborate her account of the matter. I could scarcely believe my ears when he threw his weight into my false balance. "I think S. is right, my daughter; you know her memory is unusually good, and you were out of the room a great deal yesterday, while she was present nearly all the time." Then my sister backed down, and went off to write a hasty note to her husband, to be sent by the stranger, who professed to be on his way to join Johnston, and I was left to perjure myself still further in the service of the Southern Confederacy. The major never received his letter, and he and others afterwards identified our friend as one of Sheridan's most trusted scouts.

As I look back to those days, they appear as a horrible nightmare. We lay down at night in our clothes, not daring to go regularly to bed, for fear lest we might be roused at any hour by the blaze of our burning mills. I had a small five-shooter, which I wore constantly, and thus felt that, to some degree, I held my fate in my own hands; but it is not an exhilarating consciousness to know that at any moment you

may be called upon to save yourself from dishonor by taking your own life. Fortunately for us, the armies were kept well together, and the stragglers were too cowed and exhausted to be dangerous; but, for all that, my feminine fancy for gilt braid and brass buttons died a violent death, and I never see a military uniform without recalling the sickening dread of that time.

Ours was apprehension, not actual suffering, and others fared far worse. It was almost by accident that I was at home during that terrible first week in April, instead of being, as I had planned, on a visit to an intimate friend, whose home lay directly in the line of retreat and pursuit. The last battle of the war, that of Sailor's Creek, was fought two miles away, on a corner of her father's plantation, and for four days the house was filled with Federal soldiers, coming and going. At one time kerosene oil was poured on the floors preparatory to burning the house, on the ground that it afforded shelter for Confederate sharpshooters, — an intention which, however, fortunately for the family, was not carried out.

When it first became certain that the armies were coming, the owner of the plantation made ready for them by emptying the valuable contents of his liquor closet into the river, — a measure which did little good, since his more avaricious neighbors hid their liquor, instead of destroying it, and the soldiers had no difficulty in finding plenty in the vicinity. Such provisions and valuables as could be hastily concealed were hidden with the aid of a faithful slave, and the women and children of the family, four generations, — grandmother, mother, daughter, and grandchildren, with their governess and her sister, — were assembled in one room, which as far as possible was prepared for a siege. Their numbers were more than quadrupled when, early in the first day, between forty and fifty refugees, women and children from

the wagon train, which had been raided at Sailor's Creek, rushed in, tired and disheveled and draggled, begging for shelter, which was freely given; no one in need was ever turned away from that hospitable door. The refugees were packed into the chamber with the family, and, as it proved, the crowd was in itself a means of safety. As one of the young ladies said afterwards: "Nobody could get into the door; we were packed like herrings. Now and then drunken soldiers would stagger to door or window and peep in, but there were so many of us that they made no attempt to enter. Mother had thought we could make out with three beds, by close squeezing; but after the refugees came they seemed like nothing. We put two of the mattresses on the floor, and then took turns in lying down, six and eight of us on a bed at once." The food stored in a closet for the family was merely a bite among so many; and after it gave out they lived on Irish potatoes, handed in through the windows by the faithful slaves, and roasted in the ashes of the fire, kept up by wood supplied in the same way. For three days they had nothing else to eat.

The family plate was concealed in the cellar, under a huge pile of potatoes. The soldiers cleared the premises of everything else eatable, but left the potatoes untouched, in spite of the fact that the cellar door stood wide open, and the headman, who had hidden the silver, cordially invited them to help themselves. "I thought ef I did n' pear to kyar 'bout 'um, dey would n' 'spicion nothin'," he said afterwards. Our own silver was tied up in a stout bag, and dropped at midnight into the well. This well had been dug in the hill itself by a former owner of the place, who declared that at any cost he would have water close at hand. He dug ninety feet, and then struck a perennial stream of pure, cold water, which at its normal height was about fifteen feet deep. There the silver lay, like truth, until the next fall,

before we could secure the services of a well-cleaner willing and able to go to the bottom in search of it.

The telegraph poles were down, the mails stopped, and it was not until Monday, April 10, that Confederate cavalymen, returning on parole, brought us tidings of the surrender at Appomattox Court House. First, of course, was the crushing sense of defeat, the helpless and hopeless looking forward to confiscation and possible exile; and, having no expectation of amnesty, next to that came astonishment at the liberal terms which Grant had accorded. The Confederates, men as well as officers, owned their horses; and only a cavalryman, whose steed has for years been his comrade and best friend, knows what that sentence, "Let them keep their horses," meant to men who had fought to the bitter end, and had looked for no clemency from their conquerors. There was much wild talk of joining Johnston in North Carolina, and retreating thence to the Trans-Mississippi, among those who had come away unparoled, at the first knowledge that the surrender was inevitable. Others took a more practical view of the situation. "I tell you," said one ingenuous lad, "the Southern Confederacy has gone up the spout, and I'm goin' home to plant corn."

We did not realize fully, however, that, so far as we Virginians were concerned, the end had come, until the next day, when General Fitz Lee and his staff stopped to rest and water their horses, on their way they scarcely knew whither. We set before them the best we had for lunch; but while the members of his staff ate like hungry men, the general scarcely tasted food, and sat with his head in his hands, as one who has suffered a crushing blow. Only once did he really rouse himself, when my sister spoke bitterly of the straggling from the ranks of our army; then his eyes flashed, and his voice took on its old tone. "Madam," he said, "the

men were not to blame. They fought like devils, until they were faint with hunger, and their officers sent them in quest of food. *Our rations from Amelia Court House to Appomattox were an ear of corn a day apiece for the men; nothing for the horses.*" None of the party had been paroled, and most of the staff were hoping to make their way by bridle paths to North Carolina and Johnston. They implored their leader to go with them. "We have surely the right to regard ourselves as escaped prisoners," urged one, a young lieutenant, whose story, as he told it to us in his despair, was a pitiful one. He was from West Virginia, and his family, one and all, were strong Unionists. He had been a Lexington cadet, and had entered the Confederate army under age and against his father's positive command; and now there seemed no choice for him but that of joining Johnston, or the rôle of the prodigal son with apparently little chance of success. Some of the officers, with my father's aid, were tracing the route on a large map of the state, spread out on the piano, through Buckingham and Amherst, and so, by way of the mountains, to the desired goal, only to prove clearly that there was barely a chance of escape.

Suddenly the general lifted his bowed head, and looked my father straight in the eyes. "What do *you* think?" he said. "You know best, general," was the answer; "but if an old man may advise you, I think that your uncle is the best guide for us all in this strait. Moreover, it seems to me impossible that Johnston, hemmed in as he is between Grant and Sherman, can do otherwise than follow his example. If he cuts his way out, it must be at fearful loss of life."

"Yes, I suppose you are right; only I felt yesterday that I *could* not give up. Come, boys," and bidding us a hasty good-by, they rode away on the Farmville road.

As soon as definite intelligence of the

surrender reached us, my father called his slaves together and formally announced to them that they were free. "I have no money," he told them, "and I cannot promise you wages; but while you are free to go, you are also welcome to remain, and earn a living for yourselves and your children by your labor, until you can do better for yourselves, or I can do better for you." Like almost all the negroes in the country, they behaved admirably; gave us no trouble, but remained and did their work as though there had been no change in our mutual relations. This pleasant state of affairs was soon interrupted. There came two men, one in the uniform of a United States sergeant, the other a private, who curtly asked how our ex-slaves were conducting themselves. My father answered that they were behaving much better than we had any right to expect.

"Do any of them talk of leaving?"

"Only one: a woman whose husband is headman on a plantation in another county, and who naturally wishes to be with him."

"H'm! let me see this woman."

My father was about to accompany them to the cabin, when he was rudely repulsed.

"We prefer to talk to her alone."

A few moments later he heard screams, and he followed them to find the men whipping her brutally. Again and again he assured them that she had done nothing whatever to deserve punishment, and vainly ordered them to desist. After a savage beating they left, and her stripes were dressed. Her sufferings were intense, and blacks and whites were alike indignant at the outrage. The same men went to various other places in the neighborhood, with the same results. No one ventured to oppose them, and their conduct was, as might have been expected, followed by more or less of a stampede among the colored people, who, suspecting their former owners, flocked

to the military stations for protection. We were never able to find out, still less to punish, the perpetrators of these high-handed outrages. The military authorities at Farmville disclaimed all knowledge of them, but made no effort to trace them; and they disappeared as they had come, no one knew whither.

To realize how well the negroes behaved, it must be remembered that we were, for the time being, comparatively in their power. Cumberland lies in what is known as the Black District, where they outnumber the whites seven to one; or, to give the exact figures by the census of 1860, there were six thousand five hundred people in the county, of whom less than nine hundred were white. In 1865 the fortunes of war had more than decimated the able-bodied white men, so that at any time, by a bold and simultaneous uprising, the blacks, had they been so disposed, might have blotted the whites out of existence. It was to this state of affairs, and the fears to which it gave birth, that the Ku-Klux Klan owed its origin. Whatever may have been the outrages of that society later on, and farther south, at first it represented a means of self-protection against numbers by working upon the superstitious fears of the negro.

Sunday, April 16, brought us news of Lincoln's assassination. To us younger folk the murder of the President of the United States was of little moment as compared with our own trials, — a gatepost near by may hide a mountain in the distance, — but our father took it

sorely to heart. "It is the worst misfortune that was left to befall us," said he. "Lincoln was the one man in all the North who could well afford to be magnanimous, and — I say it, not forgetting Grant's leniency at Appomattox — was the one man wholly inclined to be so. 'Sic semper tyrannis,' forsooth! What's Virginia to Booth, or he to Virginia? — and how should he serve her by cutting her throat?" Months afterwards, when that wise gray head lay at rest under the sod, we appreciated its wisdom only too well.

For the near future, so far as we personally were concerned, the darkest hour was over. That we were under military rule seemed a little thing, after having been without any government at all, and in terror of our lives. When my brother-in-law, from whom for six weeks we had heard nothing, returned safe and sound, we were thankful indeed. He had surrendered with Johnston, and brought with him his share of the military stores which Sherman allowed Johnston to divide among his men, rather than risk a battle with an army at bay and strongly intrenched. Those who blamed Sherman for his liberality in conceding such terms took no thought of the lives saved on both sides; still less of what those army stores, so little to the United States government, were to the beggared people among whom they were distributed. To us, for example, the train of mules, the provisions, and the silver which the major brought home as his share meant salvation, if not from starvation, at least from pinching want.

Sara Matthews Handy.

THE ESMERALDA HERDERS.

LOUIS PAPIN laid his thumbèd Shakespeare on the table, after many ineffectual attempts to read it, and said aloud in a speculative tone of voice, "Perhaps I'd better try a game of solitaire."

He spread the cards out before him with much care; but the game proceeded slowly, for the reason that he seemed to have difficulty in recognizing the value of a card, staring at a three spot or a knave of clubs with uncomprehending eyes, as if he had never seen the like before. All of which meant, of course, that the enterprising impresario of the Esmeralda ranch had something on his mind.

Something was, indeed, so imperatively upon his mind that, after fifteen minutes of uncomprehending devotion to his game, he gathered up his cards, and, putting them in their case, began to pace the floor of his room. He had, no doubt, plenty of troubles of a personal sort, if he had had the time to think about them. But his perplexity on this night was of another kind. The truth was, he stood face to face with the most vexatious problem which had confronted him since he came down from San Francisco to look after eight thousand merinos for Leonard and Filbin. One year there had been an epidemic of acute tonsillitis, but he had nursed the men through that so successfully that not one grave on the wind-ravaged desert told the tale; another season the sheep had been stricken with influenza, but that was weathered with the loss of a few hundred head; and once, in the dead of the wet season, — the season of black nights, — a series of disastrous raids had been made by the Mexicans, in which nearly two thousand of the long-wooled sheep had been "cut out."

Papin congratulated himself upon having met all of these difficulties with

decision and a heart for the struggle. Neither he nor his men had faltered till order and normality were restored. But it was a different matter now. A malady of more serious character than tonsillitis had broken out among the men. It was homesickness, — endemic, contagious, malignant homesickness.

Three of the men were down in bed from sheer sullenness, and there was hardly a man about the place who would vouchsafe an intelligible and frank answer to a question. The home-madness was on them, and deeper each day grew their disgust for the desert, where the senseless sheep browsed and the rabid sun made its frantic course.

It had come about naturally enough. The season had been unusually hot and dusty, and it seemed as if the sun grudged every hour which the night claimed for its own. The stars were well upon their way before the eyes of the herders could discover them, and the dawn was hustled, dry and breathless, over the mountains. They hardly caught a glimpse of her pale draperies before the day, swaggering and insolent, was there, holding her place with evil assurance. The quarters looked even more than usually uninviting. Lee Hang, the Chinaman, was an evil fellow, careless and ill-natured, and things got at their worst under his management. It seemed as if the men breathed and ate dust. It was actually in their food. It was on their beds. They could not escape it; the sky appeared to be blurred with it. They began to see visions in the twilight hour, — visions of trees beside running brooks, and dewy paths where women walked. The desert was womanless, and thereby doubly a desert. All of these things Papin reviewed in his weary mind. He wished more than he could say that some perfectly sane and disinterested person

would come along, to whom he might explain his perplexities. Perhaps he was a trifle anxious about his own poise. It had come to him once or twice that if there should be an hegira of the whole gang, — the dogs would follow merrily, — he, Papin, would have a good and legitimate excuse for ceasing to be factor of the dreariest ranch in Southern California. And this thought, upon reflection, did not seem to be just the sort which Leonard and Filbin would expect their manager to entertain.

He was granted his wish for a companion much sooner than could possibly have been expected.

The next afternoon, just as the west was getting red, along came a white-covered wagon, driven by a coolie, and containing Mrs. Ambrose Herrick, wife of the manager for Stebbins of the 'Toinette ranch, with her baby and two maids.

"I've been up in the mountains all summer, Mr. Papin," she explained, when she had been lifted out of her roomy vehicle. "Mr. Herrick said it was n't fit for the sheep down here in midsummer. But I'm worn out with sunrise excursions and horseback parties and hops. I made up my mind that if the rest of you could stand it down here, we could. Besides," she added, somewhat anxiously, "it's the middle of September. Don't you think Mr. Herrick will forgive me for surprising him by my return?"

"I should think it would be an offense easy to overlook," answered Papin.

"The first night we put up at Farnsworth's Inn, but there was no hope for a roof over our heads to-night unless we reached the Esmeralda. I hope you are not going to be inconvenienced. We'll put up with any sort of accommodation."

"Don't you know you are conferring a favor, Mrs. Herrick? Lee Hang will be tickled to death at sight of your coolie; and the maids can have more admirers than they ever dreamed of, if they'll only consent to talk with my lonely fel-

lows. The sight of women will do us all good."

It was an enthusiastic welcome, as she had known that it would be. Papin made her pour the coffee at dinner, while he gave himself up to the enjoyment of an evanescent sense of domesticity.

"I wish I could commend your impulsiveness, Mrs. Herrick," he said. "Herrick will certainly congratulate himself because of it. But the actual truth is that you have come back four weeks too soon. You have n't had a chance yet to learn what the Californian desert *can* do. Pity may sit in the heavens elsewhere, but not here. The world's hidden batteries may hold swift currents for others; for us they have nothing, — not even the boon of swift destruction."

And he told her of the madness that had come upon the men.

"They are preposterous children, Mrs. Herrick. If they were down with the fever, I might see some hope ahead. But they're in the dumps, and it's dangerous."

"I suppose I am to take you seriously?"

"Quite seriously, madam. I have told them my best stories, and had the pain of seeing them fall flat. I have essayed jokes; they might as well have been lamentations. I have played jigs on my violin, but I might better have devoted myself to funeral marches."

The Chinese sweets had been served and eaten, and Mrs. Herrick's host led the way out to the gallery.

They seated themselves comfortably in the low chairs, and Mrs. Herrick clasped her hands and watched the stars beginning to burn fervidly through the dust-laden atmosphere.

"Our stars have all turned red," commented Papin; "and as for our sunsets, they are bloody."

"I'm afraid it *was* too soon to bring the baby back," Mrs. Herrick said anxiously.

A penetrating and imperative cry broke the stillness.

"There is the baby now!" She arose and ran to her chamber, returning with the little creature in her arms.

"The maids are at dinner, so I thought I would bring him out here, Mr. Papin. I hope you don't mind."

"A man who has seen only saddle-skinned herders with sun-bleached elf-locks for four months is not likely to object to this," was Papin's ardent reply.

The baby was undressed, and its flesh showed the tint of a half-opened wild rose. Its shy azure eyes contemplated Papin curiously, and it finally reached out a moist and clinging hand and inclosed one of the impresario's fingers. It gave inarticulate, wild-bird cries; and when the moon showed a florid face above the horizon, it stretched out its arms in longing for this celestial toy.

"The immemorial aspiration of babies," said Papin, really very much amused at the offended manner in which the baby buried its face in its mother's breast and wailed, when it found that the glorious object was not handed over to it.

"Everything seems immemorial," Mrs. Herrick said, — "the desert most of all."

"I know what you mean," responded Papin. "I have felt it. The herders, — how ancient is their vocation! The sheep, — they are of eld! I believe these are the same flocks that the holy shepherds tended; the same ones that Phillis and Corydon piped to. And I, — am I not the most ancient of all? I, the man who does nothing, — who waits for some event within his own soul, knowing it will never come?"

"I read Amiel's Journal while I was up in the hills," commented Mrs. Herrick.

"Did you? I started to read it, but I feared I might be trying to extenuate myself by means of its logic. It will make me melancholy if we talk of Amiel. See what a flush the moonlight has! No one could call this a silver light."

"No; it is red gold."

A silence fell, — a tribute to the beauty of the night. Then the baby grew restless, and Mrs. Herrick nuzzled it, and sent it to Banbury Cross and brought it back again. Somehow, all this gave a certain pang to Papin. It even embarrassed him. He ventured a suggestion.

"Mrs. Herrick, I wonder if you would have the great goodness to take the baby to the quarters and show him to the men? You have no idea how they would appreciate it!"

"If any poor creature wants to see the baby, he must not be denied. It is really pitiable to me to think of the number of persons in the world who have never seen the baby." She arose, laughing and eager, and followed her host.

Such of the herders as were not upon the night shift were sitting on benches without the house, looking off with un-anticipatory eyes toward the arching sky, when Victoria Herrick went out to them in her fragrant white garments, carrying her half-naked baby in her arms. The glorifying radiance of the night lit up her young face, elate with its maternal joy, picked out the rounded whiteness of her arm, and glimmered through the drifting draperies of her gown.

The men stared from her to the babe, and something clinked hard and dry in their throats. Louis Papin had made a mistake, and he realized it. Still, the scene must be gone through with somehow.

"We are all a trifle awkward with babies," he said, addressing Mrs. Herrick, but speaking for the benefit of the men. "The only ones we see are at lambing time."

Mrs. Herrick's clear and happy laugh rang out.

"I like all kinds of babies, from pigs to monkeys," she said. "I am sure I should like little lambs. But this kind of a baby is my choice!" And she snatched her little son close to her, fairly wreathing him about her neck, while

the baby clutched at his mother's hair, and gave little shrieks as penetrating as the cries of a young jay. Then, under cover of the little one's happy clamor and the shy compliments of the men, Mrs. Herrick made good her retreat.

"You should not have asked me to go out there!" she cried reprovingly, when she was alone again with the impresario. "The baby quite upset them."

Louis Papin looked at the glowing and beautiful face of the young woman, and smiled.

"The vision was too fair," he admitted. "I would better have left them to a contemplation of the desert."

When the serving women had made all comfortable for the night, and the lady and her little one were sleeping, Louis Papin paced the earthen floor of the gallery, and indulged himself in a luxury of reminiscence, which, unfortunately, he could confide to none. The great lack in his life was a friend. As star dust may float in space, luminous and unformed, so the friendliness of this man failed to find any creature to whom it could attach itself. There had once been a man, out there at the Edge of Things, to whom Papin might have told many secrets, but somehow the chances had slipped by; and just when he had reached the point where he might have unburdened his heart, the man had gone off toward the North, with exultant heart, following a phantom, and Papin saw him no more.

To-night there came to him, with cruel tantalization, a vision of the home potential, — the home to which he had not attained, and which, because of some inherent hesitancy of his nature, compacted of delicacy and melancholy, he seemed never to be likely to achieve. As a convict in his cell dreams of joy, so this man, environed by the desert, who had sucked solitude into his soul, permitted himself, for an hour, to picture eagerly the comforts, the fine amenities, of a life about a hearthstone. He reproached himself

for having been false to his generation. He blamed himself bitterly for what seemed, to-night, to be nothing better than criminal stupidity. He had turned his back, with silly cowardice, upon the beauty and fire of life, and, secure, as he had thought, from all assaults of passion or ambition, had fixed himself here in the wilderness among these sullen men. Perhaps never in his experience with them had he been so willing to apply unpleasant epithets as he was this night. For a fortnight he had seen them slouching about their tasks, cross to the dogs and brutal to the sheep. He had heard them using ugly words in the quarters.

"We're ripe for murder," he thought. "We must have a diversion of some nature. If I were to break my leg, even, it would have a bracing effect. But it's absurd to hope for the unexpected. It is the expected that always happens out here."

But for once he was unfair to the land of eternal heartbreak, for even while he complained a horse's hoofs pounded the earth with a message of haste.

Papin heard. He was glad to hear anything. He hastened to the gallery, and by the starlight he saw approaching a mounted figure in headlong haste, and heard a short barking cry, — the danger signal of the Esmeraldas. The factor sent back a cheerful shout. The unexpected was arriving, — in the form of disaster, perhaps, but welcome nevertheless.

"The Salita gang!" the man cried, as his horse plunged forward and was brought up on his haunches at the edge of the gallery. "They crept up by the arroyo and shot into the crowd."

"Anybody hit?"

"Dox."

"Not killed!"

"I did n't stay to see, sir. I saw a black crowd of fellows, and I lit out to git help."

"Going to have a pitched battle, think?"

"It's on now."

Papin walked with a quick step to the outer door of the quarters.

"Out, men! Out!" he cried, his voice trumpet-clear. "The Salita gang is making a raid! Billy Dox has been shot! Best hurry, or he'll have company!"

There was no excitement in Papin's voice. Certainly vociferation would have been superfluous. The men were on their feet before he had finished speaking. It does not take a herder of the sun-blistered desert long to make his toilet. His articles of clothing are not numerous, even when his cartridge belt, his pistols, and his short rifle are counted in. Now the men dressed themselves with the rapidity of firemen, and ran shouting to the corral where the saddles lay in a heap. They had no trouble, however, in finding their own, — no more trouble than soldiers do to pick their muskets from a stack of arms. The ponies struggled up, snorting and curious; sniffed the air to make sure that it was not yet dawn; and then, smelling adventure, nervously submitted to the adjustment of the saddles and the rough haste of the men who mounted them.

Papin did not stop to get out of his white linens, but put himself at the head of his men, armed like the rest, and with riding boots adding to the incongruity of his costume. The men fell into their places behind him, riding four abreast as was their habit, and the ponies, roweled to the feat, scurried over the plain like frightened rabbits.

After fifteen minutes of this kind of riding, the sound of firing reached their ears, — a brisk fusillade. The men sent a shout ahead of them that scared the breathless desert, but which was intended to convey reassurance to their fighting comrades. A moment later the stars showed them bunches of sheep plunging aimlessly forward, and it was necessary to drive carefully to avoid trampling them.

"Push ahead! Push ahead!" came Papin's voice. The firing reached their ears spasmodically, and each time the advancing herders sent their wild cry of warning through the startled night. Then, a moment more, they were in the thick of the tumult. At first it was almost impossible to distinguish friend from foe. Then it became apparent that the Mexicans had ranged themselves so as to protect a great body of the sheep which they had succeeded in detaching from the herd; but Papin led a flanking movement, and pressed down on them relentlessly. They made a feint of fighting, but gave way almost immediately before the onslaught of avenging men and frantic horses, and were blown before the herders like flies before a wind. Papin laughed aloud at the flight, and then sent out warnings to his men, too headlong to note the arroyo, now not a hundred yards distant.

"Steady! Steady!" came his voice above the din.

They halted on the verge of the rocky declivity.

"They're brilliant thieves, but rather dull fighters," commented the factor. "They might have given us more of a party than this!"

The men were rending the air with their derisive calls, and curveting their horses in sheer excess of activity.

"Who's hurt?" called out Papin.

"I got plunked in the arm," sang Basil Watts cheerfully.

"Richards," said Papin sharply, "why are you sitting limp like that? Why don't you own you're wounded?"

"All I need is a screw-driver, sir. Something seems a leetle loose about my right ribs."

"Ride home slowly, Richards. Some one go with him. Now, how about Dox?"

A man rode to find out, and the herders, once more the swaggering guardians of the desert, sent out their long, wild sheep cry: —

"Coo-ee! Coo-ee! Coo-ee!"

The beat of a myriad little hoofs was heard. The sheep began to answer to the homing call, and came running together excitedly, and still full of vague alarms. Seeing this, the call of the men became steadier and more reassuring. Papin gave orders that the trampled sheep should be carried to a designated spot, watered, and left till morning, when the experienced surgery of the men might benefit some of them. No one wanted to go home. The wind of the dawn began singing afar off in the east, and the pink and yellow clouds that danced about the horizon appeared as a procession of Aurora's servitors.

It was decided finally not to return to the ranch for breakfast. No man had a notion for an indoor meal. Some one was dispatched for the wagons, and a fire made on the ground ready for the coffee when it appeared in the guardianship of the smiling Chinese, who brought word incidentally that Mrs. Herrick had a sufficient guard in her coolie, and would set out upon her journey without delay.

"Dey lun, dose Salita lascals?" queried Lee Hang.

"Run!" responded Papin. "They ran so, my friend, that if they had had pigtails like yours they would have all been whipped off."

The smoke of the fire flirted up through the golden air. The strange voices of the waste whispered along the ground. Then the fragrant scent of the coffee reached the nostrils of the hungry men, and Lee Hang began tossing griddle cakes in the air. The horses, staked at a little distance, called out their congratulations to their masters in tremulous whinnies, and the sheep kept up a sociable bleating. The men were full of noise, and told stock jokes, at which everybody roared.

"They'd even laugh at one of my jokes, this morning," thought Papin.

The man who had been sent to inquire about the wounded herder returned with

word that Dox wanted coffee. A great shout went up.

"What's the matter with Billy Dox?" they inquired of the scurrying coyote who appeared above the edge of the arroyo. Then, as he vouchsafed no answer to this vociferous inquiry, they supplied the antiphon, "He's all right!"

He was, in fact, lying in the shelter of a clump of bushes, suffering from a rather serious head wound.

"Thank God the Mexicans are not better marksmen!" said Papin devoutly. "We're all alive; but the real question is, are we glad of it?"

A chorus of yells greeted him. The homesickness was gone. The desert claimed its children again. The familiar scene appealed to the men with eloquence. The arch of the sky, the limitless space, the friendly beasts, the dauntless company, the comradeship, the liberty from man's yea and nay, — was this not better a thousand times than a life of rules between walls or along thronging streets, with women forever cluttering the world?

"Lyon," said Papin, "where's your music box? Out of order?"

Lyon was the singer among the Esmeraldas.

He set his cup of coffee down between his knees, and, as the dawn gilded the low sky behind the scrub of twisted oaks, he opened his mouth like one who utters a challenge to destiny, and cheered his messmates thus: —

"Sonny, there was seven cities a-built on th' plain;

Coronado, he beheld 'em, so he said.

But I've hunted high an' low, under sun an' in th' rain,

An' them highfalutin' cities, they is fled.

I have ranged this blisterin' desert for a pretty turn of years,

I ken foller paths no mortal man ken see,
But I'd rather take my chances roundin' up unbranded steers,

Then a-verifyin' statements of a giddy ole grandee."

To this there was added a chorus, ribald and strident: —

"He was talkin' thro' his hat,
 Don't you see?
 Oh, where could he have bin at,
 That grandee?
 Coo-ee! Coo-ee! Coo-ee!"

The wild and melancholy sheep call,

uttered by fifty throats at once, heralded the scarlet face of the sun as it swung arrogantly upon the habitated desert, — a desert which, upon that morning, found no man sad among all the tribe of the Esmeraldas.

Elia W. Peattie.

ROWLAND ROBINSON.

WHEN a personality as strong, as vivid, as unique and picturesque as that of the creator of Uncle 'Lisha, Sam Lovel, Antoine, and Gran'ther Hill passes beyond our sight into the undiscovered country, it is surely fitting that something should be said of him in the columns of the monthly that has given to the world Gran'ther Hill's Patridge, Out of Bondage, A Voyage in the Dark, and other stories and essays that will not soon be forgotten. The many readers of Danvis Folks, Uncle 'Lisha's Outing, Sam Lovel's Camps, and In New England Fields and Woods hold something in memory for which they may well be grateful.

Rowland Robinson was born in Ferrisburg, Vermont, May 14, 1833. He died there, October 15, 1900, in the very room in which he was born. This is in itself a distinction, for it falls to the lot of very few of our migratory race to live a long life and, at the end, to draw the last breath under the same roof.

His grandfather came to Vermont from Newport, Rhode Island, in 1791, and a few years later bought a farm in Ferrisburg, four miles north of the thriving little city of Vergennes. Here he built a small, unpretentious house, which is now only an adjunct of the larger building erected in 1812.

Mr. Robinson's mother was Rachel Gilpin, granddaughter of George Gilpin, of Alexandria, Virginia, who, although a stanch Quaker, was colonel of the celebrated Fairfax militia in the war of the

Revolution, aide to General Washington, and one of the pallbearers at his funeral. In this connection, it is interesting to know that the two "beautiful Quaker sisters" alluded to by Colonel T. W. Higginson in his charming Oldport Days were great-aunts of Mr. Robinson.

The families on both the paternal and maternal sides were Quakers, richly endowed with the quiet strength and lofty conscientiousness to be looked for in that sect. Mr. Robinson's father was an active worker in the anti-slavery cause, and a warm friend of Garrison, May, Johnson, and other noted abolitionists. They always found a welcome in his house, which, being so near to the Canadian line, was, it is almost needless to say, a convenient and secret station of the Underground Railroad. He was a ready and forcible writer, and his pen was often employed in the service of the cause that was so near his heart.

So much for the forbears of Mr. Robinson. Now for himself. His early training was that of the average country boy sixty years ago. He attended the district school, taught in winter by college students, generally from Burlington or Middlebury; and in summer by a succession of schoolmistresses, young girls, for the most part, who did their best to drill the unruly urchins in the rudiments of the three R's. When he grew older, he went to the Ferrisburg Academy for a while; but he says of himself that he was an unwilling scholar,

and did not make the most of even such small opportunities as he had. He was, however, a persistent and omnivorous reader; and as his father's house was well supplied with books, he made amends for lack of study by reading over and over again, with ever increasing delight, the *Waverley* novels, *The Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion*, histories galore, and many books of travel and adventure. And he had, moreover, spread out before his keenly observant eyes the vast domain of nature: its mountain fastnesses, its wide forests, its pure streams and silver lakes; the world of bird and beast and fish, of tree and shrub, fern and wild flower, — of all which he was to become in later years so true an interpreter.

From his mother he had inherited an artistic temperament; and, as he approached manhood, there is little doubt that he shrank somewhat from the more prosaic details of farm life. At all events he fled from the farm to New York, where he soon found employment as draughtsman and wood engraver. From 1866 to 1873 a large number of his drawings appeared in the columns of *Harper's*, *Frank Leslie's*, and other illustrated periodicals. But this was all experimental, tentative, and not oversuccessful. In 1873 he gladly returned to the home of his boyhood.

Meanwhile he had married Anna Stevens, — a lovely girl then, a charming woman now, — of great executive ability, and much talent in the direction of both art and literature. She was his encourager and inspirer; and, urged by her, he wrote and illustrated *Fox Hunting* in New England, and offered it to *Scribner's Magazine*. Somewhat to his surprise, the article was accepted; and it was followed by others in *Scribner's*, *The Century*, *Harper's*, *Lippincott's*, and *The Atlantic*.

In 1888 a series of sketches written for *Forest and Stream* was published in book form, under the title of *Uncle*

'Lisha's Shop. Another of like character, *Sam Lovel's Camps*, appeared in 1890, followed by *Danvis Folks* and *Uncle 'Lisha's Outing*, *Vermont: A Study of Independence* (one of the *American Commonwealth Series*), *In New England Fields and Woods*, *A Danvis Pioneer*, and one or two other books. His last story, *Sam Lovel's Boy*, in which Sam teaches his son many a secret of the hunter's craft, is now in press.

This list of works is a long one, indeed, when one recalls the fact, known to so few of his readers, that all these books, with the exception of *Uncle 'Lisha's Shop*, are the work of a blind man. For in 1887 his eyes began to fail him. Gradually, slowly, but steadily, the light grew dimmer and dimmer, then flickered and went out, leaving him in total darkness. When *Sam Lovel's Camps* was placed in his hands, he was able to see the faint outline, the size and shape of the book, perhaps, but that was all.

While it may be doubted if Mr. Robinson was ever a very enthusiastic farmer, he was too sane and prudent to neglect his farm. The two things that especially interested him were his fine orchard and his butter-making. Of his skill in the latter, and of the pencil sketches, rhymes, and caricatures with which he was wont to adorn the covers of his butter tubs, many amusing stories are told. It was a gala day with New York and Boston dealers when "*Robinson's butter*" came in. But all this was before the light went out. After that, though he superintended and gave orders, his real work was done with his pen; or rather, with his pencil. He wrote by means of the grooved board which enabled him to guide and space the lines; and his loyal wife afterwards revised the manuscript, and prepared it for the press. She was at once his amanuensis, private secretary, friend, and devoted comrade.

Then it was that his ardent love of Nature, his intimate knowledge of her deepest secrets, his admission into her

very holy of holies, stood him in good stead. From boyhood he had been a keen sportsman, sharp-eyed, strangely observant, familiar with all the ways of woodland creatures; reading leaf and flower, moss, lichen, and fungus, the phenomena of the changing seasons, dawn and sunset, moonshine and starbeam, the hoary frost and the dew of summer nights, as one reads from an open book. Few persons ever see as much as did Rowland Robinson. No minutest detail escaped him. He knew the haunts of every wild thing as he knew the path to his own fireside.

His memory was as remarkable as were his powers of observation; and thus it was that, lying sightless on his bed, to which he was confined for nearly two years before the end came, he was able to portray every varying phase of nature in words so tender, so graphic, so picturesque, so illuminating, that the reader saw as the writer had seen.

But his powers of interpretation were not confined to the outside world alone. He studied human nature as faithfully as he studied the ways of bird and beast, of tree and wild flower. His ear was as keen and unerring as his eye. Let no one suppose that Mr. Robinson's stories are meant to be actual transcripts of the life of Vermont to-day as it exists even in her mountain towns. They are stories of *old* Vermont, the Vermont of sixty years ago, and even earlier; before the railroad had penetrated her fastnesses, or the telegraph brought her into close and vital connection with the outer world. I have heard the question asked, — nay, more, I admit I have asked it myself: "Did New Englanders ever talk like Sam Lovel and Uncle 'Lisha and Joseph Hill?" A friend once said to me: "I have known Vermont many years, and I never heard any one say 'julluck' for 'just like,' or 'seem's 'ough,' or 'hayth' for 'height,' or sundry other queer expressions and pronunciations that Mr. Robinson gives as Yankeeisms."

Shortly after this I went into my garden, where a man-of-all-work was removing some bulbs.

"Say, Mis' Dorr," he remarked, "don't them roots look julluck turnups? Seem's 'ough they did!"

Whereupon I concluded it was not a proof of superior wisdom to question Mr. Robinson's use of Yankee dialect. It is well to believe that his ear was quicker than that of most men, and that he was familiar with every phase of the vernacular in which his men and women speak.

As for Antoine, he is inimitable. No one else has so perfectly caught the queer jargon of the French "*Canuck*" when trying to wrestle with the vagaries of the English tongue.

Mr. Robinson makes no attempt to depict the life of cities, towns, or even large villages. His characters, which reappear in most of his stories, live and breathe in secluded mountain hamlets, to the life of which he is absolutely true. Once in a while, as when the dignified and elegant lawyer of whom Antoine asserts, "He was be de biggest l'yer in Vairgenne; he goin' be judge, prob'ly gov'ner, mebb'y," goes hunting up the Slang, electrifying Sam at once by his skill as a sportsman and by the beautiful gun that was such a contrast to his own heavy rifle, we get a glimpse of another world. But it is only momentary, and in an instant we are back again with the simple, kindly, rural folk who dominate the stage. There are not many of them left now. The tide of progress has swept away the old landmarks. Uncle 'Lisha's Shop is a thing of the past. Yet even now one who, with observant eye and ear, wanders up and down New England will still find proof that Mr. Robinson is true to the life of old New England.

Perhaps one charm of these stories lies in the fact that they are written so sympathetically. Mr. Robinson never condescends, or apologizes, or pities. It never occurs to him that there is any need of doing either. He values his men

and women for their own sakes and for what they are. If they are queer and quaint, so much the better for the artist, and the picture he would paint. Their strange expletives, and even their occasional mild profanities, are by no means coarse or irreligious. They swear from force of habit, with no more idea of breaking the third commandment than a baby has when it says, "Now I lay me."

To turn from what he wrote to what he was is a pleasing task, for the man was greater than his books. In person Mr. Robinson was strikingly like the late Francis H. Underwood, so well known to many readers of *The Atlantic*: tall, well built, with a ruddy color that he kept almost to the last. His eyes were blue. His hair and his patriarchal beard had been snow-white for many years, but in his younger days they were a rich reddish, or golden, brown. Entirely unassuming, with faith in his own powers, yet with seemingly very little idea that they were recognized by others, he was the most modest of men. A few years ago a club in a Vermont town dramatized Danvis Folks, after a fashion, for the benefit of a local charity, and put it on the stage. The author was invited to be present on the opening night, and he accepted. As he entered the crowded hall, guided by a friend on either hand, the audience, recognizing him, broke into loud applause. He paid no attention to it, but quietly felt his way to the chair assigned to him. As he seated himself, he said, with a smile: "They seem to be in very good spirits here. Whom are they applauding now?"

"Why, Mr. Robinson, they are applauding *you*!" was the reply. "Don't you know that you are the hero of this occasion?" And he sank back in his chair with an air of bewilderment and surprise that was unmistakable. That *he* should be applauded had never entered his brain.

The legislature of his native state was

in session when he died, and in joint assembly passed most appreciative resolutions of regret and condolence. Mrs. Robinson's comment thereon, as I sat by her side a few days ago, was characteristic of both herself and her husband. "Oh," she said, "if Rowland had been told that the legislature of Vermont would take any notice of his death, he would not have believed it. He did not think people cared much for him."

This was due in part, no doubt, to his isolation. He knew very few "literary people," so called. He had little or no intercourse with his peers. It has been said that reputations are made at dinner tables. If this be true, as it certainly is in a measure, the man fights against great odds who, from environment or force of circumstances, is almost completely shut out — set apart, as it were — from the great body of his fellow workers in the field of letters.

Let us glance at the home of this brave and lonely craftsman. The Robinson homestead — a large, square, gray farmhouse, having the broad porch, with high railing and bracketed seats on either side, that is almost invariably to be found in mansions of that date — stands twenty or thirty rods back from the road, on a slight, rocky elevation. It is approached by a fine avenue of elms, the entrance to which is marked by groups of stately Lombardy poplars. On either side are other groups, — locusts, maples, and beeches. On the October day when I first saw the place, the greensward was thickly strewn with the crimson and gold of the falling leaves. Over the wall, at the right, a few white sheep were cropping the short grass among the gray ledges of the pasture. The outlook is one of unusual beauty. On the east is the lovely Champlain Valley, stretching away in broad reaches, above which soar the Green Mountains, with Mount Mansfield and Camel's Hump in the distance. On the west, past green, fertile meadows and rolling pastures, lie the clear waters

of Lake Champlain, of which glimpses may be caught here and there through the thick fringe of pine and hemlock. And farther still beyond the lake rise the mighty Adirondacks, range on range, tier above tier, until their heads are lost in the clouds.

But on that October day it was not of the house, nor of its surroundings, that I thought. Its master lay prone and helpless somewhere within its walls, and it was he whom I sought. I was ushered first into the living room, on the right of the hall of entrance, and from there, through the great old-fashioned kitchen and a short passageway, into what has always been known as the "East Room." There, incurably ill of a wasting disease, and blind to all the beauty of the autumnal day, lay Rowland Robinson, with a smile on his lips, and all the implements of his craft about him, — the grooved board, the pencil, and a great pile of manuscript. But as I sat in the flood of sunshine by his bedside, and listened to his eager talk of this and that, I felt again, as I had felt at other times, that it was impossible to realize that he was a blind man. His eyes were bright, seeming to seek mine as he talked, their blue depths giving not the slightest hint that they were sightless. He spoke of "seeing" things; he called my attention to the dish of fine pears on the table; he was as alert and interested in the life around him as if he had had a dozen pairs of eyes.

"Do you never leave your bed, Mr. Robinson?" I asked.

"Not often," he answered. "But I wanted to see the procession go by on Dewey day, and they managed to wheel me out on the porch for a little while. It was very interesting."

Not a complaint, not a murmur, not a suggestion of repining, — nothing but splendid courage, patient hopefulness, tender regard for others, and a determination to work to the last.

The old house is in itself most in-

teresting. Antique furniture meets the eye in every room. There is a queer old grand piano that was brought from Vienna by a member of the family early in the century, and that has been voiceless and tuneless for at least one generation. There is a chair that Washington and Lafayette must often have seen, even if it cannot be proved that they ever reposed in its ample depths; for it had an honored place in the parlor of a house in which they were often guests. There are old tables that have histories, and blue Delft ware and bits of china antedating the Revolution. Over the piano hangs a full-length portrait of its former owner, — the work of an Austrian artist, — a dark-haired lady in a crimson velvet gown, with a little boy at her feet who is playing with an American flag. There are other old family portraits, and one of Mr. Robinson himself, painted by his daughter. There are Indian relics, and trophies of the chase, hunting implements, and above all books, — books everywhere, overflowing the cases and finding lodgment wherever they can. Some of them are exceedingly rare, — heirlooms in the shape of old doctrinal works relating to the Friends, which were hidden away in the far-off days when it was against the law of New England to possess them, and brought to light again when the persecutions were over.

In the old kitchen, which is the main part of the first building, the doorlatches are of hard wood, whittled into shape by Mr. Robinson's grandfather. They are like polished ivory now, with its rare yellowish-brown tint, worn smooth by the touch of many generations.

Here, too, is the secret staircase mentioned in *Out of Bondage*, narrow, dark, and forbidding, up which many a fugitive slave has glided like a phantom of the gloaming, to find refuge in the chamber above. This chamber was partitioned off from the rest of the house, and to the children of the family was at once a terror and a mystery. Whenever they

saw Aunt Eliza surreptitiously conveying plates of food upstairs, they knew there was some one in the chamber whom they were not to see, and of whose presence they were never to speak.

The great kitchen, as "neat as wax," with an indescribable air of homely comfort and dignity, is also the dining room of the establishment. A long table, about which a small army might gather, stands just where it stood seventy-five years or more ago; and here the Queen herself would dine, if she had the honor of being admitted to the hospitality of the house. At one end the family and their guests; at the other the stalwart Yankee yeomen, who are not servants, but helpers. It is like one of the old stories of a baron and his retainers, — above and below the salt.

On yet another October day I visited the old farmhouse; but the master had gone thence. The autumn leaves were as bright as ever, the sunshine as brilliant; and still the white sheep huddled among the gray ledges, and the broad landscape stretched to right and left, as beautiful as a dream.

I went again into the East Room, — the room of birth and death. Near the white bed lay the grooved board, with the pencil slipped in between the paper and the board, just as it had been left. I copied the last sentence, written three days before the busy hand was stilled: —

"The lifting veil disclosed the last flash of blue plumage disappearing in the mist of budding leaves from behind the cloud of smoke that now hid my mark."

Julia C. R. Dorr.

THE CHILD IN THE LIBRARY.

HE was an only child and a motherless one. I may say a relationless one, except for a stray aunt or uncle, seldom heard of and never seen. His father was a busy man, and the slow change in his son from babyhood to boyhood was unnoticed. A succession of kind-hearted nurses had taken care of the child's physical comfort, but otherwise had left him to his own devices. In some inexplicable way he learned to read by the time he was eight years old. It had been a quick step from ignorance to this delightful accomplishment. First he could not read, then he could; there seemed to be no intermediate stage. He was a pale, delicate boy, and when his busy father took time to consult a physician the verdict was "no school;" so the child had all his days to himself.

He had no friends, and time hung heavily, until one day, entering his father's library, he made the acquaintance

of a large number of people. His father had no great love for books, but he felt it was a proper thing to have a well-stocked library; so he had filled his bookshelves, with a delightful ignorance of the inside of the books, but with the knowledge that the outside was irreproachable. It was a curiously mixed collection; there were books of all kinds, and all jumbled together without regard to subject or character. With this mixed assemblage the child made acquaintance, one cold, bleak November day.

He had come in with a vague idea of getting a picture book to look at. He knew the illustrations of the books on the table by heart; he was tired of them, and craved something new. I think it was almost entirely from illustrations that the child had learned to read. The pictures meant much; and after gathering their meaning he knew the words below must correspond, as

they did, and the child read. On this day he determined to try to find pictures in the books on the shelves. He stood before the cases and gazed at the prospect before him. The books all gazed back solemnly at him; they did n't look inviting.

The ones that appeared less forbidding than the rest were a long line of fellows which reminded him of his soldiers. They stood shoulder to shoulder, dressed in a dark chocolate-brown uniform striped with gold. They were sober enough in color. There were many books in the cases gayer in dress, but these particular ones were fat, quite fat, and not very tall, and they appeared to be good-natured. He opened the case where they were, and looked at their names. They almost all seemed to be about men: one was Barnaby Rudge; one, Nicholas Nickleby; one, Martin Chuzzlewit; one, David Copperfield; and so on down the line. Somehow, after reading all their names, he returned to David Copperfield; the name haunted him, — David, David Copperfield. What was there so bewitching in the sound? He put out his hand and took down the volume.

The pictures were queer, very queer. He studied them gravely and carefully. He found himself saying under his breath, "David, David, David Copperfield," with a curious sense of having met the name before. He glanced at the first page; it was headed, "I am born." He glanced down the page, and some one seemed to be talking, talking in a delightfully confidential way to *him*, the child himself. He turned over the pages: it was David who was speaking, David Copperfield.

Suddenly an idea struck him: why should he not read the book? It was such a tremendous idea that the blood tingled in his veins from excitement. Why not? The book was here; he had nothing to do; and the story might tell more about the curious pictures. He took the book, cuddled up in a chair, and began

to read. He read till luncheon time; he lunched, and read till dinner time; he dined, and read till bedtime; and then dreamed the story all through again. The next day he began bright and early another rapturous ten hours. There was no one to disturb him; his nurse was only too glad to have him quiet, and his father was away till dinner time. How he read!

It seemed to him, as he read, that instead of the story coming from the book it came from the lips of a boy who sat opposite him by the library fire, — a boy with big brown eyes, curly chestnut hair, and a sweet, grave face. It was David who talked to him, David Copperfield, and he spoke of his life with curiously bated breath.

To be sure, in the book he grew up, but the child across the fire did n't. It almost seemed as if David had lived his life, and been changed from manhood back to boyhood, with a man's knowledge of the world and a child's sweetness and faith. He told the child of his babyhood, of his pretty mother and honest nurse; he spoke in a lowered tone of his aunt, a Miss Betsey Trotwood; he drew nearer and spoke of a Mr. and Miss Murdstone: and the two children held each other close. He told of a school and some boy friends; he told of his boyhood's sweetheart, a little Em'ly: and the child followed on. He wandered around London with David; he trudged to Canterbury with him on his memorable pilgrimage. He shared his fortunes, and rose and fell with them.

When the book was finished the boy had an enlarged acquaintance with people and places. He was an American child, but he knew London — the docks, that is to say — intimately. A certain home at Canterbury he knew by heart, — old, substantial, so very dear, with shining wood and glass. He had new friends: a man Peggotty, a little Miss Mowcher, the best of nurses and the kindest of aunts, a Micawber and a Traddles, a

most beloved one named Steerforth, and one, the best of all, one who sat with him and talked with him, a fidus Achates, — David, David Copperfield.

The next door he opened was one that took him straight to a twilight fairyland. It was labeled Pilgrim's Progress, and he and David followed a man named Christian through a marvelous land. The child was n't quite clear as to why Christian fled from his home, beyond the fact that something was to happen to the city where he lived, and then he was of an adventurous spirit and wanted to find a place called "the Celestial City." He joined David and the child by their fireside and told them of his adventures. He was a tall, dark man, quaintly clad, and had a big bundle on his back. He told them marvelous things of fights with lions, of a dreadful place called "Vanity Fair," of a dark valley, and finally of a river and the Shining City. I do not know why he had left this city and come to this fireside with his pack, but there he was in the group, and David and the child and he went on to new lands together.

There was a wonderful land back of these big bookcases, and each book was a key to it. David had taken him to London, and to Canterbury, and down to Suffolk. Christian took him to a land, no less real, abounding in danger and in adventure, and they were now ready for a trip to a new part of this marvelous country.

The new key was a little book that had fallen behind the rest. It was all the more strange that they tried this key, for it had no pictures, and the spelling was curious and foreign; but the child opened it and read this: "Sweet Lord have mercy upon me, for I may not live after the death of my love Sir Tristram de Lyonesse, for he was my first love and he shall be my last." It sounded sweet and sad to the child, and yet half real and wholly good. He turned to the front: there was a man, and a king, and

a fair lady; and now he and Christian and David were in a new country. I suppose Christian must have enjoyed it, for he had been an adventurous man in his day, and I am sure David and the child loved the country with their whole hearts. They brought back new friends to join their group: a tall, fair man, who I fear slightly tyrannized over them all, and yet whom they loved, — a King Arthur; and by his side, a tall, dark man with a sad, grave face, named Lancelot; and they felt that sometimes another man was there, — an old man in brown, with a long white beard and long hair, yet with a young face. They could never be sure he was there, for he came and went mysteriously, and his name was Merlin. They made other friends in Britain, — Tristram, and Gawain, and Geraint, and others; but these did n't join the fireside group, though one had only to open the little blue book to join them. Soon the five became great friends, and told one another tales that were not in their books, new tales, and their friendship grew into comradeship.

One day a brightly bound book caught the child's eye. It was all spotted with gold, and the child played it was a golden key. It certainly opened a golden door and took them into a golden country.

This man that met them at the door, and led them across a country called Bonny England, was a jolly fellow, a kind of superior ragamuffin named Robin Hood. Oh, the gay times he gave them! What merry adventures beneath the green-wood tree! What jolly excursions after lazy abbots and fat priests! Another big fellow with a twinkling eye, a great rascal in his way, yet a most genial comrade, was Little John; and there were besides him Maid Marian, and Will Scarlet, and King Richard himself. Christian and Lancelot and Arthur enjoyed this roving kind of life, and David and the child thought it wonderful. To be sure, they cried for hours over Robin Hood's death, until they found that he and

Lancelot had gone to Avalon with Arthur, and Robin Hood, green coat and great bow and all, came and joined their company, and they went on enriched by him. Sometimes they would all go with Christian to fight with Apollyon, or would accompany Lancelot and Arthur to rescue distressed damsels, or else journey with Robin Hood in mere idle quest, or David and the child would slip quietly into London. In all these lands the shadowy Merlin would go making curious things happen, "for he was a great wise man."

After a little time the child made a new friend, a certain Greek named Ulysses. He was entirely a new kind of character. I think the whole group mistrusted him at first; but they soon got over that, and loved him dearly. He was so clever, and thought of such entirely new ways of doing things. When Arthur wanted to summon his knights and make a charge on Troy, and Lance-

lot wished to try a single combat with Hector, Ulysses thought of the Wooden Horse, which was such a complete success. After accompanying him for years, and finding how stanch and true he was, they asked him to join them; and he, finding them good fellows, left Ithaca and Penelope, and came with his dog and made one of them.

And so they traveled on: Arthur and Lancelot, friends again through the child, were able still to journey on in wide Britain, seeking adventures; and there was Robin Hood, jolly fellow that he was, brave as a lion and full of jest and grit; and there was Christian, dauntless in trial, bearing still his mysterious bundle, the contents of which often puzzled the child; and there was Ulysses, their guide and counselor, looking forward with crafty eyes, and occasionally turning to whistle to his good dog; and last of all, hand clasped in hand, came David and the child.

Edith Lanigan.

SKY-CHILDREN.

CHILDREN.

CHERUBIM! Cherubim!
How will you dance?

CHERUBIM.

Just as wee motes where
Sunbeams glance.

CHILDREN.

Cherubim! Cherubim!
Supposing one cries,
How shall he wipe
His poor wet eyes?

CHERUBIM.

Innocents! Innocents!
If one should cry,
Out in the wind
He would fly, fly, fly,—

The Final Quest.

Just as the dewy
 Dripping bees
 Back in the Earth-time
 Dried in the breeze.

CHILDREN.

Cherubim! Cherubim!
 Tired are we;
 Put us to sleep
 Where the light won't see.

CHERUBIM.

Lullaby! Lullaby!
 On our soft wings,
 When the winds blow,
 Every one swings.

When the stars whisper,
 Little ears, hark!
 Lower, lids, lower!
 Hush! all's dark.

Jefferson Fletcher.

THE FINAL QUEST.

At last I feel my freedom. So a leaf,
 Under some swift, keen prompting of the spring,
 Aches with great light and air, and, stretching forth
 Into the circled wonder overhead,
 Unfolds to breath and being. So the stream,
 Wounded by boulders, fretted into foam,
 But flows with mightier passion on and on
 (O mystic prescience born of watery ways!)
 Into the wide, sweet hope awaiting him
 Of ample banks and murmurous plenitudes.
 So I, by midnight mothered, lift my voice
 And cry to mine old enemies encamped,
 Fear, dread of fear and dark bewilderment:
 "Ye cannot harm me. O unreal shapes,
 Wherewith Life garnishes her golden house
 To urge us forth upon our further quest,
 I see you now for what you truly are, —
 Usurping slaves, pale mimeries of power,
 Air held in armor to amaze a child.
 In your grim company I lie at ease
 And look alone upon the vistaed light,
 The grave, pure track of worlds beyond the world."

Oh, the still wells of life, the conquering winds
 In this wide garden once my wilderness!
 Who that hath felt these brooding silences
 Could sigh for June, her rose and nightingale, —
 Or, when a dry leaf trembles from the branch,
 Fear, in that flitting, aught but other Junes?
 Doth this immortal need mortality, —
 She, the fair soul, the spark of all that is,
 She who can ride upon the changing flood
 Of dim desires, or, if she faint,
 Creep into caves of her own fashioning?
 It is her garment now, the while she wields
 This battered blade of earthly circumstance.
 A breath — and she walks naked, like the dawn,
 Led, through some western radiance of surmise,
 By arc as true as orbèd planets hold,
 Home to that house where birth and death are one,
 And dreams keep tryst with hearts that died of them.

Alice Brown.

FICTION, NEW AND OLD.

WHEN we are told with authority, concerning a forthcoming book, **Mrs. Ward's Later Novels**, that sixty-five thousand copies have been ordered in advance; that sixty thousand pounds of paper will be required for the plebeian one-volume edition, to say nothing of the édition bourgeoise in two volumes, and the édition de luxe of two hundred numbered copies; also, that if this paper were piled sheet upon sheet it would make a tower five hundred and fifty feet high, and that if the sheets were placed end to end, in a straight line, they would extend one thousand miles, — we are forced to admit, whatever we may think of the taste of the advertisement, that we are on the eve of an important event. The writer whose work can be thus heralded wields an incalculable power; and it is well when, as in the present case, we know beforehand that it is a power which will make both for righteousness in conduct and refinement in art.

The writer is Mrs. Humphry Ward, of

course, and the book is *Eleanor*,¹ and I hasten to record my own impression, after reading the skillfully reserved and extremely beautiful winding up of the story, that no discerning reader can be disappointed therewith, and that the new romance is, upon the whole, altogether the finest thing that Mrs. Ward has done.

Yet *Eleanor* will be a surprise, in some ways, to those who have not followed attentively, in its author's later work, the gradual alteration of her method and the new development of her distinguished talent. It will hardly, I suppose, be disputed that, at a time when there are multitudes of women at work in the literary mills, turning off, with reasonable success, many kinds of skilled labor which used to be supposed impossible for any woman, Mrs. Ward's place in the honor list is among the very few double-firsts of her sex: with Charlotte Brontë, certainly, and George Sand, and

¹ *Eleanor*. By Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1900.

Matilde Serao ; and only a little lower than Emily Brontë and Mrs. Browning and George Eliot.

But Mrs. Ward's idea of her own vocation, when she first began, hardly more than a dozen years ago, her remarkable career as a novelist, was essentially different from any of theirs. I always dislike using of a writer the word "artist," which is almost more "soiled by ignoble use" than the greater word "gentleman." But I do not know what else to say than that the other famous women named above were all, in their different ways and degrees, artists ; while Mrs. Ward, with all her dramatic instinct and analytic acumen, the wealth of her acquired knowledge and the grace of her inherited culture, began by being resolutely and even aggressively the moralist. She stooped to illustrate her lectures by fascinating parables ; but lecture she must and would. The parables made the lectures go down with a vast majority of her readers ; but there will always remain an impatient and impenitent few who cannot long stand being lectured, — not even though the soundest precepts be presented with a maximum of feminine grace. And how much, after all, is ever accomplished by the lecture ? How many converts did Robert Elsmere make to agnosticism ? How many people were deterred from the dangers and indecorums of the *union libre* by David Grieve's mythical experiences in Paris ? And then, after a suitable interval, — for Mrs. Ward is not one of those who tend to write too much, — we were invited to a treatise on the new woman and her possibilities, in *Marcella*.

The book opened most attractively. *Marcella* was the new woman to the life, and the new young woman : courageous and sincere, though crude and chaotic ; self-centred and self-exaggerated ; full of generous impulses and audacious ambitions ; her brain disproportionately developed rather than soberly and effectually disciplined ; philanthropical, but not

affectionate, — the strangest compound, surely, of nobility and absurdity that the world has ever seen. But Mrs. Ward has not a quick eye for absurdity. One of the few marked defects which go along with her many brilliant qualities is an insufficient, not to say absent sense of humor. She meant to portray a type in *Marcella*, and she meant to portray it seriously and respectfully ; sympathetically also, and, if we may judge by her incessant and almost fatiguing insistence on the heroine's transcendent personal beauty, even flatteringly. Here, however, she labored in vain. The *Marcellas* of this world may be admirably handsome ; and, indeed, the conditions of life in the class from which they mostly come, especially in England and America, undoubtedly favor the development of a high order of personal comeliness. But they seldom produce the effect of beauty. What we all recognize as charm is a nicely proportioned compound of many different qualities, — mental, sentimental, and, above all, physical ; but, like a perfect salad dressing, the product should be neutral, retaining the distinct flavor of no one of its ingredients. Now, in *Marcella* and the daily growing class whom she represents, every pungent condiment speaks, or rather stings, for itself. "*Macta virtute!*" we murmur, a little awestruck, as the intrepid young Amazon adjusts her armor and essays her exercise.

Howbeit, the highly aspiring, grossly blundering, and unconsciously appealing *Marcella* of Mrs. Ward's first vivid conception, unclassified through no fault of her own, and held at arm's length by her embittered mother (one of the author's most powerful character studies), — that faulty but entirely natural being did really enlist our sympathies and compel our belief. But the same girl, rescued from her grim struggle by the fairy prince of the nursery tale, and established on a social pinnacle ; rewarded, like the virtuous *Periwinkle*—

Girl in the ballad, with a coronet and a clear income of thirty thousand pounds, was as unreal as one of Ouida's most lavishly bespangled heroines; and the sequel to her story in Sir George Tresady came perilously near a fiasco. Her gross abuse of the opportunities of her new position, and her truly inexcusable behavior with the fatuous and ill-starred hero of Mrs. Ward's feeblest book, accused, upon every page, her bad up-bringing, and must have been a sad mortification to her intimidated but infinitely correct lord. For a laborious attempt was made in Sir George Tresady to represent the married and promoted Marcella as a political force, an influential voice upon the liberal side of English legislation. Now it is matter of history that, sometimes in England, though less often perhaps than in France, women have exercised that kind of influence in one or the other of the highly trained and privileged coteries which alternately govern England. But they never have exercised it in the least after the fashion of the intense and irrepressible Marcella. Neither preaching nor "slumming" has been in the line of these clever ladies. Their ways have been — and it were well for civilized society that they should continue to be — the supple, suave, indirect, and chiefly anonymous ways of the granddaughters of Sheridan, the wives of Palmerston and Beaconsfield, and the benign stars of the scrupulously guarded circles of Bowood, Panshanger, and Holland House. One hardly sees, indeed, how, with her own traditions and environment, Mrs. Ward could so signally have failed to catch the tone and reflect the manners of that paramount section of the English great world. She goes astray in the House of Commons, and loses her head completely among the Lords. And it is the more remarkable because she had such excellent models to study. The thing which the biographer of Marcella tried to do was done to admiration, twenty-odd years

ago, both in *Endymion*, with its full flow of patrician gossip and perfect familiarity with the subject in hand, and in those easy, unassuming, garrulous, and yet thoroughbred chronicles of contemporary life, so rich in humor and insight, so full of social and civic intelligence, — the political novels of the too lightly appreciated and too soon forgotten Anthony Trollope.

But the power handsomely to retrieve an error, whether in literature or in life, is almost more rare than the power to avoid the same. It proves, at all events, the penitent's possession of some admirable qualities, both moral and intellectual, — such as breadth and versatility of mind, candor of spirit, and the most excellent kind of humility. When Helbeck of Bannisdale appeared, a complete story, not anticipated by periodical publication and announced by no pompous headlines, the sympathetic reader perceived at once in its author an altered, more graceful, and less authoritative manner. The theme was still a grave, even a sombre one, — the light and playful is never in Mrs. Ward's line, — but it was a theme, and not a thesis; and it was developed earnestly, indeed, but quietly and without argument. The intellectual tragedy involved in the hapless loves of the Catholic magnate and the agnostic maiden was yet a tragedy of pure circumstance, — the occult and awe-inspiring tragedy of the legitimate Greek drama; the clash of souls driven to their own mutual undoing by cosmic forces, incomprehensible and seemingly blind. It was not that Mrs. Ward had not studied, and studied profoundly, the terms of one of the most painful spiritual problems of her time; and the conditions of her own young life had given her an exceptional advantage in grappling with it. But she offers no solution, pronounces no judgment. How, indeed, could she have given sentence between the two sponsors of her own prophetic soul, her father and her uncle?

The figure of Helbeck is an heroic one, and drawn with astonishing power. It haunts the reader like some lately discovered portrait, dark with the accretions of age, but commanding in its authenticity, by Titian or Velasquez. The author, formerly so salient and emphatic, is forgotten at last in the creation; the tale achieves, as it goes along, its own sad symmetry, and moves with touching dignity to the inevitable end, without a flaw, if we except a touch of unnecessary melodrama in the concluding chapter.

In Eleanor, one is tempted, in the glow of one's first enthusiasm over the delicate and restrained yet infinitely moving conclusion of the story, to say that there is no flaw whatever. The plot of Eleanor is even simpler than that of Helbeck, the annalist more innocent of ulterior views, the treatment more entirely natural. We have the ardent, self-consuming love of an already fading woman, of exquisite nature, for a man of many gifts and little heart, who carelessly accepts all homage and almost all sacrifice as his due. The pure and primitive passion of the woman pierces the conventionalities of her caste, and shoots heavenward like a tongue of lambent altar flame. It speaks the matchless language of the Portuguese Sonnets, but receives no such fitting response as did they. Enter then the fresh, young, inexperienced, almost rustic rival, unconscious at first, and then unwilling; ingenuous, loyal, and proud. The man's unstable nature swings from its old allegiance and tumbles to a new, as the darkling tide obeys the rising moon. There is no need to anticipate here, for those who have not yet read it, the precise end of the story. The loveliest feature of it, as a psychological study, is the noble reaction of the two women upon one another. Let us do justice, after all, to the uneasy age in which we live; whose fads do fret, whose manners displease, whose hitherto unheard-of claims and innovations often fairly appall us. Wo-

men are less petty, upon the whole, than they were,—let us say in the days of Miss Austen. Never before our time would the invigorating truth have been instantly and widely recognized of the great scenes between Dinah and Hetty in Adam Bede, between Dorothea and Rosamund in Middlemarch, between Eleanor and Lucy in the last chapters of Mrs. Ward's new story.

Of Lucy herself, the remorseful rival, the magnanimous *ingénue*, with her cool temperament, her stern conscience, her self-collected sweetness, a word must be said as embodying Mrs. Ward's idea of the unfashionable and unspoiled American girl. On the whole, I consider this one of the Englishwoman's most remarkable pieces of divination; lacking but a shade here and a touch there of consummate veracity. We all know the type: the flower of the old-fashioned provincial town; a creature of gentle blood, but often stringent circumstances, of heroic instincts, wholesome training, and a spotless imagination. But Mrs. Ward cannot have seen much of this type in the phalanx of those who march every summer to the conquest of Mayfair, in such marvelous bravery of equipment; and she is the less likely to have done so, because we are beginning to think of it even here as a blossom of seasons gone by. Certainly we have more Marcellas than Lucys among us at the present moment, though we may hope that it will not always be so. Lucy is essentially of New England (*mons viridis genuit*), but with odd touches here and there of the remoter West, which do not detract from her piquancy; and Manisty was quite right in his complacent prevision that she would adapt herself easily and rapidly to the tone of his *monde*, and "become the *grande dame* of the future that his labor, his ambitions, and his gifts should make for her."

That Lucy will play well her untried part of great lady in an old society seems

more certain, indeed, than that she will be a happy woman as the wife of Edward Manisty. Mrs. Ward's complex, inconsistent, and highly sophisticated hero is a very real being to herself, and she succeeds in making him almost equally so to her readers. Our feeling about him does but oscillate with her own, between delight in his rich temperament and his intellectual gifts, and impatience with his astonishing spiritual coxcombry; his inveterate coquetries with all the women he meets, including the scarlet one. It is, of course, impossible not to remember that Manisty's purely sentimental attraction toward the Catholic Church, and the grand *démenti* of his effusive but highly unphilosophical book, have a parallel in the case of that English man of letters who has introduced into his latest novel a harsh and vulgar but unmistakable caricature of Mrs. Ward. In so far, however, as the character of Manisty is a retort for that of Mrs. Norham in Mallock's *Tristram Lacy*, it is a wholly dignified and magnanimous one, which leaves the advantage, in this curious battle, overwhelmingly upon the woman's side.

The scene of Eleanor all passes in rural Italy: first, among the storied hills to the south of Rome; later, in the sylvan tract that is dominated by the isolated Arx of Orvieto, and the rarely explored nooks and valleys of that minor mountain range which culminates in the visionary peak of Monte Amiata. How deeply the enchantment of that scenery is felt, and how exquisitely it is rendered in Eleanor, only the lifelong lover of Italy — perhaps only her unwilling exile — can fully appreciate. It is all here, painted in soft yet vivid hues, — the classic lineaments, the purpureal air, the haunting sense of immemorial habitation, and what Mrs. Ward herself so aptly calls the "Virgilian grace" of the "Saturia tellus."

But she has done more and better than faithfully to reproduce upon her

English canvas the finest stage setting ever yet provided for every possible act in the human drama. Her eloquent dedication of the book to the country shows that hers is no mere sentimental infatuation, but a tried and sacred love; and the same exceptional experience which enabled her to handle with so masterly a freedom, in *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, the sore problem presented by the clash of hoary faith with modern thought assists her to understand and analyze, as few outsiders have done, the desperate and still undecided struggle between the old church and the new state in Italy. Here all her learning tells, and tells as learning should; not loudly, vauntingly, imperiously, but with the still small voice that wins to a wider comprehension and a more sincere and searching charity.

Mrs. Ward's Italians are not always drawn with a flattering pen, but she introduces us to one peculiarly fine type of Italian womanhood — and not a very rare type, either — in the Contessa Guerini. She is a minor character, indeed, and comes rather late into the story, but, as not infrequently happens, with Mrs. Ward as with other writers, the figure on the second plane seems drawn with a firmer and more expert hand than even those foremost ones on which a more anxious industry has been bestowed. A brave, wise woman is the old countess, — a woman of the oldest race and the youngest sympathies; a good Catholic, and an equally good patriot; and I, for one, could embrace Mrs. Ward for the word of sober and yet thrilling hope for her country's future which she puts into the mouth of this deeply chastened but indomitable creature who would have "no pessimism about Italy:" —

"I dare say the taxes are heavy, and that our officials and bankers and *im-piegati* are not on as good terms as they might be with the Eighth Commandment. Well! was ever a nation made in a night before? When your Queen came to the throne, were you English

so immaculate? You talk about our Socialists — have we any disturbances, pray, worse than your disturbances in the twenties and thirties? The *parroco* says to me day after day, 'The African campaign has been the ruin of Italy!' That's only because he wants it to be so. The machine marches, and the people pay their taxes, and farming improves every year, all the same. A month or two ago, the newspapers were full of the mobbing of trains starting with soldiers for Erythrea. Yet all that time, if you went down into the Campo de' Fiori, you could find poems sold for a *soldo*, that only the people wrote and the people read, that were as patriotic as the poor King himself."

The "poor King" has fallen well asleep after his fitful fever, since these words were written, and a younger, and it may be stronger, reigns in his stead. But when we find a gem of political wisdom, like this, incidentally dropped in the pages of the most poetic and highly wrought romance of the year, we can only rejoice that sixty-five thousand people have pledged themselves, on peril of pecuniary sacrifice, to read the book, and hope that the number may be largely increased.

It is a little doubtful if Sentimental

Tommy and Grizel. Tommy is not to be called a prelude to Tommy and Grizel,¹ rather than Tommy and Grizel to be called a sequel to Sentimental Tommy. This newer tale, though for a more perfect understanding of the characters one needs to have read the earlier, is so large an undertaking that the former book gets a good deal of its value as an interpretation of it. For Tommy and Grizel is no less an undertaking than a penetrative study of the soul of an artist in relation to his art and his life. The parable is homely enough, — it is the nature of parables to be homely. A Scottish youth who has won fame as an analyst of the human soul, in terms either of fiction or

of the essay, is called upon to settle his own case in actual life, to put to the test all his noble sentiments. And the girl who is the touchstone is a daughter born out of wedlock, and herself conscious of a terrible tendency to follow in her mother's steps.

These two characters, who had been boy and girl together in the earlier book, come once more into each other's ken when they have reached maturity, and the field of their experience is the same Scottish village of Thrums, which Grizel had never left, and to which Tommy, now Mr. T. Sandys, returns, full of honor and with unsated thirst for applause. The other figures, admirably subordinated, are Tommy's sister Elspeth and her lover, the old village gossips, and a certain Lady Pippinworth, who comes upon the scene with an apparent air of being a supernumerary, and remains hardly materialized to the reader, but a malignant force in the development of Tommy's drama.

The stage upon which the play is set is a small one. The scenes shift from London to Thrums, and back to London, and for a brief space to a Continental watering place. The incidents, moreover, are, with two exceptions, of the most trivial character, — mere meetings of the *dramatis personæ* under ordinary village conditions; and yet even before the fourth act of the tragedy — for tragedy it is, of a very powerful sort — the reader is aware of some impending disaster. Beneath the extraordinarily light movement of the story one perceives a repressed power gathering for some sort of outburst. One holds one's breath, and feels at times really feverish in his apprehension of he knows not what. Indeed, the more open manifestation of disaster in the scenes attending Grizel's adventure at St. Gian, where she is a witness to the intolerable meeting of Tommy and Lady Pippinworth, does not move the reader so subtly. There is something conventional about the situa-

¹ *Tommy and Grizel*. By JAMES M. BARRIE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900.

tion, and Mr. Barrie lingers over Grizel's misery in a way that makes one impatient. He forces the note, and one discovers how ineffectual a novelist he might be if he contented himself with fiction of this sort; but the ultimate catastrophe is told with a swiftness which makes it the horror that it is, and flashes it on the unsuspecting reader in a way to light up the whole horizon of the story.

Mr. Barrie's art in laying bare the souls of his two chief characters, without wearying the reader with interminable analysis and speculation, is of a very high order. As one skips lightly over the surface of the story he is not shown any yawning abysses; yet the whole underworld is volcanic, and, as we have intimated, the more attentive observer is aware of a commotion which disturbs him at the most innocent moment. To be sure, now and then Mr. Barrie, in an aside, which seems like a breathing hole for the stifling author, whispers a note of warning; but so bright is the air, so sparkling the scene, that one scarcely heeds it. He is watching, it may be, some fence of words between Tommy and Grizel, in which the foils flash and cross each other with lightning-like rapidity, and his whole mind is intent on seeing the effect of the wordy contest. Or again, he is momentarily puzzled by Mr. Barrie's air. Is he mocking? Are those tears in his eyes? Does he really know what his hero and heroine are to do with each other and themselves? Yet, if he re-reads the book under the light flaming up from the conclusion, he discovers how relentless the author is, how like Fate is the movement throughout; not the Fate which stalks terribly over the stage, but the resistless force which sucks the swimmer who thinks he is playing with the waves into the maelstrom toward which he is always floating.

For Tommy in love with his creations of art, who takes on the forms and hues

of these creations with Protean celerity and completeness, is miserably caught in the toils of his real selfishness and hypocrisy. The real Tommy, whom Grizel mournfully and Latta scornfully sees, struggles fitfully to rid himself of the garment of beautiful curses which he has wrapped about him. This fictitious hero, whose death itself is made to enhance his fictitious heroism, might deceive the very elect, one would say, if the very elect were not the other leading character, the patient Grizel, of the story. The antithesis of this noble creature is the answer to any complaint which a superficial reader might make that Mr. Barrie was sneering at his hero. Her infinite charity attendant on her open-eyed knowledge has a world of pathos in it, which is nowhere more clearly seen than in the passage after Tommy's death. He who made Tommy made Grizel, and his art in the one case as in the other is firm-footed. If he is relentless with Tommy, he is like an encouraging Great-heart with Grizel.

The old contention of the relation of art to morality, which is more or less academic in character, always fades in the light of a real masterpiece. Is there art in the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican? Who shall deny it? Is there morality in this tale? Assuredly. At times, as in the conversation between the old doctor and Grizel, the morality is a trifle bald, though certainly delicate in its presentment, but for the most part it is sunken as the substructure of a beautiful building. That Grizel should have entered the kingdom, and Tommy have been thrust out, is the unerring conclusion of a great artist; but Grizel's entrance sees her stripped of all she wanted, and Tommy is expelled when he has had his apple. For is it not the pippinworth that he is after?

This disease of a nature dominated by an artistic faculty is so insidious that, though one recognizes it readily in some of its minor apparitions, there needed a

great pathologist in art, like Mr. Barrie, to follow it in all its turnings and windings, till he should track it to its final lair in the very pulsations of the heart. The corrosion which goes on in Tommy, even when the outside is fairest, is terrible, and it is consummate art that does not shrink from disclosing it. No conscientious artist in any field of endeavor can read the book without being stirred by the possibilities it opens to view in his own nature. We wonder, indeed, if the author of *Margaret Ogilvy* did not, as he wrote or read *Tommy and Grizel*, see a shadow thrown across the page by that book.

There is a question which this publication raises that might be raised by other contemporaneous fiction, though not perhaps so strongly. Why should it be thought necessary to accompany a great work of art in literature with a contemptible work of art in delineation? Is it possible that the artistic nature existent in a recipient form in every appreciative reader is so feeble that it cannot visualize the scenes, and must call in the aid of some one who uses the brush, and not the pen? It would seem so from the almost universal recourse by publishers to draughtsmen to illustrate new works of fiction. When the novelist is himself a mere artisan, one may accept the pictures which he suggests to some other artisan. But when the novelist is a great artist, as Mr. Barrie certainly is, to interpose between his page and the reader's eye such cheap and feeble, in some instances such ridiculous pictures as *Tommy and Grizel* contains is to insult the reader.

The latest edition of the writings of **The Haworth** the Brontë sisters¹ is a notable one. The seven ample volumes are a pleasure to the eye and the hand. Facsimiles of manuscript, abundant illustrations of scenes and buildings

associated with the novels and their authors, and the reproduction of every available portrait, including Richmond's lovely head of Mrs. Gaskell, ought to satisfy the most exacting collector of Brontiana. Mr. Shorter's excellent annotations to the *Life* furnish some details hitherto unpublished, though nothing that affects materially one's impression of the justice or the charm of that memorable biography. It is through Mrs. Ward's introductions to the novels, however, even more than in its mechanical perfection and its skillful use of expert knowledge, that the Haworth edition may well claim to present the works of the Brontës in definitive form.

The public has grown hardened to new editions of once popular or still popular books, "with introductions by some other Tommy," as Mr. Barrie has lately phrased it. The service of a distinguished living Tommy in vouching for the worth of his predecessor commands, no doubt, a commercial value. Still, that service is likely to be either patronizing, as when some youthful sword-and-buckler fictionist gravely tells us that Sir Walter Scott, all things considered, wrote very good novels, or else perfunctory, as is witnessed by the melancholy list of English classics dully "edited" for school and college use. But to the task of commenting upon the work of the Brontë sisters Mrs. Ward brings a natural sympathy, born of race and sex and personal affinity, and of professional craftsmanship. Her scholarly appreciation of distinguished literary workmanship, as well as her insight into rare spiritual experiences, was shown long ago in her preface to *Amiel's Journal*. In dealing with the Brontës she is upon even more congenial soil. Her critical acumen is too keen for overpraise. She is under no illusion as to the limitations of the three sisters, or

¹ *Life and Works of the Sisters Brontë*. The Haworth Edition. Illustrated. With prefaces by Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, and annotations to

Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë* by CLEMENT K. SHORTER. In seven volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1899-1900.

their positive defects in taste and constructive faculty. She has not been deafened by the extravagant eulogies pronounced by followers of the Brontë cult. Yet she penetrates to the real power of these extraordinary Yorkshire women through her kinship with their seriousness, their strenuousness, their emotional intensity.

Mrs. Ward herself has known the potency of environment — whether it be gray Northern moorland or the brilliant life of a foreign city — in stimulating the imagination. She follows Charlotte Brontë to Brussels and back again, with full comprehension of the significance of the sojourn there. Her thorough study of the great European writers of the romantic school has taught her the part played by the unsophisticated inmates of the Haworth parsonage in that new dramatic attitude toward life and nature. She perceives the English girl — pure of heart, isolated, yearning for the right — back of the rebellious romanticist. Finally, Mrs. Ward's own training as a writer of fiction, in novels that are increasingly faithful to the best traditions of the English school, helps her to perceive the skill with which the Brontës utilized their narrow field of observation, and breathed into those secretly written books their own fiery energy of soul. While she never intrudes her personal interpretation upon those who read the Brontë novels in this edition, she unquestionably illuminates the stories with new meaning, both as records of the human spirit and as signal achievements of the art of fiction.

And what, after all, is the reason for the continued vitality of these novels? They contain grave lapses against perfection of form; they are full of hasty, diffuse, and extravagant writing; they reveal astounding ignorance of the motives, the words, and the ways of actual men and women. *Jane Eyre*, the most widely read of the group, has been ridiculed by critics, burlesqued by novelists,

imitated by penny dreadfuls without number. Yet it lives; and *Shirley* lives, and the "imperishable" *Villette*, and Emily's marvelous *Wuthering Heights*.

A partial explanation, no doubt, is to be found in the unique interest attaching to the tragic fortunes of that singularly gifted family. Mrs. Gaskell's *Life*, finely reticent as it is, throbs with sympathy for the piteousness and glory of those brief lives, and has done much to intensify the purely personal concern for all that pertains to the dwellers in the Haworth parsonage. Understanding the sisters as completely as we now may, it is difficult to escape the assertive force of their individual genius. The penetrating intelligence, the stubborn courage of Charlotte, the flame and music of Emily, the gentle gravity of Anne, have become a part of their printed pages.

It is true, also, that by some happy prescience their art availed itself of methods that have grown more and more effective in the fifty years that have elapsed since these books were written. Their use of landscape, to select an obvious example, has naively anticipated many of the consciously impressionistic or symbolistic experiments of later writers. By natural sensitiveness to the influences of sky and moor, of sodden mist and luminous moonlight and impenetrable night, these amateurs in fiction still move the mind to wondering delight or vague foreboding. Their stage machinery creaks and jolts, or grows palpably absurd; but the gleams and shadows that irradiate or enshroud it belong to another and more real world, — the world of nature as beheld by the modern spirit.

We turn to the enduring books for what they do — not for what they do not — contain. The shortcomings of the Brontë novels are easily detected. But to read them, nevertheless, is to go deep-sea fishing. Not everybody cares for that sort of pleasure. It entails inconveniences and annoyances, narrow quar-

ters and alien horizons ; and one may toil long and take nothing. Yet if one likes it, one may always go down with Charlotte and Emily Brontë into the great deeps of passion and of will. The face of these waters is a solitary place ; there are no fellow voyagers save memory, and half-conquered hope, and an unconquered faith that holds the rudder to the polestar of duty. But there is nothing trivial there or ignoble, and all around are the brightness and the mystery of the brine.

When one is reading some of Mr. Stockton's ingenious and serious stories,¹ *The Great Stone of Sardis*, for example, or *The Water-Devil*, or *The Great War Syndicate*, one is tempted to speculate what would have happened had the author of these tales been caught early and shut up in the shop, say, of an electrical engineer, and had his mind turned in the direction of mechanical inventions. His seriousness is never more effective than when he is carefully explaining some of those contrivances, upon the successful working of which his story depends. Perhaps a reader trained in electrical science would detect the suppressed factor, but the ordinary reader is more likely to grow a little impatient, and wonder why Mr. Stockton is explaining so patiently his invention or his mechanism ; he is quite ready to accept the results of so plainly an accomplished mechanic, and wishes he would hurry on with his story. In truth, Mr. Stockton is really an exceedingly clever juggler, who rolls up his sleeves, places his apparatus under a calcium light, puts on an innocent face, deprecates the slightest appearance of deception, and then performs his extraordinary feats. There is a nimbleness of movement, an imperturbable air, and the thing is done.

The supreme quality which Mr. Stock-

¹ *The Novels and Stories of Frank R. Stockton.* Eighteen volumes. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900.

ton possesses as a novelist is his inventiveness. He is an Edison amongst the patient students and gropers after the dramatic truths of human life. As one surveys the eighteen volumes which gather the greater part, but by no means the whole of his product in fiction, one is amazed at the fertility of invention brought to light, and the careless ease with which each piece of work is thrown off. One might think his *Adventures of Captain Horn* had exhausted the capacity of the story-teller dealing with hid treasures, but *Mrs. Cliff's Yacht* follows in its wake, and one gets, not the leavings of the former story, but a fresh turn of absorbing interest. Mr. Stockton has hinted at the author's predicament who has struck twelve once, and vainly hopes to be heard when he strikes eleven, in his witty story of "*His Wife's Deceased Sister* ;" but he himself followed the inimitable tale of *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine* with *The Dusantes*, and seems to delight in explaining one mystery by another.

Inventiveness is so dominant a note that human character itself is presented as a cleverly put together toy. The persons in these stories are usually matter of fact in their manner, but the springs which work the characters are often marvels of ingenuity. Thus, when Mr. Stockton first proposed to himself to write novels in distinction from stories, he sought in each of the leading cases a central character, set, so to speak, like an alarm clock, to go off, when the striking time came, with a great whir. His *Mrs. Null* is carefully constructed thus to go through all the motions of a human being, yet to have a concealed mechanism which is the ultimate explanation of her conduct. So, too, Mr. Horace Stratford, in *The Hundredth Man*, has a whim upon which the whole structure of the book is nicely balanced, like a rocking stone ; and in *The Girl at Cobhurst*, Miss Panney is like the linchpin to a very ramshackle sort of vehicle,

—pull it out, and the whole wagon falls to pieces.

Perhaps this is the explanation why so many of Mr. Stockton's stories are autobiographic in form. When the narrator is himself the hero, he is bound to a certain modesty of behavior, and the low key in which his narrative is pitched allows of more extravagant incident, because the sincerity of the narrator cannot easily be called in question. The soberness, almost melancholy, with which the brother-in-law of J. George Watts tells of *The Remarkable Wreck of the "Thomas Hyke"* is like a seal set to the verity of the tale. Defoe seeks to give authenticity to one of his fictions by calling one or two witnesses into court who are just as fictitious as his hero. Mr. Stockton uses a better art when he makes his narrator's manner corroborate his invention. But it is easier to conceal an invention than both the inventor and the invention, and so, when he has some highly improbable tale to tell, Mr. Stockton is apt to resort to this device. The story-teller was himself a part of the story, and how can you disbelieve the story when the teller is so careful in his narrative, so manifestly unwilling to pass beyond the bounds of the actual fact? If you have not to account for the inventor, if he is the sober reality on which everything leans, then you have removed the greatest obstacle to confidence. Mr. Stockton realizes to the full the advantage which accrues from a trustworthy narrator, and he makes his narrator trustworthy by abdicating his own place as invisible story-teller, and giving it to one who was himself an actor in the story.

That human life is treated as a piece of mechanism, a stray bit of a Chinese puzzle, appears not merely from the deliberateness with which each part is fitted into its place, but from the entire absence of the emotional element, except as it is supplied now and then by the inventor to lubricate his machinery a

little. Mr. Stockton is rarely more droll than when he lets his lovers disport themselves as lovers. It sometimes seems as if he looked up lover's words in the dictionary. At times, he hastens over the critical passages with a shamefaced alacrity; at others, he makes his lovers go through the motions with praiseworthy carefulness, almost as if he were rehearsing them for some real scene. Love-making is for the most part merely one of the incidents in a merry career, and one of the great charms of Mr. Stockton's stories is that entertainment is furnished without any undue excitation of the nerves. Even the murders that are committed occasionally in his books are like those one encounters in the *Arabian Nights*, — necessary parts of the plot, but bringing no discomfort to any one. There is often a tremendous clatter and banging in tempestuous scenes, but likely as not the mind carries away as the permanent effect some highly amusing byplay; as when, in the story of *Mrs. Cliff's Yacht*, we hear above the roar of battle the torrent of virtuous oaths delivered with stunning effect by Miss Willy Croup.

The one exception to the mechanical theory of inspiration of character in these stories is found in Mr. Stockton's use of the negro. Once in a while, to be sure, his negro is a sort of jack-in-the-box, as good little Peggy in *The Late Mrs. Null*, who takes a very deliberate part in pulling the strings; but for the most part Mr. Stockton seems to assume that nature has been so munificent in endowing the negro with incalculable motives and springs of conduct, that he need only stand by, admiring, and faithfully record these whimsical inventions. The very fidelity with which he attends to this business results in far greater successes than any he wins by his own motion. In this same story of *The Late Mrs. Null* he has a character — Aunt Patsy — so vivid, so truthful, and so appealing to the imagination that one

familiar with the great company of Mr. Stockton's characters can find no other so triumphant in its art.

It is, perhaps, an inevitable consequence of a view of human life which concerns itself but little with the great moments of emotion, that there are frequent failures in proportion. The elaborate fiction, for example, of Mr. Stull as the real proprietor of Vatoldis, but concealed behind the screen of social dignity, leads Mr. Stockton into a great deal of humorous but rather wearisome detail; and in *The Girl at Cobhurst*, the highly specialized cook seems to be boosted into an important part in the evolution of the story. Yet the delicacy, the refinement of mind, which give almost an old-fashioned air, — Mr. Stockton's "madam," in his conversations, is a courtly bow, — are conspicuous by the entire absence of the burlesque. If Mr. Stockton hurries over the emotional, there is not the slightest taint of cynicism, nor any approach to the vulgarity of making fun of the secrets of the heart. Grotesquerie there is in abundance, and

dry drolling; but both artistic restraint and a fine reserve of nature render the work always humane and sweet.

Where, indeed, in our literature shall we find such a body of honest humor, with its exaggeration deep in the nature of things, and not in the distortion of the surface? The salt which seasons it, and may be relied on to keep it wholesome, is the unfailing good humor and charity of the author. The world, as he sees it, is a world peopled with tricky sprites and amusing goblins. When he was telling tales for children, these gnomes and fairies and brownies were very much in evidence. He does not bring them into evidence in his stories for maturer readers, except occasionally, as in *The Griffin and the Minor Canon*; but they have simply retired into the recesses of the human spirit. They do their work still in initiating all manner of caprices and whimsical outbreaks; but they are concealed, and this story-teller, who knows of their superabundant activity, goes about with a grave face the better to keep their secret.

TWO LIVES OF CROMWELL.

WHY has Cromwell so astonishingly come to his own in the past few years? It is not simply a literary phenomenon. Carlyle's *Rettung* worked something of a revulsion in the learned world; but even there pygmies soon reared themselves on the giant's shoulders to remark condescendingly that, of course, Carlyle had "never seen the Clark Papers," and so needed infinite correction; while it may be doubted if the flame-girt-hero theory of Cromwell ever took a sure hold of the popular imagination. Yet

it is the popular return to Cromwell which is the striking thing. Where once his skull grinned on a pole at Westminster, his statue now rises defiantly; and as "not a dog barked" at him when he turned Parliament out of doors, so only bishops and a few lords barked when his effigy was placed for admiration and remembrance in the very parliamentary precincts which he violated. Lord Rosebery, who was, *bien entendu*, the "unknown donor" of the statue, about whom Lord Salisbury jested, saw

Oliver Cromwell. By JOHN MORLEY. New York: The Century Co. 1900.

Oliver Cromwell. By THEODORE ROOSE-

VELT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900.

the true hiding of Cromwell's power in his being "a practical mystic, the most formidable and terrible of all combinations." Frederic Harrison praises him as "the first political genius of his time." To go further back, Macaulay pronounced him "the greatest prince that ever ruled England." Even Southey said of him that no man was ever "so worthy of the station which he filled." But how, out of these generalities, can we deduce the real ground for the Cromwell revival, — the real reason for our latter-day laudation of the man and his ideals and deeds? Mr. Gardiner, — that "giant of research," as John Morley calls him, "our greatest living master in history," in Frederic Harrison's phrase, "who, with enormous industry and perseverance, just manages to write the events of one year in the seventeenth century within each twelve months of his own laborious life," — Mr. Gardiner, in the second volume of his *History of the Commonwealth*, published three years ago, said the truer word, — a word which seems also almost prophetic, in view of what has happened since. To this calm historian, the deepest reason why Cromwell has become "the national hero of the nineteenth century" is that, "like him, modern Britain has waged wars, annexed territory, extended trade, and raised her head among the nations. Like him, her sons have been unable to find complete satisfaction in their achievements unless they could persuade themselves that the general result was beneficial to others besides themselves. It is inevitable that now, as then, such an attitude should draw upon itself the charge of hypocrisy." An obvious application of this scripture might be made to the Britain beyond the seas, and to the latest American biographer of Cromwell.

But if our century is harking back to the seventeenth for a reassuring statesman, able to show us how to knock people on the head, as Cromwell did the monks at Drogheda, for their own good

and *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, we at least carry our critical apparatus and our historic method along with us. The old way was to make Cromwell out either saint or devil. We moderns aim to understand rather than to judge. Mr. Gardiner marks the great transition in his quiet putting one side of all the old personal controversies, heated and bitter: "With the man we are concerned only so far as a knowledge of him may enable us to understand his work." Contrast this with the Rhadamanthus air of even the liberal Clarendon, summoning before the judgment seat the "brave bad man," who "had all the wickedness against which damnation is denounced and for which hell fire is prepared." Mr. Morley, on his part, passes over to the serene impartiality, if not forgiveness, of the *tout comprendre*. He speaks of "the common error" of ascribing "far too much to the designs and the influence of eminent men," and directs our gaze rather to "the momentum of past events, the spontaneous impulses of the mass of a nation or a race, the pressure of general hopes and fears." Not so Governor Roosevelt. For him, the great question is whether Cromwell and the regicides were "right," whether Oliver was "thoroughly justified." With undergraduate truculence he re-threshes this old straw. The moralist in him is too much for the historian. "As the historic school," writes Mr. Morley, "has come to an end that dispatched Oliver Cromwell as a hypocrite, so we are escaping from the other school that dismissed Charles as a tyrant. Laud as a driveler and a bigot, and Wentworth as an apostate." But Roosevelt is only pawing to get free. Laud, he tells us, was a "small and narrow man;" Wentworth "had obtained his price;" and Charles's character is painted in the blackest colors. "It is pretty safe to be sure," says Mr. Morley, to whom we naturally turn for comfort, "that these slashing superlatives are never true."

The conjunction of these two lives of Cromwell in both magazine and book makes the reviewer's task easy. A hint has already been given of the unconscious way in which Mr. Morley applies the rod of correction. In general, if the reader is puzzled or offended by a passage in Roosevelt, he may find the appropriate comment in Morley. Take a specimen case or two. The Governor speaks of "Cromwell's tremendous policies" which have been carried to "fruition" in the past century and a half. Nay, says Mr. Morley; "when it is claimed that no English ruler did more than Cromwell to shape the future of the land he governed, we run some risk of straining history only to procure incense for retrograde ideals." If any man says that this is only one authority against another, one no better than the other, let him hear the voice of an impartial umpire. Mr. Gardiner, who by anticipation sets Governor Roosevelt right in so many points of mere fact, sets him right also in this point of mingled fact and philosophy. Cromwell, he writes, "effected nothing in the way of building up where he had pulled down, and there was no single act of the Protectorate that was not swept away at the Restoration *without hope of revival*." Think of that other military revolutionist, Napoleon. His family rule failed as signally as Cromwell's; his form of government was swept away; but he had the brain of a constructive statesman, and, as Mr. Bodley has recently shown once more, the type of administration and of law which he stamped upon France has persisted through all governmental upheavals, so that the veriest *pékin* of a Republican minister who to-day journeys to a department gets the military salute ordered in such cases by the Emperor Napoleon. Cromwell's great work was negative. He wrote with his sword the thing that should *not* be in England. What he attempted to say *should* be was writ in

water. This fixes the true point of view for determining his historic position. According to Roosevelt, Cromwell and the Puritans were "the beginning of the great modern epoch of the English-speaking world." Mr. Morley takes issue, as squarely and verbally as if he had foreseen who would be inviting refutation at his hands: "Cromwell's revolution was the end of the mediæval rather than the beginning of the modern era." The reason is that Oliver had "little of that faith in Progress that became the inspiration of a later age," and that for "the driving force of modern government" — Public Opinion — he had but "a strictly limited regard." Nor is it a mere strife about words to dispute whether Cromwell began the new or simply ended the old. The whole philosophy of English liberty turns on the nice distinction.

Colonel Roosevelt's life of the Protector is a very characteristic bit of extemporized and headlong vigor. His account of Cromwell's battles is written with the stern joy of a warrior, and with a good deal of rough force and picturesqueness. One may doubt, however, if his description of Dunbar fight will ever be taken over, as Carlyle's Rossbach was, for a textbook in use by the Prussian General-Staff. Indeed, in this very province of military expertness, the civilian Morley, though he expressly puts the thunder of the captains and the shouting one side, shows a better acquaintance with the latest material, German and other, than the soldier Roosevelt. A hasty getting up of his case is, indeed, too often betrayed by the latter. What he says, for example, about the lack of "material prosperity" in England under Charles, of the working of the Navigation Act, of the "uppermost motive" in Cromwell's foreign policy, needs to be checked by reference to easily accessible authorities. But it is clear that he never thought of writing his Life of Cromwell as sober-sided his-

tory. In none of his writings is there room for Burns's doubt whether the thing would turn out "sang" or sermon; the sermon is sure to come sooner or later. A political moralist and exhorter by main bent, the Governor uses Cromwell as a peg on which to hang his own hat. Really, as one reads his frequent excursions, the feeling grows that the book should have been called Cromwell's Difficulties Elucidated by Office-Holding in New York; or, Cromwell as an Example of Compromise; or, Cromwell and the Impossible Best. The political philosophy preached is mostly of the slapdash order, and too frequently the reader's only resource is to recall that eighteenth-century biographer of Cromwell, of whom Carlyle said that, with all his faults, he "has occasionally a helpless broad innocence of platitude which is almost interesting."

"Ah! Sire, ce Cromwell était tout autre chose," said the Dutch ambassador to Charles II., when the latter complained of being shown less deference than the late Protector by Holland. So must any reader say who turns from Roosevelt's volume to Morley's. It is not simply a question of more practiced and pointed writing. "Remarquez," said Voltaire, "que les hommes qui ont le mieux pensé sont aussi ceux qui ont le mieux écrit." It is the antecedent thinking, the breadth of outlook, by which Mr. Morley charms, as much as by his brilliant style. "Universal history has been truly said to make a large part of every national history." That is Mr. Morley's starting point; and as Emerson said of Carlyle that his Frederick the Great was written as by a man of cosmic knowledge descending on chaos, so we may say Mr. Morley reads Cromwell's time by the light of the "central line of beacon fires that mark the onward journey of the race." His flashes of illumination from the French Revolution are particularly enlightening. And he fairly oozes political philosophy as he

goes on, seeing the general truth in the particular instance with a piercing gaze, and stating it with an epigrammatic power, that remind one of Burke. It would be easy to string a full circle of these gems of his: "To be a pedant is to insist on applying a stiff theory to fluid fact." "To impose broad views upon the narrow is one of the things that a party leader exists for." "The first of those moments of fatigue had come that attend all revolutions." "No inconsiderable part of history is a record of the illusions of statesmen." "As soon as people see a leader knowing how to calculate, they slavishly assume that the aim of his calculations can be nothing else than his own interest." "It is not always palatable for men in power to be confronted with their aims in Opposition." But there would be no end if one were to go on citing passages marked. Mr. Morley has recklessly invited the condemnation of the Rev. Æthelbald Wessex, whose opinion it was that "in history you cannot trust a fellow who tries to be interesting. If he pretends to be philosophical, you may know him to be an impostor." If saturation with his material, a power of luminous condensation, and a fascinating gift for expression that captures the judgment while it haunts the memory,—if these are the leading credentials of an historian, then Mr. Morley is an historian almost *hors concours* among living writers. Milton, in Hugo's play, is made to beseech the Protector to put away the offered crown, finally crying out, —

"Redeviens Cromwell à la voix de Milton!"

In Mr. Morley's page Cromwell becomes himself again, and that by dint of faithful painting, wart and all. The poet Waller, with the suppleness of a Vicar of Bray, had his verses ready to greet the restored Charles II. But that monarch thought they did not ring as true as the same poet's Panegyric to the Lord Protector, and asked for an explana-

tion of the poetical falling off. "Ah!" said the deft Waller, "we poets always get on better with fiction than with the truth." Mr. Morley, however, brushes

away the fiction both of indiscriminate eulogy and of indiscriminate abuse, and shows us the true Cromwell, in his habit as he lived.

Rollo Ogden.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THERE are many forms of cant in
Cant in Criticism. criticism; and the anti-criticism.

would do a good turn to both art and literature who should zealously set himself to work at the pleasant task of exposing them. But what I wish to signalize just now for especial reprobation is the cant of American chauvinism, which affects to decry all literature produced in this country that does not portray American characters and paint American life in what it is pleased to call the American manner. It has laid the ban upon even so exquisite a writer as Irving, because forsooth his style is English and his taste cosmopolitan.

The very term "American literature" is an amusing misnomer. What the zealots for Americanism mean by the phrase is simply the English literature of the United States. But the term they have chosen to use would logically include not only the work of Canadian writers, but also the Spanish literature of the states sprung from Spanish colonies on this continent and the Portuguese literature of Brazil.

What would the ancients have thought of the expression "Sicilian literature" or "Alexandrian literature," as something separate and distinct from Greek literature at large? Yet Pindar wrote a goodly number of his odes in Sicily, and for the glory of a tyrant of Syracuse; and Bion and Theocritus were Sicilians, writing on Sicilian themes, and patronized by the Ptolemies of Egypt; to say nothing of the scientists and philosophers who belonged wholly to the university life of

Alexandria. What would Apuleius and Augustine and Synesius have said to the men who should propose to place them apart from the general list of Latin authors, and call their literature "African"? What would the French say, to-day, if Switzerland should claim as a classic of hers Rousseau, who lived so little in France, or Voltaire, who lived so long in Switzerland? Must English literature forfeit the name and fame of Burns, Scott, and Stevenson, because their genius was so markedly Scottish, or of Maria Edgeworth and Tom Moore, because theirs was Irish?

The truth is, the whole claim is born of a besotted chauvinism, unworthy of a great people. We are English — not Anglo-Saxon, thank Heaven! — in historic continuity of language, literature, and institutions; largely English in blood; and we should be silly indeed to renounce the glorious heritage that runs back to Chaucer in literature and to Caxton in language.

There is something painfully small in the spectacle of men, able to boast of writers like Irving, Hawthorne, Legaré, Holmes, and Poe, perpetually on the lookout for that elusive phantasm "the great American novel," utterly unaware that a great novel written by an American, no matter where the scene is laid or of what nationality the characters may be, is a triumph for our country.

The evil involved in the delusion, besides the disreputableness of what is after all nothing but a silly Anglophobia, lies in the fact that false estimates are

continually made in consequence of it. A recent example is the quite disproportioned value that has been attached to a book like David Harum, — pleasant enough, but certainly not of the highest merit, — solely because the characters and the local color are distinctively American.

I AM a back number. I have not arrived at this conclusion hastily, or without thought or regret. It has been borne in upon me for several years. I might have known it sooner if I had been alert to the facts. The evidence has been most pronounced, perhaps, in the matter of church-going. Whenever I attend church in a new place, I find myself hesitating. I make wary inquiries before setting out. I ask carefully about a possible "committee of welcome." I approach cautiously. I have been known, at the very vestibule, to turn and flee. The sight of an especially friendly usher or committee of welcome terrifies me beyond approach. I have an old-fashioned way of regarding a church as the house of the Lord. I have a consequent sense of freedom in it. All this new machinery of welcome and hand-shaking and pleasant conversation appalls me. That a man with a black beard, whom I have never seen before, and whom I am earnestly wishful never to see again, should feel at liberty to grasp my hand and hold his face very close, while he welcomes me to the sanctuary, is a source of embarrassment, even of annoyance, to a conservative person. It puts me in a state of mind that ill accords with the spirit of worship. Even if I escape the preliminary welcome, I never feel thoroughly safe. There is the possibility that the preacher, from his watch tower, may spy out the newcomer, and, by some method of speed or circumvention, as yet unfathomed by me, may be waiting at the front door to give me an earnest social welcome. All this is painful to one accustomed, by experience and tra-

dition, to look up to the preacher, to drink in his words of wisdom with no carnal expectation or hope of later being grasped by the hand as a prospective church member.

I find that I miss something in the new method, — a hush before the service, a sense of waiting upon the spirit, an atmosphere of prayer and praise, the hush that followed "The Lord watch between thee and me," the quiet dispersing of the congregation; some gathering in groups to talk over the sermon, or the weather, or the crops, or rumors of war; but every one at liberty to walk quietly away, down the long street, under the shading trees, carrying the words of comfort and inspiration in his heart. My chief objection to the committee of welcome is that they have made all this impossible. Even if one escapes them without bodily contact, there is an uncomfortable sense of a gauntlet run; of a strategic turn at the fatal moment, which barely brought one safely through. The spiritual mood, the sense of spiritual communion with one's fellows, is gone, never to return. It is old-fashioned to regret it. It is useless to evade it. But I find myself saying, with the great prophet, "I am not better than my fathers." I would that their ways might have been my ways until I died.

AFTER many baffled attempts at contributing to The Atlantic, — efforts through which the toiling aspirant discovered her rare ingenuity in achieving the "unavailable," — at last a versatile career of failure developed an altruistic spirit within her, and, as a warning and a guide to fellow un-immortals, she wrote the following verses: —

SINE QUA NON.

To all the yearning throng of scribes
Whose goal is The Atlantic,
I proffer this authentic list of obstacles gigantic,
Which loom upon that corduroy road, —
'T were well that you should con them;
For, traveling that way myself,
I somehow stumbled on them!

Avoid the firecracker style,
 Snap-flash-phittz! — all is over!
 Avoid the sanguinary charms of buccaneer and
 rover;
 Avoid that trap for learned souls,
 The erudite pedantic;
 Avoid the supernatural, the saccharine roman-
 tic.

Avoid the storiette; likewise
 Hysterie lucubrations
 Of spineless "cults," all purple words and
 thought attenuations;
 Avoid slang monologues; avoid
 "Strong" pessimistic novels;
 Lay not unexpurgated stress on those who live
 in hovels.

Next, when the road winds free again,
 Cull, as the day grows later,
 These flowers: the mind of Emerson, the lyric
 prose of Pater,
 The wit of Holmes, and Kipling's grasp,
 The virile strength of Browning;
 Will Shakespeare's knowledge of mankind
 The brilliant cluster crowning.

These gathered, bind them with the art
 Best learned from France, and hasten
 To lay them in that august hand which will
 applaud — or chasten.
 Let hope illumine dark suspense,
 Which, brief, yet makes one frantic —
 At last 't is possible you *may* appear in The At-
 lantic!

ART carries a mirror on her back.
 When she turns her face away
 from the Past, her kneeling
 worshipers see in the reflec-
 tion the proof of a changing Present.
 A pagan suspicious of his idol, the mod-
 ern poet has discovered that the winged
 Pegasus is only a painted flying ma-
 chine. He finds himself, not upon the
 trembling pinions that in flights of fancy
 carried the ancestral bards up the slope
 of Parnassus, but astride a swerving
 steed, bulging with springs of steel and
 rocked with electric lunges. The clam-
 my finger of Finance tinkers with every
 lever. Contrary winds of Trade worry
 every sail. But like a lark the singer is
 launched to his song. He grows giddy
 with the ascension. He throws over-
 board the ballast that kept him low

among his fellows. Higher he mounts.
 Watching him are men with one eye on
 his flight, and the other on the dim trail
 of little grains of gold he drops as he
 rises. The higher he soars, the thinner
 the air that bears him upward, the slower
 the speed of his balking Pegasus. He
 is lost to the wind that sent him up; his
 faint canticle is drowned by the choirs
 that sing above him. Too low of note
 to swell the music of the upper spheres,
 too thin and delicate and pure of tone to
 send his echoes to the throngs he left
 upon the plain below, midway between
 earth and sky, the poet falters in the cir-
 cles of his song.

How many a wee Milton has cheerily
 climbed up the ladder of harpstrings,
 only to pause, out of breath, and find
 himself lost in the dreary waste of silence
 between the highest note in the chords
 of his bold heart and the lowest note
 in the range of his master! It is the
 place where clouds drift. It is the
 region where mists gather. It is the
 corner of the sky where hopeful rain-
 bows fade, where stars go blind. It is
 the shadowy rooftree on the house of
 song, where the mad lightnings strike
 down the silver shingles and let in the
 chill rain. When they fall in a hail of
 shining fragments, like atoms from a
 moon-kissed meteor; when the songs —
 not one complete — fall upon your ears
 like tired bird notes from weary dis-
 tances dropped, then go out to the low-
 est rung in the ladder of harpstrings, if
 you would see Defeat come home on her
 own wings, in the rain. For you may
 know then that at last the poet has
 deserted his arbitrary Pegasus, — his
 painted flying machine, — and is coming
 down: he cannot go up.

Forbear to ask him whither he has
 soared. Lead him to the fire, nor ask
 him to sing, like a cricket, on your
 hearthstone now; for he has felt the
 mad lightning, the cloud, and the rain,
 and his heart is cold.

**Dilemma of
 the Modern
 Poet.**

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